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PASCAL.*

DURING recent years considerable light has been thrown both on the works and the life of Pascal. M. Cousin and M. Faugères have especially contributed to redeem from obscurity and destruction some of the finest fragments which he left behind him, and to set in a new, or at least more intelligible coloring, an interesting period of his history. In 1848, M. Vinet published his "Studies upon Pascal;" and Ernest Havet has recast Faugères' edition of the "Thoughts," and given a complete view of the recent controversy relating to that work. Mr. Pearce has done well in presenting us with a version of the minute and copious edition of Faugères. He has accomplished his task, upon the whole, with scholarship and taste; and the English reader is now for the first time enabled to study Pascal—at least in those noblest monuments of his genius, his "Thoughts"—in a form and garb of which he himself would not have been ashamed.

We propose to avail ourselves of the opportunity of presenting our readers with a brief sketch of the life and labors of this great man, in which we shall embody whatever new particulars the industry of his recent commentator and editor have been able to glean. Often as his portrait has been already drawn and his works criticised, there is more than enough to repay us still in a review of both; for there are but few names in the past associated at once with so much worthiness of character and such a rich and manifold range of intellect as that of Pascal. The high union of the most rare and even diverse qualities of mind which his writings display, is amongst the most remarkable of which we have any record. How seldom do we see such a combination of mental powers—the highest scientific skill wedded to the finest literary art; at once the most severe and vigorous and the most light and playful cast of thought; the subtlest and most comprehensive reach both of mathematical and philosophical investigation, and the happiest and most exquisite graces of the *belles lettres*; while the glow and tenderness of an enthusiastic piety irradiate and beautify all.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in Au-

* *The Works of Pascal*. Newly Translated and Arranged. By George Pearce, Esq. London: Longman and Co.

1. *The Provincial Letters*. 2. *The Miscellaneous Writings*. 3. *Thoughts on Religion, and Evidences of Christianity*.

vergne, on the 19th of June, 1623. His father was first President of the Court of Aids in that city; but on the death of his wife he abandoned his professional duties and repaired to Paris, with the view of devoting himself to the education of his children, of whom, besides the subject of our notice, there were two daughters, Gilberte and Jaqueline. Here he united himself with a band of sages, who then, in the "springtide of science," were applying themselves with all the ardor of a fresh-born zeal to physical studies. Among these were Descartes, Gassendi, Mersenne, Roberval, Carevi, and Le Pailleur; and, in order to stimulate and forward their respective labors, they were in the habit of assembling at each other's houses, and engaging in discussion on the topics which so strongly interested them. They held also a regular correspondence with other *savants* in the provinces and throughout Europe, and were thus instructed in the general progress of scientific discovery. This small society of friends, thus united by the simple attraction of congenial pursuits, it is worthy of notice, formed the origin of the famous Academy of Sciences established by royal authority in 1666.

Young Pascal, who from his earliest youth had given signs of great mental activity, became a frequent auditor of these conferences when held at his father's house. He is reported to have manifested the deepest attention and the most inquisitive spirit; and it is even said, that when only eleven years of age he composed a treatise upon sound—in which he sought to explain how it was that a plate, struck with a sharp instrument, returned a sound which ceased all at once on the finger being applied to it. His father, apprehensive that so lively a taste for science might prove pernicious to his other studies, agreed with his friends to abstain from speaking of subjects relating to it in the boy's presence. This was found, however to be of little avail. The thirst for scientific knowledge, once awakened, continued to burn in the breast of the young philosopher; and shutting himself up in his solitary chamber, he gave himself unrestrained to the bent of his desires, and was actually found to have traced upon the floor the figures of triangles, parallelograms, and circles, and so far examined their properties, without even knowing their names. "His reasoning," it is said, "was founded upon definitions and axioms which he had made for himself;" and, according to the same authority, he had, step by step, succeeded in reading the demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of Euclid—that the sum of the three angles of a

triangle are equal to two right angles—when surprised by his father in his extraordinary task. Astonished and overjoyed, the father ran to communicate the fact to his intimate friend, M. le Pailleur.

It is true that some have ventured to doubt the fact of this wonderful precocity on the part of Pascal. According to the Abbé Boscut, however, on whose authority we have relied, it is substantiated by the most indubitable evidence; and if only substantially correct, it no doubt bespeaks a marvellous capacity in Pascal as a mere boy. Having so remarkably asserted his love for science, his father no longer sought to lay any restraint upon him in following out the strong bent of his genius. He was provided with the "Elements of Euclid," which he almost immediately mastered without assistance. By-and-bye he began to take a conspicuous part in the scientific conversations which took place at his father's house; and while still only in his sixteenth year, he wrote the famous "Treatise on Conic Sections," which so excited the "mingled incredulity and astonishment" of Descartes.

Stephen Pascal was now the happiest of fathers, in the contemplation of his son's rising genius, and the maturing graces and accomplishments of his amiable daughters, when all his fair visions were suddenly dashed by an unforeseen calamity. Impoverished by the long continuance of war, and by financial embezzlements, the government, under the direction of the well-known Cardinal Richelieu, ventured to reduce the dividends on the Hotel-de-Ville. This proceeding naturally excited the discontent and murmurs of the annuitants, and meetings were held on the subject. So mild an expression of liberty, however, could not be tolerated by the cardinal minister. All such meetings were pronounced to be illegal and seditious, and those who were supposed to have actively engaged in them pursued by the vengeance of the government. Stephen Pascal was signalled out, although, it afterwards appeared, unjustly, as one of these, and an order immediately issued for his arrest,—which, however, by the timely warning of a friend, he succeeded in eluding, and betook himself for refuge to the solitudes of his native district. It is difficult to conceive a more cruel and tyrannous exercise of authority under any regular and peaceable form of government than is here exhibited to us; and, as if still more to bring out the fearful chances of such an absolute power lodged in the hands of an individual, the following story as to the manner in which the afflicted

father was restored to his disconsolate children is related by the Abbé Bossut. "The cardinal having taken a fancy to have Scudery's tragi-comedy of *L'Armour Tyrannique*" acted before him by young girls, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who was charged with the conduct of the piece, was desirous that Jaqueline Pascal, then just thirteen years of age, should become one of the actresses. Her elder sister, who in her father's absence was the head of the family, replied with indignation, that "the cardinal had not been sufficiently kind to them to induce them to do him this favor." The duchess, however, persisted in her request, and made it to be understood that the recall of Stephen Pascal might be the reward of the favor which she solicited. The friends of the family were consulted, and they agreed that Jaqueline should accept the part assigned to her. The representation of the piece took place on the 3d of April, 1639. The little Jaqueline played her part with a grace and accomplishment which charmed all the spectators, and especially the cardinal himself. She was skillful enough to take advantage of the momentary enthusiasm. Approaching the cardinal on the conclusion of the play, she recited the following verses;—

"Ne vous étonnez pas, incomparable Armand,
Si j'ai mal contenté vos yeux et vos oreilles;
Mon esprit, agité de frayeurs sans pareilles,
Interdit à mon corps et voix et mouvement;
Mais pour me rendre ici capable de vous plaire,
Rappelez de l'exil mon misérable père."

The tyrant was taken in the pleasant lure that had been laid for him. "He took the girl in his arms," continues the abbé, "and embracing and kissing her while she repeated the verses, replied, 'Yes, my child, I grant you what you ask; write to your father that he may return with safety.' The Duchess d'Aiguillon, immediately taking up the conversation, spoke in praise of Stephen Pascal: 'He is a thoroughly honest man; he is very learned; and it is a great pity he should remain unemployed. There is his son,' added she, pointing to Blaise Pascal, 'who, although he is only fifteen, is already a great mathematician.' Encour-

aged by her first success, Jaqueline again ventured to address the cardinal; 'I have still another favor, my lord, to ask you.' 'What is it, my child? ask what you will; you are too amiable to be refused anything.' 'Permit my father to come in person and thank your eminence for your kindness.' 'Certainly,' said the cardinal, 'I wish to see him; and let him bring his family along with him.' As soon as the father received the grateful intelligence, he returned with all diligence to Paris, and immediately on his arrival hastened with his three children to Ruel, the residence of the cardinal, who gave him the most flattering reception. 'I know all your merit,' said Richelieu. 'I restore you to your children, and commend them to your care; I am anxious to do something considerable for you.'"

In fulfilment of this promise, Stephen Pascal was appointed, two years afterwards, Intendant of Rouen, in Normandy, the duties of which office he is said to have discharged during the seven following years with an ability and disinterestedness which recommended him alike to the district and the court. His family accompanied him to the country; and in the same year, 1641, his elder daughter was married to M. Perier, who had distinguished himself in a commission with which the government had entrusted him in Normandy, and who subsequently became counsellor to the Court of Aides in Clermont-Ferrand.

Blaise Pascal, now reputed a geometrician of the first class, followed with a consuming ardor his favorite studies. At the age of nineteen he invented the *Arithmetical Machine* which bears his name. Some of the finest years of his life he devoted to the improvement of this contrivance; and he has himself informed us that one of his main reasons for doing so was, that it might be serviceable to his father in the discharge of his official duties. There can be no doubt, however, that he permanently injured his health in this laborious task, while he never succeeded in it to his wishes. The great Leibnitz took up the project of Pascal, and is understood to have executed two models of a calculating machine, at once more simple and effective than that of Pascal. But greatly as both these illustrious attempts merit our admiration, they failed in proving of any practical benefit to the world. It was reserved to our distinguished countryman, Mr. Babbage, at once to conceive and bring to practical completion such a calculating machine as truly deserves the name,

* These verses have been thus rendered:

Oh! marvel not, Armand, the great, the wise,
If I have slightly pleased thine ear—thine eyes;
My sorrowing spirit, torn by countless fears,
Each sound forbidden save the voice of tears;
With power to please thee wouldst thou me inspire,
Recall from exile now my hapless sire.

which not only computes, unaided, the problems given to it, but, moreover, "*corrects whatever errors are accidentally committed, and prints all its calculations.*"

The study of physics next engaged the active and restless curiosity of Pascal; and here a more successful reward awaited his labors. The attention of scientific men had already been drawn to several phenomena bearing upon the fact of atmospheric pressure. It had been found by the workmen engaged in the construction of the fountains at Florence for Cosmo de Medicis, that they could not raise water by means of a sucking pump beyond the height of thirty-one feet. Galileo was applied to for a solution of the difficulty. Imbued with the notion which had prevailed from all ages that the water follows the piston, because nature abhors a vacuum, he replied that this abhorrence of nature, in obedience to which the water at first rises, has yet a limited sphere of operation, and that it ceases to act beyond thirty-one feet. Somewhat dissatisfied himself, however, as might be conceived, with this explanation, he engaged his pupil Toricelli to investigate the subject, and endeavor to find a more rational and satisfactory cause of the phenomenon. Toricelli immediately suspected that the weight of the water had something to do with the particular degree of elevation at which it stood in the pump, and that of course a heavier fluid would not stand so high. He accordingly experimented with mercury, and the result of his experiment is so well known, and has been so popularly applied in the construction of the *barometer*, as scarcely to require mention. Having taken a tube of glass three feet in length, and completely closed at the bottom, he filled it with mercury, and then applying his finger to the higher end, and reversing the tube, he plunged in into a small basinful of mercury, withdrawing his finger as he did so. After a few oscillations, the mercury settled at thirty inches, and he was hence, of course, led to the conclusion that the water in the pump, and the mercury in the tube, at the respective heights of thirty-one feet and thirty inches, exerted the same pressure upon the same base, and that both were necessarily counterbalanced by some fixed and determinate force. But what was this force? Learning from Galileo that the air was a heavy fluid, he formed the belief and gave publicity to it, that the weight of the atmosphere pressing upon the water in the reservoir, and the mercury in the basin, was the counteracting cause which sustained

both suspended at their respective elevations. He did not live, however, to verify the important conclusions to which he had thus come. It remained to Pascal to place, by a series of novel experiments, the matter beyond all doubt.

Having heard from M. Mersenne of the experiments that had been made in Italy, he repeated them at Rouen with the same results, but without reaching at first any satisfactory explanation. He was at once led, indeed, from his own observation, to conclude that the ancient dogma of nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was a mere figment; ignorant, however, at this time of the suggestion of Toricelli as to the pressure of the atmosphere, he failed to strike into the right path of discovery. But shortly after he had published his views and researches on the subject in 1647, he became acquainted with those of Toricelli, and at once entering into them, very soon formed the conception of an experiment which should leave the matter in no question. If the weight of the air was the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the tube of Toricelli, as he suggested, the mercury ought to stand at a less elevated height, according as the column of air which pressed upon the surface of the basin in which the tube stood was increased or diminished. If, on the contrary, the atmospheric pressure had nothing to do with the phenomenon, the mercury would always remain at the same elevation, whatever the height of the column of air. Pascal endeavored himself so far to carry out this experiment, but the variation was too insignificant at ordinary heights to warrant any conclusive inference. He accordingly communicated with his brother-in-law in Auvergne, in order that he might try the experiment during an ascent of the Puy-de-Dome, a mountain of that province, about 3,000 feet in height. "Some circumstances," says the Abbé Bossut, from whom we have borrowed much of the previous detail, "retarded the execution of the project, but at length, on the 19th of September, 1648, it was performed with all possible exactitude, and the results which Pascal had predicted occurred from place to place. In proportion as they ascended the mountain, the mercury fell in the tube, the difference of level at its base and summit being upwards of three inches. In returning, the party renewed their observations with the same results." When Pascal received information of these interesting particulars, he immediately computed the proportional fractional rise of the mercury within small

elevations, and making the experiments again for himself on the heights at his command in Paris, he found the results to correspond with his calculations. He was thus left in no doubt as to the correctness of Toricelli's suggestion, and all who merely sought to arrive at the truth were convinced that he had established it by the most satisfactory demonstration.

After he had thus ascertained that the atmospheric pressure was the true cause of the suspension of the mercury in Toricelli's tube, Pascal immediately saw that the column of mercury would also fluctuate with the changes of the weather. In order to verify this fact, M. Perier made a series of observations at Clermont during the years 1649, 1650, and the three first months of 1651. M. Chanut, also, the French ambassador in Sweden, was engaged to make a similar course of observations at Stockholm, in which he was assisted by Descartes, who happened to be then resident in that city. It was fully proved by these observations that the column of mercury varied in length according to the temperature, the winds, the moisture, and other circumstances connected with the state of the atmosphere; and the Toricellian tube thus became adapted to the popular use, in which it is now so familiar to all, of indicating the changes of weather dependent upon the variations of the atmospheric column.

These discoveries made an extensive sensation in the scientific world, and greatly added to the reputation of Pascal. His triumph, however, was by no means unmixed. So ancient and venerated a dogma as nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was not so easily exploded. A degree of sacredness seemed to invest it from its very antiquity, and the Jesuits came to its rescue. When Pascal published his first experiments on the subject, made at Rome, in a work entitled "*Experiences nouvelles touchant le vide*," P. Noel, a Jesuit, who was then rector of the College of Paris, violently attacked it. "All the prejudices of a bad philosophy, and all the virulence of error," were summoned to the assault. Pascal readily repelled the objections of the Jesuits; but the strength of the obstacles he had to encounter was thus painfully manifested to him. When his further discoveries became known, the Jesuits renewed their attacks, accusing him of appropriating the labors of Toricelli. He replied in a letter, giving a minute account of all his proceedings, and thus in a most effective way vindicating his distinctive claims to be reck-

oned as a discoverer along with the Italian. There can be no doubt that it is from this period we must date Pascal's relations of hostility to the Jesuits which have become so immortalized by the "*Provincial Letters*." These repeated assaults upon the value of his scientific labors provoked his indignation, and prepared the way for the merciless war which he subsequently carried on against them, with such infinite art and success.

But Pascal was destined to experience another and still more painful attempt to deprive him of the glory of his scientific researches. This attempt proceeded from no less distinguished a person than Descartes, who himself preferred a claim to be the original author of the suggestion of the experiment that was made on the Puy-de-Dome. In a letter to Careavi, of the 11th June, 1649, he put forward this claim. This letter Careavi immediately communicated to Pascal, who was one of his intimate friends; but from whatever cause, Pascal never condescended to notice it. It is supposed that his feelings were too much wounded by the exertion of Descartes to permit his making any reply. In the letter to which we have already alluded, wherein he detailed the whole course of his proceedings, he had distinctly claimed for himself the sole suggestion of the experiment on the Puy-de-Dome, while attributing to Toricelli all the merit of the previous discoveries. And it is utterly inconceivable that Pascal—who "was the very soul of honor,"—should have so specially claimed the conception of this experiment if he had received any hint of it from Descartes. The pretensions of Descartes, which are entirely unsupported, have been generally pronounced by subsequent philosophers to be groundless.

In spite of these obstructions, Pascal continued with avidity his physical researches, in the course of which he was led to the examination of the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids. It had been already long ago discovered by Archimedes, that a solid body immersed in a fluid loses a proportion of its weight corresponding to its mass and figure. It had been farther ascertained that the pressure of a fluid upon its base is as the product of that base by the height of the fluid, and finally, that liquors pressed on all sides of the vessel containing them; but it still remained to determine the exact measure of this pressure before the general conditions of the equilibrium of fluids could be deduced. This Pascal successfully accomplished, by an experiment of making two unequal apertures

in a vessel filled with a fluid and closed on all sides, and applying two portions pressed by forces respectively corresponding to the size of the apertures. The result he found, by two methods no less ingenious than convincing, to be that the fluid remained in equilibrium. He had thus the general principle that a fluid in equilibrium presses *equally* in all directions; and from this principle the different causes of the equilibrium of fluids were easily deduced.

His conclusion on this subject Pascal embodied in a treatise, entitled "*De l'Equilibre des Liqueurs*," composed in 1663; but not published till after his death. He also left behind him another treatise on "*The Weight of the Column of Air*," which has been pronounced to form the basis of the modern science of Pneumatics.

The most important of the remaining scientific labors of Pascal was his invention of the famous arithmetical triangle, in the course of the researches connected with which he was also conducted to the doctrine of Probabilities—a branch of mathematical science which has subsequently, at the abler hands of Laplace and Poisson, received such important extension and improvement.

We have already remarked the injury that Pascal's constitution sustained from the intense devotion of his early studies. When only eighteen, his health had received a shock from which it never recovered. Henceforth it is said "he never lived a day without pain." In his twenty-fourth year he was attacked with paralysis, which during three months almost deprived him of the use of his legs. Shortly after this, he returned to Paris with his father and his sister Jaqueline, and there once more took up his residence. Moved by the solitudes of his family, he gave himself some relaxation from his severer studies, and made several journeys into Auvergne and other provinces. In 1651, however, he had the misfortune to lose his father; and his younger sister, who had long meditated the intention of consecrating herself entirely to the service of religion, carried her design into effect in 1653, and became a nun in the famed convent of Port Royal des Champs. Thus withdrawn from the rest of his family, he returned with a fatal enthusiasm to his mathematical labors. His health was anew shattered; and the worst effects would speedily have followed, had not the actual failure of his powers, operating more convincingly than the counsels of his physician, forced him to abandon for awhile all study.

There was little previously known concern-

ing the life upon which Pascal now entered for a brief period before his ultimate retirement from the world. Bossut only tells us in the most general manner that "for the meditation of the closet he now substituted the promenade, and other similar exercises of a pleasing and salutary nature. He saw the world, and although always bearing a slight tinge of melancholy on his disposition, he there captivated by the power of a superior mind and his graceful accommodation to the learning of those whom he addressed." Some have not hesitated to express the opinion that the thought-worn recluse now plunged, somewhat heedlessly, into the current of mere worldly pleasures. All seem agreed that he gradually acquired a strong relish for the agreeable society in which he mingled, and that he had begun to dream of marriage. The following seems to be the true representation of this period of his life, according to the light which the labors of M. Faugères have thrown upon it.

His most intimate friend at this time was the Duke de Roannez, subsequently associated with his other friends in the publication of his "*Thoughts*." Captivated by his genius and devoted to his person, the duke, according to the expression of Margaret Perier, "could not lose sight of him." An apartment was reserved for him in his hotel, where he would sometimes remain for days, although possessing a house of his own in Paris. Here Pascal would seem occasionally to have mingled in the light and careless society in which the youth of Paris then moved. We cannot, however, imagine that such society in itself attracted his interest. It was more a study for him, serving to originate some of those trains of reflection which he afterwards pursued with such profit in the seclusion of Port Royal. As he listened to the conversational frivolities of a Chevalier de Méré, or the cynical sentiments of a Miton or Desbarreau, the first conceptions of his great vindication of morality and religion probably arose within him. "He touched for a moment with his feet," says M. Faugères, "the impurities of this corrupt society, but his divine wings were never soiled."

The blandishment which now filled Pascal with delighted distraction was something very different. Charlotte Gonfrier de Roannez, the sister of his noble friend, then lived with him. About sixteen years of age, she possessed a captivating form and manner, while a sweet intelligence gave brightness and animation to her mere external graces. Pascal was constantly thrown in her company,

and "what so natural," M. Faugères asks, "as that he should love; and overlooking their disparity of rank, secretly aspire to a union with the possessor of charms so irresistible?" There can now, indeed, exist no doubt that he had ventured to cherish such feelings. Apart from the letters which he had addressed to her at a later period, now published for the first time by M. Faugères, and so obviously revealing, under all the pious gravity of their style, a depth of tender solicitude which mere Christian interest will hardly explain, this fact is clearly established by the discovery of the fine fragment, entitled "Discours sur les passions de l'Amour."* Here the evidence of a pure and fervid passion unmistakably manifests itself. "None but one," it has been truly said, "who had himself deeply drank the sweet poison of love's intoxication, could have ever penned this beautiful fragment, pervaded by so intense and glowing an ardor and yet so delicate and refined a susceptibility, by such a beating and wildly-glad emotion, and yet so touching and profound a melancholy, by such a rapture and yet such a pathos." With what a fine and exquisite hand does he portray the passion in all its varying moods, now roseate and flushed with joy, now drooping and pensive with tears, and now wild with anxiety. It is everywhere the touch of one who has himself owned all its mastery. There is besides a specialty of allusion to his own circumstances which leaves his cherished secret in no doubt. "Man in solitude," he says, "is an incomplete being; he needs companionship for happiness. He seeks this most commonly in a condition on an equality with his own, because liberty of choice and opportunities are favorable in such a state to his views. But sometimes he fixes his affections on an object *far beyond his rank*; and the flame burns more intensely as he is forced to conceal it in his own bosom. When love is conceived for one of elevated condition, ambition may at first co-exist with passion; but the latter soon obtains the mastery. It is a tyrant which admits of no equality; it must reign alone; every other emotion must subserve and obey its dictates."

We naturally ask with M. Faugères, did Pascal find his love returned by the sister of his noble friend? There is reason to believe so, when we see a correspondence establish-

ed between them, implying the highest degree of esteem and confidence. But it is to be regretted that we know nothing of the letters of Mademoiselle de Roannez, and it is, in fact, only fragments of those of Pascal that have been preserved. The rigidity of the Jansenist copyists have left us only such passages as they thought might minister to edification.

But whether or not Pascal's passion was shared, circumstances did not favor it. He had then acquired but little of the celebrity which afterwards awaited him. His position was not a promising one, and his rank greatly inferior to that of the object of his attachment. Awakening from his brief enchantment, he no doubt deeply felt all this. He saw the vanity of the delicious dreams in which he had for awhile forgotten himself. An alarming incident, which had nearly proved fatal to him, co-operated strongly to rouse him from the soft indulgences which were weaving their spell around him. In the month of October, 1654, while taking his usual drive along the bridge of Neuilly in a carriage with four horses, the two leaders become restive at a part where there was no parapet, and precipitated themselves into the Seine. Happily, the sudden violence of their leap broke the traces which yoked them to the pole, and the carriage remained on the verge of the precipice. The effects of such a shock upon the feeble and impaired frame of Pascal, may be easily imagined. With difficulty he recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen; but so shattered were his nerves, that for long afterwards, during his sleepless nights and moments of depression, he constantly saw a precipice at his side, over which he seemed in danger of falling.

This striking incident has commonly been regarded as the sole cause which led to Pascal's retirement from the world. The probable truth would seem to be, however, that it only combined with his sense of the apparent hopelessness of his passion to make him seek a refuge from disappointment, and a nobler source of enjoyment in the sublime meditations and devout observances of religion. His sister Jacqueline had already prepared the way for this. We are told by Madame Perier that she had contemplated with great anxiety the manner in which her brother was mingling so freely with the world, and earnestly besought him to quit it. And with his mind now awed by so narrow an escape from death, and his heart cherishing a secret affection of which he dared not anticipate the fulfillment, her entreaties readily prevailed with him, and

* This fragment was brought to light by M. Cousin, and so highly did he value it that he considered it a sufficient reward of all his labors upon Pascal; labors to which we shall presently allude.

he finally withdrew into the pious seclusion of Port Royal des Champs, and became the associate of the holy men who have given to this spot so undying a name.

The Abbey of Port Royal, after a long period of relaxed discipline, during which many abuses had crept into it, had at length attained a high renown for sanctity, under the strict and vigorous rule of the Mère Angelique Arnaud. Appointed to her high office, when only eleven years old, through a deceit practised upon the pope, she very soon began to manifest that she would be no party to the motives which had induced her election at so premature an age. An accidental sermon preached in the convent, when she had reached her sixteenth year, by a wandering Capuchin monk, left and impression upon her which was never effaced; and she set herself immediately to reform her establishment, and carried her measures into effect with a zeal and determination betokening that peculiar firmness of character which was destined to be so severely tried.

At this time the papal church in France was divided into the two great parties of the Jesuits and the Jansenists. The Abbey of Port Royal favored the latter, and had, indeed, under the directorship of M. de St. Cyran, become the great stronghold of this party. It would be out of place here to enter into the ground of this controversy. It will only be necessary to trace historically, in a few words, its rise, in order to enable the reader to understand the future relations and labors of Pascal.

There has, no doubt, always existed in the Church of Rome, a party attached to the peculiar tenets of St. Augustine. We can discover their existence and influence amid all the dark and confused phenomena of the middle ages; later, the Dominicans especially espoused these tenets in opposition to the Franciscans. Although discountenanced and overborne by the opposite party, under the guidance of the Jesuits, in the Council of Trent, there were still even then in the bosom of the Catholic Church many strong supporters of the Augustinian theology—a fact which was very soon elicited by the publication of a book by a Spanish Jesuit of the name of Molina, on some of the controverted points of doctrine. The views most opposite to those of St. Augustine were formally set forth in this book, with a considerable share of the peculiar scholastic ingenuity of the time. This attempt immediately roused the slumbering orthodoxy of the Dominicans. A wild and stormy discussion

ensued. No fewer than sixty-five meetings and thirty-seven disputations were held before the pope on the subject. No decision, however, was pronounced by the papal see; and the conflict continued till both parties had begun somewhat to pause from their exhaustion, when a new circumstance excited it more vigorously than ever.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century, two young priests, who had been previously fellow students at Louvain, passed some years together in mutual study at Bayonne. The writings of St. Augustine principally engaged them; and, as a natural consequence, they both imbibed an ardent and life-long love for his peculiar views. One of these was Jean Baptiste du Verger d'Hauranna, who afterwards became the Abbé de St. Cyran and the spiritual director of Port Royal. The other was the equally well-known Cornelius Jansen, subsequently bishop of Ypres. Smitten with so intense a love for the distinguishing tenets of St. Augustine, the latter made it the business of his life to arrange and systematize them in a volume under the title of "Augustinus." Being suddenly cut off by the plague in 1638, his scarcely-finished work was immediately published by his friend. At once the smouldering fire of the controversy was kindled into a new flame. The Jesuits rose in unanimous cry against the ill-fated volume; and so high and fierce was their indignation, that they are even said to have demolished a splendid monument erected over the grave of its author, and disturbed with impious hand his remains. One of their number, Nicholas Cornet, forthwith set himself to extract its alleged heresy in the shape of five propositions—which, by a bull of the pope, dated 31st May, 1653, were pronounced to be "heretical, false, rash, impious, and blasphemous." The friends of Jansen, however, maintained that the condemned propositions were not to be found in his book. Another papal decree was accordingly obtained, declaring that the propositions were not only heretical, but that they were contained in the "Augustinus." But this, as a matter of fact, the Jansenists boldly (!) pronounced to be beyond even the pope's infallibility to determine; and so the war of words raged more bitterly and hopelessly than ever.

Among others who engaged in the strife was the celebrated Anthony Arnaud, doctor of the Sorbonne, and brother of the abbess. He was among the most illustrious of the band of students who had gathered around St. Cyran in the retirement of Port Royal

des Champs; and, on the death of the former, who perished from the effects of his sufferings in the cause of his friend, Arnaud in a measure assumed his place. Deeply interested in the progress of the controversy, it was only to be expected that he should personally join in it. The old antagonist of Descartes and Malebranche was not likely to fear an encounter with the Jesuits. He accordingly published, in the year 1655, two letters on the subjects of discussion. Immediately he was made the object of the most unrelenting hostility. Two propositions were extracted from his second letter, upon which his colleagues of the Sorbonne sat in judgment, and which, after a prolonged discussion, they pronounced to be heretical, and consequently expelled him from their society. This decision was obtained by a very disgraceful combination of parties; the Dominicans having united with their old enemies the Jesuits against the defenders of Jansen, and subscribed a form of condemnation in which the two parties could only have agreed by interpreting the same terms in entirely different senses.

But in the meantime, and just before this sentence was published, a new antagonist had entered the field against the Jesuits. The first of the "Provincial Letters" had appeared. The story of the origin of these inimitable letters is thus told:—

"While Arnaud's process before the Sorbonne was still in dependence, a few of his friends, among whom were Pascal and Nicole, were in the habit of meeting privately at Port Royal, to consult on the measures they should adopt. During these conferences, one of their number said to Arnaud, 'Will you really suffer yourself to be condemned like a child, without saying a word, or telling the public the real state of the case?' The rest concurred; and in compliance with their solicitations, Arnaud, after some days, produced and read before them a long and serious vindication of himself. His audience listened in coolness and silence, upon which he remarked—'I see you don't think highly of my production, and I believe you are right; but,' added he, turning himself round addressing Pascal, 'you, who are young, why cannot you produce something?' The appeal was not lost. Pascal engaged to try a sketch which they might fill up; and, retiring to his room, he produced, instead of a sketch, the first Letter to a Provincial. On reading this to his assembled friends, Arnaud exclaimed, 'That is excellent! That will do; we must have it printed immediately.'"

Pascal, by a happy intuition of genius, had just seized the right way in which to treat such a subject so as to win the public inter-

est and favor. By bringing his clear and penetrating intellect and sound sense to bear upon the jargon which had become mingled up with the controversy, and the gross absurdity and injustice which had characterized it on the part of the Jesuits, he threw a flood of light upon it which engaged the most general curiosity, and left his opponents without any reply. The first letter fell like an unexpected dart among them, striking dismay into their ranks; and as the others followed at irregular intervals, becoming more pointed and fatal in their effects, their idle rage knew no bounds, and unable to meet them with any effective weapons of argument, they could only exclaim, *les menteurs immortelles*—"the immortal liars." Keen and perspicuous logic, the most effective and ingenious turns of statement, the most eloquent earnestness, the liveliest wit, the most good-tempered, yet unrelenting railery, were all combined by Pascal in these memorable attacks. Nothing can be more felicitous than the manner in which he blends these various qualities, the unceasing intermixture of light and shadow, of the casual conversational pleasantry, the most careless sidelong strokes of sarcasm with the gravest invective and the most solemn argument, imparting to all the charm of dramatic interest. "Molière's best comedies," says Voltaire, "do not exceed them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity." "There is more wit," echoes Perault, "in these eighteen letters than in Plato's Dialogues, more delicate and artful railery than in those of Lucian, more strength and vigor of reasoning than in the Orations of Cicero."

It will not be necessary to present the reader with an analysis of these celebrated letters. They range over a great diversity of topics with the same rare compass and flexibility of comprehension—the same inimitable grace and facility of expression. The reader is carried captive with the intermingled flow of humor and power—laughter, astonishment, and seriousness. The two first, which were published before the promulgation of the sentence against Arnaud, deal with the subject-matter of the controversy—the condemned propositions of Jansen, and the import of the disputed doctrines. The darkened and unintelligible squabble becomes, for the first time, clear in the strong light cast upon it. In the two following letters Pascal discusses the decision of the Sorbonne—exposing, with the keenest shafts of his wit, its injustice, and especially the inconsistency of the Dominicans, in

making cause with the Jesuits, and so forswearing the doctrines of the "Angelic Doctor"* for whose authority they professed so unbounded a reverence. In the next six—still addressing his supposititious friend in the country—he lays open the whole subject of Jesuitical casuistry—unfolding gradually, and with the most ingenious effect, the accumulated mass of its absurdities and immoralities. In the remaining eight letters, he drops the style of address adopted in the preceding; and turning directly to the Jesuits, he meets in the face the calumnies by which they had sought to impair the effect of his disclosures; and passes under review more at large, and in a more earnest and elevated strain, their whole system of maxims and morals. The lighter argument of his previous letters he exchanges for the most solemn and forcibly sustained charges—overwhelming them in a torrent of indignant eloquence beneath the ruin of their own baseless crudities of doctrine and criminalities of practice. We have already mentioned with what successful power these famous letters told against the Jesuits; but it was not merely from the difficulties they had in replying to them that they found them so formidable. Their most fatal influence, perhaps, arose from the ridicule they excited in all classes against them. They were so entertaining that everybody read them. They penetrated into every rank of the Parisians, and even of the inhabitants in the provinces. They were seen "on the merchant's counter, the lawyer's desk, the doctor's table, the lady's toilet." "Never," says Father Daniel, "did the post-office reap such a profit. Copies were dispatched over the whole kingdom, and I myself received a packet of them, post-paid, in a town of Brittany, where I was then residing." Even the political friends of the Jesuits participated in the mirth of which they were the objects. The seventh letter is said to have found its way to Cardinal Mazarin, who laughed over it very heartily. "The names of the favorite casuists were converted into proverbs. *Escobar* came to signify the same thing with "paltering in a double sense."† Father Bauny's grotesque maxims furnished topics for perpetual badinage; and the Jesuits, wherever they went, were assailed with inextinguishable laughter. Nor was this all. More seri-

ous effects followed. The popularity of the Jansenists, both as confessors and preachers, rose with the tide of ridicule against their enemies; and while their churches were crowded, those of the Jesuits were comparatively deserted. On all hands, the "Provincial Letters" procured their discomfiture and chagrin; and it is impossible to conceive any mode by which they could have been more pitifully abased, and the standard of Right raised more victoriously over them, if the rude success of Might yet remained with them.

This, alas! the ill-fated Jansenists were soon destined to experience. Abetted by the government, the Jesuits pursued their purposes of hostility with an unrelenting hand, and a suppressed, but only more bitter hatred. On the 30th of March, 1656, two months after the condemnation of Dr. Arnaud, forcible measures were on the eve of being taken against the quiet inmates of Port Royal. An order in council was issued, that every scholar, postulant, and novice, should be banished from the convent. An extraordinary event, however, caused a respite of this proposed violence. A miraculous cure was supposed to have taken place in the person of Pascal's niece, Margaret Perier, a resident in the abbey. Its enemies were awed by this incident, and the popular sensation which attended it. A brief interval of unwonted prosperity followed; crowds of noble and distinguished devotees thronged the courts of the secluded abbey, and while the fashionable enthusiasm lasted, the nuns and students were safe from the vengeance of their enemies.

Threatening clouds, however, soon began again to gather around the fortunes of the Jansenists. The Jesuits patiently waited their time. A fresh bull was in the meantime obtained from Rome, reiterating the condemnation of the five propositions, and the declaration that they were in the "Augustinus;" and further adding that the *sense* in which they had been condemned was the *sense* in which they had been stated by Jansen. In December, 1660, the young monarch, Louis XIV., gave effect to this bull. Having convened an assembly of bishops, an anti-Jansenist formulary based upon it was drawn up, and so framed as to entrap all who were not prepared to yield in the most implicit manner. The consequence was the commencement of a fierce and bitter persecution against the Port Royalists. The Mère Angelique taking the lead, refused to sign the formulary, and encouraged her nuns

* Thomas Aquinas.

† Introduction to M'Crie's Translation of the "Provincial Letters"—an interesting introduction to an admirable translation.

in the same course. Worn out as she was with suffering, and, indeed, dying, she maintained her integrity with a noble constancy. Neither entreaties nor tears could move her. She beheld her beloved establishment broken up—its sacred enclosures desecrated by the tramp of soldiery—her brother driven into exile; but she remained firm under all, and, after a bold remonstrance addressed to the queen, sought a quiet retreat where to breathe her last.

During the issue of these commotions, Pascal had somewhat strangely reverted to his long-abandoned scientific studies. Nothing can more strongly evince the strength and liveliness of his genius than the manner in which he returned to pursuits he had so early and completely laid aside. During one of the many nights which his almost continued suffering rendered sleepless, his mind was directed to the subject of the cycloid. A train of new thought respecting it occurred to him, which he traced to its results with a facility and success quite the same as if he had never left off his mathematical studies. In the short space of eight days he completed an original method of solving this class of problems, which ranks among his most brilliant claims to distinction as a geometrician.

The last years of Pascal's life, it is well known, were chiefly occupied with preparations for a great work which he meditated on the Christian religion. From the fragments which he left behind him, we can but faintly gather the outline of this work. There remains enough, however, to testify to the magnificence of its conception. Here lie, as it were, a noble pedestal, and there a sculptured pillar, and there an ornament of rich chasing and exquisite device; and we may imagine, although we cannot supply, the sublime temple which Pascal would have reared of these rare materials to the honor of his God had his life been spared. All the inconsistencies and exaggerations which critics now so easily detect in the "Thoughts," the mere broken pieces which were as yet to be hewn and moulded together by his consummate genius, would doubtless have disappeared as the fabric arose in compact beauty and strength under his plastic hand. Every exaggeration would have been softened down under the influence of his fine judgment and almost perfect taste, and what now remains a mere glorious project would have been a luminous work.

But if the "Thoughts" are thus at the very best unfinished, we have hitherto only

possessed them in a still more imperfect state even than that in which they were left by Pascal. Fragments at the best, they have been still further broken and mutilated by the rude and impertinent hands of editors and commentators. The very singular and successive processes of corruption to which these fine remains have been subjected, furnish, in fact, one of the most extraordinary disclosures of literary history. We find that until the publication of M. Faugères' volumes we have never really possessed the "Pensées" at all in their original shape. "The book was in our libraries without being actually there," as M. Vinet said. It was not in any veritable sense the work of Pascal, but a spurious compound of diverse authorship. The truth of this M. Faugères has established beyond all question. He sets in the clearest light, and traces in the most convincing manner, the various steps by which the work thus became corrupted.

It was first published, it appears, shortly after Pascal's death, by his friends Arnauld, Nicole, and others. They were unwilling to rouse anew the hatred of the Jesuits, whose hostility Pascal had so strongly provoked, and they therefore first of all expunged whatever might possibly be construed into offence by them. They then submitted the volume to a committee of *Doctors of the Sorbonne*, who, again, on their part, made numerous retrenchments in it according to their pleasure. Such was the preliminary ordeal through which it passed before it ever saw the light at all, and in what a maimed and corrupted state it came forth from this ordeal it is needless to state. "These fragments," finely says Mr. Faugères, "which sickness and death had left unfinished, suffered, without ceasing to be immortal, all the mutilation which an exaggerated prudence or misdirected zeal could suggest, not only with the view of improving their orthodoxy, but even their style,—the style of the author of the *Provincial Letters*." Well may he add, with indignation:—"The style of Pascal! who among his contemporaries or friends was capable even of always comprehending his exquisite style, so identified with his mind, that it is, as it were, only the thought itself robed in its own chaste nudity, like an antique statue? Only Corneille, or Bossuet, perhaps, would have accepted without fear of offending taste, the simple, yet strong expressions which flow from the pen of Pascal, especially when he dashes off the grand outlines of a first sketch." Again, in reference to the corruptions of this first edition of the "Thoughts," M. Faugères

explicitly states that "there are not twenty successive lines which do not present some alterations, great or small; and as for total omissions, and partial suppressions, they are without number."

Subsequently new editions were published by Condorcet and Bossut. Both these editors gave to the public some additional remains of Pascal, but not only did they not succeed in correcting the errors of the first edition, but they added fresh errors of their own. Condorcet's edition, to which Voltaire added notes in a characteristic vein of mocking skepticism, may be said to have completed the work of corruption which these noble fragments have undergone. And when they could be so interpolated and travestied as to furnish food for the scoffing humor of Voltaire, we cannot well conceive any further process of degeneracy to which they could have been submitted.

M. Cousin deserves the credit of having first taken active steps to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things. He instituted, in 1843, an elaborate comparison between the published list of the "*Pensées*" and the original MSS. of Pascal which had fortunately been preserved in the Royal Library at Paris; and being struck with their wide and serious discrepancy, he drew up a report on the subject, which he laid before the French Academy. This had the effect of exciting a prominent attention to the subject, and M. Faugères was found immediately ready to undertake a new edition in strict conformity with the original MSS. This task M. Faugères has executed in a most highly satisfactory

manner. He has collected with industrious care the entire autograph MSS. of Pascal, and transferred them in their original and un-mutilated form to his pages. Notwithstanding the extremely fragmentary aspect that this has given to some portions of his volumes, he has wisely, we think, given us the whole, so far as the form of expression is concerned, as he found them, not having ventured on any emendation whatever. We should scarcely have been satisfied with less than this, after what the text had already suffered in the way of emendation. He has rightly restricted his labors to the arrangement and elucidation of the confused and intermingled fragments; and in this respect he has accomplished a most useful and noble task, for which all students of Pascal will thank him.

We cannot now enter upon any criticism of the worth of these "*Thoughts*," as now for the first time possessed by us in their genuine form. Such criticisms have been recently attempted in a manner which entirely meets our sympathy, and to renew the attempt here to any adequate effect would lead us far beyond our limits. We cannot help, however, commending these highest efforts of Pascal's genius to the earnest study of all in search of deep and satisfactory views of truth. At no purer fount, save the Bible, could they drink. And then, what a delight it is to come now for the first time into immediate communion with the genuine "*thoughts*" of so great a soul! All unveiled, we read them just as they arose in the deep silence of his own lofty musing. We enter into his study, and see the great thinker at work.

SOLID GAS.—Murdoch first used gas to light up his office at Redrath in 1792. "It would," says Liebig, "be one of the greatest discoveries of the age, if any one could succeed in condensing coal gas into a white, dry, solid, odorous substance, portable, and capable of being placed on a candlestick, or burned in a lamp." Already is the desire of Liebig being accomplished. A mineral oil flowed out of coal in Derbyshire, obviously produced by slow distillation from the coal. On examination, it has been ascertained that *paraffine*, a solid, waxy

substance, hitherto never produced from coal, could be formed in commercial quantities by a slow and regular distillation. This is condensed coal-gas—a solid form of olefiant gas desired by Liebig. In forming cakes, this product, dissolved in an oil of a similar composition, may be readily obtained instead of the waste gases now thrown away. Should this discovery be as successful as it promises, a great change will be wrought in fuel as well as in illuminating gas.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

SCARCELY a year had elapsed since Lord John Russell, after resigning the office of Prime Minister, was openly threatened with deposition from the post he had held so long and filled so worthily, of Leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. Not only did the recognized organs of the Liberal Conservatives, or Grahamites, and of the Radicals, and of the "Manchester school," as it is termed, combine in this act of party injustice or party ingratitude, but also the impending fate of the once-popular chief became a matter of public notoriety, and was commented on as such by the journal which more especially reflects, from time to time, the phases of public opinion. It was questioned whether Lord John Russell would again appear in the House of Commons as Leader of the Opposition; nor, for a considerable time past, has it been possible to affirm that he really did again enjoy the confidence of his many-minded followers. Let us look back a little at his past career; that we may judge how far this insubordination, or deliberate revocation of a trust long enjoyed, is justifiable, and how far his services in periods of trial have entitled him now to claim that more reliance should be placed on his sagacity.

The position of a Leader of the Whigs may be said to have been almost always a tantalizing one. During a period long enough to have exhausted the energies of their chief orators, the Whigs maintained a difficult and hopeless opposition; only once, and then but for a few months, relieved by the sunshine of office and the means it afforded of rendering in the shape of laws their cherished principles and plans. It is true, that at the close of this long period, when a concurrence of unexpected events bore them at last into power, they did for a time wield an influence almost unprecedented; and during a brief period they were rewarded with the honor of carrying, not only Parliamentary Reform, but also a number of great remedial measures which were its natural fruit. But how soon was this bright period of their political

existence overclouded! Scarcely four years had passed ere the rival party had miraculously recovered from its prostration, and although its immediate tenure of power was brief, its announced conversion from an old creed seemed to threaten more serious dangers in the future.

Nor, as the event proved, were the fears then entertained groundless. A Tory Minister had, in 1828 and 1829, carried repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and of the Catholic Disabilities; both which measures, in the ordinary course of things, ought to have been passed into law by Whigs, who had toiled so long and so ably on their behalf. After Parliamentary Reform and its immediate fruits, there remained one other great measure, of which the Whigs had for some years been the advocates and the Tories the opponents. Political justice demanded that those who had upheld the principle of commercial freedom in its adversity should participate in the glory of its prosperity.

A Whig Leader, under these circumstances, appears to superficial observers at a disadvantage. The Tory chief contrives to monopolize all the glory, and to hold a gracious position, while to the Whig is only left the consciousness of good intentions, and such praise as a more just posterity will award.

Nor is this all. With the sole exception of the first three years after their accession in 1830, although the Whigs have held power for long periods, they have been foiled in their favorite plans, by a systematic obstruction on the part of opponents, who in their secret hearts were aware that the grounds of their opposition were untenable, from the moment that its success should raise them to power. Alternately baffled and betrayed by their hereditary opponents, they have received scarcely better treatment from those in whose cause they spent their political lives. Compelled to purchase, by the enunciation of fundamental principles, the support in opposition of the more violent reformers,

theoretical and practical, they have found themselves in office unable to carry out those principles in the face of a Conservative opposition; and thus it has come to pass, that accusations of treachery and lukewarmness from their friends have tended to imbitter still more the cup of humiliation prepared for them by their enemies.

Lord John Russell has passed through all these tormenting vicissitudes. When he commenced his public life, the Whigs were in a hopeless minority, regarded as little short of enemies of their country, in having so vehemently opposed and so traitorously ridiculed the war in Spain, and the general resistance to Bonaparte. The whole of his earlier life, until he had attained the age of eight-and-thirty, had been spent in ineffectual struggles to assail the seemingly impregnable fortress of the Government, and to impress on the House of Commons the growing wants and opinions of the people. He shared with his party the brief prosperity of the Reform era,—was, indeed, one of the heroes of the hour; but from his assumption of the leadership of the House of Commons until his resignation of the Premiership in 1852, it has been his fortune to suffer from the causes already referred to. He is pronounced by his opponents to have been rash, by his supporters to have been timid; and all his prudent management has been forgotten, so soon as others have stepped in and obtained, by a sacrifice of their principles, the prize for which he had so ably contended. And throughout his late career he has been shackled by the adherence of powerful chiefs of his party to principles and opinions which fell short of the demands of those new allies who sprung out of the Reform of Parliament. He has steered well a difficult and tedious course, and has been obliged to expend on tactics and manœuvres powers of mind which, if otherwise employed, would have procured for him, with the general mass, a higher reputation as a statesman.

It is more difficult, therefore, to test the merits of Lord John Russell than those of his parliamentary antagonist, Sir Robert Peel. With the sole exception of the Reform era, we do not meet in his career with those salient points, those dramatic incidents that render the life of his rival so interesting. We must seek his merits in a different direction; not so much in great legislative acts as in the careful preparation of the public mind for relaxed restrictions, in the prudence and courage with which he has from time to time tightened or loosened the reins with which he

held his party, and, above all, in the patient consistency with which he has adhered to his patriotic purposes.

Lord John Russell has now been nearly forty years in Parliament. He entered the House soon after attaining his majority. His maiden speech was on the 14th of July, 1814, on the occasion of the second reading of the Alien Bill, which measure he opposed. The address, which was short, and delivered at the fag-end of the debate, contained one of those pithy allusions for the successful use of which in debate and in epistolary correspondence he has subsequently become remarkable. Ministers, he said, in urging forward the measure then, because it had been thought necessary before, reminded him of the unfortunate wag mentioned in *Joe Miller*, who was so fond of rehearsing a piece of wit, that he always repeated it at the wrong time. Another terse argument at this period, equally characteristic of his later style, occurred in his answer to Mr. Methuen, who had congratulated the country on its having successfully sustained the cause of legitimacy. Lord John Russell, taking a tone at that period not unusual with his party, reminded Mr. Methuen, that if we had always done the same thing, King George would have been Elector of Hanover instead of King of Britain. Lord John Russell differed from Sir Robert Peel in this,—that his earlier more resembled his later career, that his principles, his character, and even his style of oratory, were formed at the outset of his life, and were only subjected to the usual maturing influence of years and practice; while Sir Robert Peel, from the commencement of his first Premiership, underwent a marvellous change, the proportions of his character becoming grander, his principles more expansive, and his oratory more dignified and original than in his previous life.

The first period of Lord John Russell's parliamentary career,—that from the year 1814 to the year 1826,—was chiefly spent in the advocacy, in various shapes, of Parliamentary Reform. He was not so frequent a speaker on other topics, but was always the foremost man when the question arose which afterwards, at the most memorable epoch of his life, so fiercely agitated his countrymen. It is with a view to illustrating his consistency that we refer to this period of his history. He commenced with great caution, as befitted the temper of the times. When Sir Francis Burdett, for instance, brought forward a plan which aimed at little short of a revolution in the representative system, Lord John Rus-

sell, although not opposed to triennial parliaments, declined to open the wide question raised by Sir Francis, as it was calculated to produce excitement and alarm in the then condition and temper of the working classes; but, in the year 1819, when he proposed for the first time a scheme of parliamentary reform, he clearly indicated what would now be called the Conservative tendency of his mind, and commenced that practice of gradual, prudent, and constitutional reform with which his name will ever be honorably associated. He thus early drew between himself and Burdett and the Radicals of that day a line which he has seldom or never passed with respect to their representatives at the present hour. His plan at this time, which was introduced in a speech of remarkable moderation, considering the excited state of the Radicals on the subject of Reform, proposed the disfranchisement of corrupt boroughs, compensation to electors not guilty of bribery, the transfer of the vacant seats to great manufacturing towns and to counties, and the prevention of bribery at elections. This was, in fact, the only tenable ground of the Reformers at that time; but even so mild a proposition was in advance of the spirit of the age. At the request of Lord Castlereagh, the representative of the Government in the Lower House, Lord John Russell withdrew these resolutions, on the understanding that Grampound was to be disfranchised, which afterwards was done. He thus early developed the spirit of moderation and compromise which has subsequently rendered him so useful to his country.

In May, 1821, he again returned to the charge, proposing that the notoriously corrupt boroughs should be disfranchised, and the seats transferred to large towns unrepresented. This motion was of course unsuccessful. Nothing daunted, he continued his then thankless labors. During the parliamentary session of 1822 the question of Reform, which had lain dormant for some years previously, was made the subject of agitation out of doors. Petitions in favor of a change in the representation having been presented from the counties of Middlesex, Devon, Norfolk, Suffolk, Bedford, Cambridge, Surrey, Cornwall, Huntingdon, and others, Lord John Russell, on the 29th of April, moved a resolution affirming the necessity for taking the subject into consideration, and proposing to add one hundred members to the House—sixty for counties, and forty for large towns; and this he did in a lengthy and elaborate speech. The motion was vehemently opposed

by Mr. Canning and the ministry, and on a division was lost by 269 votes to 164.

Again in 1823, and afterwards in 1826, he renewed his efforts, but of course without success. In March of the latter year, too, he proposed a resolution against bribery, which was coldly received, even by his own party. Brougham did not speak in its favor, nor did Canning think it necessary to oppose it; and Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, significantly hinted that there was corruption on the Liberal as well as on the Tory side. Still Lord John Russell obtained a very respectable minority, being defeated by 249 votes to 123. Later in the same session he renewed the subject, when he obtained sixty-two votes to the same number on the other side, and the Speaker, according to custom, gave his casting vote in favor of the motion. From this time till 1830 (in the course of which year, before he came into office, he made two motions for Reform), we do not find him urging his favorite topic in the House; but he had advocated others quite as important, with more success.

Not more distinguished was Lord John Russell as champion of Parliamentary Reform than as the steady advocate of Catholic emancipation, and of the removal of all civil restrictions founded on difference of creed. He was one of the martyrs to the cause of Catholic Emancipation, having been, in 1826, ejected from the representation of Huntingdonshire on account of his advocacy of that question; but two years afterwards he received his reward, in finding his bill for the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts adopted by the Duke of Wellington, and passed into law. In the following year he witnessed the triumph of the Catholic claims, and rendered to Wellington and Peel an ungrudging support. When O'Connell proposed in May, 1830, a scheme of universal suffrage, he met with a vigorous opponent in Lord John Russell, as the champion of moderate reform and the enemy of needless organic changes; but in December, 1831, he was himself engaged, in conjunction with Lord Durham, Sir James Graham, and Lord Duncannon, in drawing up the first Reform Bill—a measure regarded at the time as of the most sweeping kind by its friends, by its opponents as revolutionary.

Thus, we always find Lord John Russell standing firm on his Whig principles, and even while assailing the enemy, dealing out backward blows at his two eager followers. What he did with Burdett in 1819, and with O'Con-

nell in 1830, we find him again doing with Cobden, Hume, and Roebuck, in 1851; with Sir James Graham, too, his old colleague of twenty years before, on the question of "Papal aggression." This faith in his principles, this steadfast guardianship of the sacred fire of Whiggism, is in fact the distinguishing characteristic of Lord John Russell as a statesman.

It would not advance our object in this article, to enter minutely into a period of history so familiar to all as the Reform struggle; how Lord John Russell, the observed of all observers, and one of the idols of the day, proposed on the first of March, 1831, the first Reform Bill; how events compelled him on the 24th of June to propose another, ten days after the reassembling of a new parliament; how, on the 20th of September following, he had the proud pleasure of accompanying Lord Althorpe to the bar of the Lords as the bearer of the Commons' Bill; how, finally, in the December following, he proposed the third bill, which he carried triumphantly through. These are matters of contemporary history with which all are familiar; and Lord John Russell was at that time by comparison a subaltern. But we have much to do with his own subsequent interpretation of his own work.

In the celebrated "Letter to the Electors of Stroud, on the Principles of the Reform Act," a production called forth by the attempts of the Political Union of Birmingham and the Anti-Slavery delegates to shake his reputation, his masterly defence of the Reform Bill, in which he certainly disclaimed that argument of "Finality" which the extreme section of Liberals were so fond of throwing in his teeth, was long an attraction to the political world. A few of the more salient passages well illustrate the great argument of the Whig party, that state reforms should be of gradual and not of hasty growth; more especially that the life of Lord John Russell is to be found in his speeches and writings rather than in public acts. Applying himself, in the outset of this epistle, to the important question whether the Reform Bill was to be set aside as, according to some extreme politicians, an experiment which had totally failed, and a new scheme of representation set up in its place; or whether there might not be founded upon the Reform Act the amendments and improvements which all institutions from time to time required, his lordship says, "It will hardly be denied, I presume, that there are some acts of a far more important nature than others, and that

the Bill of Rights and the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland, ought not to be altered so lightly as a law regulating the sale of beer, or fixing the districts for petty sessions of the peace. Of the former kind, for instance, is the Act of Succession to the Crown of these Realms. Suppose some one had said, in 1722, 'King George is ignorant of our language; he has no experience of a free government; no knowledge of this country; he has sanctioned the Septennial Act; the people are greatly discontented; it will be better to change the dynasty.' It would surely have been sufficient answer, without discussing the personal merits of the sovereign to say, 'The Act of Settlement is a very recent Act; the succession was a matter of great difficulty, and attended with imminent danger of civil war; we have happily seen it established; let us now, for a time at least, try and be happy and free under the House of Hanover.' Or, let us take a more homely illustration:—Go to a gentleman who has lately repaired his house; show him a plan for altering the whole of it, with a number of finished drawings, and a beautiful view of the south front; he may very probably say, 'Many thanks, my good sir; but a few years ago, at great expense and at much trouble, I had my house completely repaired; it has been greatly enlarged—new rooms have been added; for two years I could hardly sleep for the noise of the workmen. If I am to begin again, and make, as you propose, the plan of my house Grecian and not Gothic, I shall not know peace or comfort for the rest of my life; I must decline your obliging offer.' Thus it is with many great as well as minor matters. Thus it is that although many persons think the Roman Catholic Relief Act faulty in some of its provisions, and that the prolix oath it imposes might well be exchanged for a simple oath of allegiance; and although many others are of opinion that the Act has done great mischief, and not fulfilled the expectations held out by its promoters, yet there is no party which proposes to Parliament either the repeal or any considerable alteration of that Act. Thus it is also that no one proposes to pull down Buckingham Palace, or to rebuild Regent-street on a new plan, though many an architect is ready with drawings and elevations to show how he might improve the comfort and increase the beauty both of palace and street."

Electoral districts have had a prominent place in all the representative schemes of Chartism. His lordship thus sums up his ob-

jection to the principle on which they would be based:—"What are the requisites you seek for in a representation of the people? That the wants and the wishes, the interests and the opinions, the intelligence and the virtue of the nation may be fairly, freely, and fully represented. To many a man this may seem a very easy task. He would cut the country into squares, or circles, or oblongs, giving a certain amount of population to each portion, and fixing the franchise as his taste or philosophy might direct. The task would not be accomplished. It will be granted to me, I trust, that the knowledge and the intelligence of those most remarkable for knowledge and intelligence ought to be represented. But it may very well happen that while your division into districts secures representation to landed proprietors, to wealthy manufacturers, to eminent merchants, to busy and active popular leaders, it will exclude the eminent barrister who has given his time and labor to reach the eminence of his profession; the political economist who has neither riches to buy votes nor eloquence to attract them; the gallant officer who is better known to his country's enemies than to the club or committee who furnish candidates for parties and districts. This would be more particularly the case in times of strong popular excitement, when nothing but wealth, local influence, or long-established political character, could weather the storm. The consequences would be serious. The House of Commons, though composed of able and stirring men, would not obtain the respect of the more intelligent part of the country. Men would look in vain for several of those leading counsel in our courts of Law, those distinguished admirals, those gallant generals, those able writers, whose names have given lustre to the House of Commons, and made the eyes of all turn towards it as the repository of what was able, and eminent, and distinguished in law no less than in politics, alike in war, in letters, and in commerce."

The Political Union of Birmingham, amongst other nostrums, had recommended a division of the country into departments, which should contribute members to the House of Commons. Upon the tendency of such a proposition to lower the intellectual standard, and consequently the authoritative weight of the tribunal, Lord John Russell, in the same letter remarks, in the following passage:—"Now, it is a principle not to be neglected, that constitute these assemblies as you may, the display of great talent in debate, the authority of a great name, the lus-

tre of arms, and the weight of long experience, bring with them, in calm and quiet hours, that power of opinion which, according to an Italian author, is "the Queen of the World." Let us examine the elements of which some parts of this opinion consist. In a country such as England now is, there are thousands of men who do not call themselves politicians, but who, nevertheless, are acute political observers. One may be employed all the morning in literary history, another planning a new railway, a third writing to his mercantile correspondents at New York, a fourth arguing a question in a court of law. Yet to all men the newspaper has its attractions, the last debate has been a matter of interest, and it is not because his business lies elsewhere, that the man of speculative or practical ability is the less able to judge of those who discuss and decide on the interest of the nation. To these men, as well as to the people in general, an appeal lies. We can no longer have an awful senate even if we desired it; the reporters in the gallery unveil the mystery of government, and the House of Commons must rely upon its own qualities for maintaining public respect. If then it were found that the whole tone of debate were unworthy of the occasion, that the talent out of the House despises the talent within the House; that men of wit and men of business saw among them the most eminent men of the nation unable or unwilling to sit in the House of Commons, neither its popular will, nor its well-won privileges, nor its mighty authority, would prevent it from sinking in public estimation. But if you add to this that it would have to contend in the presence of, and perhaps in rivalry with, a House of Lords which, according to Mr. Roebuck—no partial witness—has a moral influence in the country, you would expose the House of Commons to a gradual process of sinking, from which it could only rescue itself by some desperate struggles, in the course of which its natural strength and vigor might more easily enable it to pull under water its more favored companions than to keep itself buoyant on the stream. For these reasons, among others, a division into departments seemed to me liable to the greatest possible objections."

He then proceeds to criticise the objections of those who were discontented with the Reform Bill because it did not go far enough, and because it did not fulfill expectations never contemplated by its authors: "But it is said that all things are liable to change; that no human measure is final; that no supposed

engagement ought to stand in the way of the interests and desires of the people. To all this I can readily agree; as readily as the Welsh curate, when he found his cassock out at elbows, consoled himself with reflecting on the revolutions of empire and the mutability of the world. A great deal of commonplace is thrown away in proving what nobody disputes; the question remains, is it necessary for the good of the people to begin anew the task of reforming the representation of the people? The only proof that has yet been given of such necessity is the loudness of complaint. But let us mark from whom this complaint proceeds, how it arises, and to what it tends. Much of this sullenness against the Reform Bill, if not the greater part, arises from those who never were satisfied with its provisions, and only looked upon it as the precedent and promise of future change. They are consistent in their desire for a new Reform Bill, though hardly candid in declaring their disappointment at results which they always expected. Another portion of the discontented consists of those who looked upon the Reform Bill as the epoch of the triumph of the liberal party and the extinction of their adversaries. I never entertained such partial expectations nor such unjust desires. In scanning the general scope of the Bill with Lord Althorp, we always concluded that the Tory party were a party too deeply rooted in the property of the country to be thus destroyed, and that when the warmth of enthusiasm for reform should somewhat subside, they would have as fair a prospect as any party of obtaining a majority in the reformed House of Commons. We endeavored to deprive the Tories of their undue power to overbear the opinion of the nation, not to proscribe them, should the national voice be raised in their favor. A third class of the discontented, and a very numerous one, consists of those who expected from reform what reform could not accomplish. I am no believer in the doctrine,—

How small of all the ills that men endure,
The part that kings or laws can cause or cure.

I think, on the contrary, that many social and moral evils are to be attributed to the institutions of government and the laws by which a government is ruled. But laws and institutions must act gradually and generally in order to be beneficial. I have seen a popular assembly decree a democratic constitution which did not give any man a larger

share of liberty or security than he had before enjoyed under an arbitrary king. Habits must be changed; laws must be respected as well as enacted; the minds of men must be engaged to a willing conformity with the new order of the State."

His lordship tersely expresses his objection to a new and more liberal reading of the principle which governed the Reform Act. "Let it be remembered," he says, "that the enthusiasm in favor of the Reform Bill extended to all classes, agricultural, mercantile, and manufacturing. The necessity for a change is urged very much on the ground that a repeal of the Corn Law might thereby be obtained. But the very cry which is your strength with one part of the country will be your weakness with another. It is as if a quack should invite every one to take a specific against drowsiness. A drowsy man might be induced to buy; but the patient who suffered from sleepless nights would throw physic to the dogs. But supposing a new enthusiasm could be awakened, I am not ready to stir the caldron from which so potent a charm could be extracted." And he proceeds to enlarge upon his objection. "Of the working classes," he remarks, "who have declared their adherence to what is called the People's Charter, but few care for universal suffrage, vote by ballot, or annual parliaments. The greater part feel the hardship of their social condition; they complain of their hard toil and insufficient wages, and imagine that Mr. Oastler or Mr. Fielden will lead them to a happy valley, where their labors will be light and their wages high. They know not the general laws by which profit and wages are regulated. They conceive that the tyranny of the rich is the cause of their depressed condition. A new Reform Bill, whether the suffrage were household or universal, would do nothing towards the cure of evils which belong to a populous country and varying employment. But the excitement of a new change; the passions again raised; the House of Commons again in the furnace to be melted in a new mould; the people again in a temper which burst out in flames in Nottingham and Bristol, would go far to shake the stability of property, and make law the servant of disorder. The happy consummation of a laboring class toiling little and earning much would be further off than ever; the security to be enjoyed in Germany or Switzerland would attract capital and diminish employment at home; the deluded might indeed awake from their dream at length, but too late for their peace."

Pronouncing against the ballot, as inapplicable to our present representative system, he observes:—"I believe if ballot could be made effectual those who have no votes would be far more discontented than they now are. Ballot is suited to an absolute government of the few, or a free government where the suffrage is universal. The absolute aristocracy of Venice used it in its perfection; the people of the United States use it—it accords with their principle, 'that the majority is to govern.' The will of the people of the United States is supreme; it has no check; and every one shares in the sovereignty. But for the middle classes of this country to pretend to an irresponsible and secret power over the destinies of the country, would be, as the *Morning Chronicle* says, an *unendurable anomaly*." The noble lord concludes his letter with the following plea in favor of the Reform Act:—"It is for you to ponder seriously, in the spirit of that true Whiggism which has always animated you, on the dangers of the time, and the means by which they may be averted. I am persuaded you will not think of lifting the anchor of the monarchy while the signs of a storm are black in the horizon. I am convinced that you will not, in a moment of disappointment, deface the work which you have made. Great changes in law and government often make themselves more felt as the distance of time at which they were established becomes more remote. Who can doubt that the subjects of George III. enjoyed more fully the benefits of the Habeas Corpus Act than our ancestors did seven years after its enactment? I trust, therefore, you will persevere in upholding the Reform Act, and seek to derive from it its sure and useful results, rather than to exhibit to the world a new warning against popular reforms, and give a new argument to the enemies of all popular institutions."

We have drawn somewhat largely on this important State document, because, even more than the celebrated Tamworth manifesto of Sir Robert Peel, it embodied a declaration of principles and a key to character. The same leading idea, that of the necessity for moderation in reform, is to be found in it as in the earlier and later speeches of Lord John Russell, and in his political conduct throughout his career. In it, also, he is expressing his real sentiments, uninfluenced by those necessities of party warfare which sometimes prevail in debate; and it is also important, as having first contributed to cement the union between the noble lord and his ultra support-

ers, which lasted, with more or less cordiality, till the year 1851.

The death of Lord Althorp led to events presenting Lord John Russell in a light different from that in which he had hitherto appeared. Although prominent in the public eye, and eminent in the House of Commons from the evidences he had given of superior ability as a debater, Lord John Russell as yet held only a rank by comparison subordinate in the family hierarchy of the Whigs. At the same time, by common consent, he was designated as the man on whom ought to fall the mantle of the leadership, whenever yielded by its then possessor. Lord Althorp's death, and the dismissal of Lord Melbourne from office, led to this long foreseen result. Sir Robert Peel, when at last he met the new Parliament, in the early days of 1835, found in Lord John Russell his future antagonist,—a man strong in the hereditary allegiance of his party, strong in the sincerity with which he had maintained, in adversity, the principles to which his rival only now gave a grudging assent, from political reasons; above all, strong in the possession of debating powers, which, if they were not of the magnificent order of those soon developed in Sir Robert Peel, were at least formidable, from their combination of earnestness of purpose with adroitness of tactics. Lord John Russell is not to be held responsible for the whole of the policy of the Whig party at this epoch, because Lord Melbourne was still its nominal chief. It is, therefore, needless to enter into the question whether the "appropriation clause" was or was not a wanton agitation of the public mind, adopted for party purposes, to rally the various sections of the Liberal party round the Whigs, and secure the Irish alliance, and, at the same time, to warn the Church of what it might expect if it continued to give the Tories so active a support. Accepting the tactics of his party, Lord John Russell, as leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, merited the praise of having carried them out with consummate skill and perseverance, and, even in his most striking moments of stimulated violence, keeping his judgment clear, never committing himself beyond the point of prudence, or to an extent that would embarrass himself or his party if restored to office. A short but memorable campaign sufficed to drive Sir Robert Peel, though covered with honor, from the helm; and Lord John Russell returned to the Treasury benches, no longer as a subordinate, but as Secretary of State for the

Home Department, and leader of the House of Commons.

A far more difficult task was now before him than any he had yet undertaken. The appropriation clause and the Irish alliance had restored the Whigs to power: the same topics furnished their adversaries with the materials for their assaults on the replaced Government. The endurance of Lord John Russell was sorely tried in the interval between his appointment as Home Secretary, in April, 1835, and the resignation of the Ministry of which he formed a part, in September, 1841. In 1839, a slight change took place in his official position, when he exchanged the Home Secretaryship for the more arduous post of Secretary for the Colonies; but he still retained throughout his leadership of the House of Commons. Regarding him in this point of view, it must be admitted that, if Sir Robert Peel's management of the opposition was a masterpiece of strategic skill, so Lord John Russell defended his position with a combined firmness and adroitness that until then had not been exhibited in the House of Commons. It is comparatively easy to lead an Opposition on some broad principle of policy, when success depends on persevering advocacy, gradually wearing out obstruction and influencing public opinion. It is, by comparison, equally easy to conduct the course of a Government whose principle is resistance and whose argument is a majority. Such were not the relative positions of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell between 1835 and 1841. Lord John Russell honestly desired to give to the people the fruits of the Reform Bill; but he was compelled to halt between two extremes of opinion—between the demands of the theorists for organic changes, and the more aristocratic tendencies of his own immediate party. Thus his measures were scarcely ever cordially supported even by his own followers, because they appeared too rash for the one class, too temporising for the other. In face of him was a powerful minority, headed by the most astute and reserved of tacticians, who brought forward no distinct propositions himself, which could have rallied his antagonists, but confined his manœuvring to a harassing warfare, compounded of appeals to the Protestant feeling of the country against the Irish alliance, and of a perpetual running-fire of ridicule at the inadequacy of the Government measures to meet the demands of the Radical portion of the Whig-Radical coalition. It is obvious, that while Lord John Russell was engaged

in a strife of this kind, he could not enjoy many opportunities of stamping the character of his mind on the legislation of the time. He was, in truth, by his constant although baffled efforts, and his careful and frequent enunciation of the principles of moderate and constitutional reform, preparing the public mind for the greater legislative changes that were afterwards to be carried by his rival; and it would be a great ingratitude in the public if, in their thankfulness to Sir Robert Peel for his liberal measures between 1841 and 1846, they were to overlook the share of Lord John Russell in their accomplishment. If, as a tactician, Sir Robert Peel ultimately overcome Lord John Russell, it was by the abandonment of principles which he was supposed to share with his party. To Lord John Russell must be conceded the merit of an honorable consistency, only modified from time to time, as the public became more prepared to accept measures of a liberal character; and he received the reward of that consistency when he was by common consent called to power in 1846, on the sacrifice of Sir Robert Peel to the revenge of a portion of his own followers. Still, shackled though Lord John Russell was during the period to which we refer, his name as Leader of the House of Commons is associated with many most valuable measures.

It is the pride of Lord John Russell, that his public exertions have been made in the development and enforcement of the principles of his party. His name, as a member of the Whig Ministry, had already been associated with those legislative acts which he claims to have regarded as the fruits of Reform; with the measures for the reduction and reform of the Irish Church; the abolition of slavery in our colonies; the opening of the China trade; the reform of the poor laws; the opening to popular control of municipal corporations; the removal of the restrictions on dissenters' marriages; the Tithe Commutation Act; the improvement of the criminal code; the Irish Tithe Commutation Act; the Irish poor law; and a host of minor measures. Many of these were proposed and defended by Lord John Russell himself, (being substantially his own,) as Leader of the House of Commons, and all received the advantage of his eloquent support. As the Whigs gradually shrank before their opponents, their power of passing measures materially diminished.

At length, the issue was raised that was to terminate this protracted and unsatisfac-

tory struggle. Lord John Russell determined to propose a small fixed duty on corn, while Sir Robert Peel rallied his followers round the "sliding scale." The first was not proposed, according to a modern theory, as a revenue duty; so that the question was between degrees of protection. Lord John Russell had in the meantime wearied his more impatient followers by the moderation of his views on various questions of reform. They did not inquire why they lost confidence in him, but they had lost it; and the result was the final triumph of Sir Robert Peel, and his installation, for the second time, as Prime Minister. Throughout the struggle, Lord John Russell had been compelled to stand on the defensive, his time and faculties consumed in cheering and rallying his discontented followers.

Once more in opposition, Lord John Russell might have been expected to advance in popularity. The strange fatality attending his later political career pursued him, and precluded his success. Sir Robert Peel had been but a short time in power when he began to disclose his liberal purposes. Perhaps Lord John Russell ought to have expected a new recantation, and to have anticipated its consequences by initiating the measures contemplated by his rival. Perhaps, too, if he had done so, his rival would have arrayed against him all the obstructive strength of the opposition, and thus equally have defeated him. In that case, Lord John Russell would have been pronounced to have been "rash," as, because he did not thus advance his lines, he was reviled by inconsiderate followers as having been "timid." He was weakened by internal distraction while overborne by the superior force of the enemy. Beyond question his low fixed duty was a wise proposition; but it was too wise for the rampant agriculturists of the day; nor was the country at large yet prepared for total and unconditional repeal of the Corn Laws. Unable, therefore, to bring forward an adequate proposition of his own, all that Lord John Russell could do was to carp and cavil, criticise and condemn. When he described Sir Robert Peel's mystifying "sliding scale" as "disturbing, but failing to settle," he aimed at it a keen truth, but not a deadly one. Such shafts could make no impression on Sir Robert Peel's enormous majority. The popularity, too, of the large scheme of taxation propounded by the new Premier crippled and baffled the leader of the opposition, who thus saw another favorite principle of his party and their allies

adopted by the enemy. He could not appeal to popular sympathy, because at each new turn his rival was then beforehand with him; he could not fall back on the more aristocratic principles of his party, because that would be to retrograde. Sir Robert Peel, so to speak, outbid him on every question—even with those much maligned Irish Catholics, the alleged disgrace of whose alliance had been used as a lever to work the downfall of his party. The most severe critics of the public conduct of Lord John Russell will give him credit for the magnanimity he displayed towards his rival, under most annoying and provoking circumstances. His own prophetic spirit—reasoning on the conduct of Sir Robert Peel with respect to the Test and Corporation Acts, Catholic Emancipation, and Reform (in the Tamworth manifesto)—pointed out to him the probability that the Tory chief had really become a convert to Whig principles, and was about to filch away from them the popularity due to their past efforts in the cause of good government. Yet, in place of upbraiding the chief Minister with his inconsistency, he very nobly gave him credit for the liberalism he displayed, and lent him support at moments when a large portion of his own party revolted. At the opening of the session of 1844, it is true, Lord John Russell, in discharge of his duty as leader of the opposition, did make a grand assault on the Ministry; but the enormous majority they obtained, after a nine days' debate, afforded the best justification of his previous moderation. As a general rule, Lord John Russell adopted a different tone, and did really more effectually serve the cause of liberalism by letting Sir Robert Peel do its work, than if by striving to oust Sir Robert Peel he had once more placed him at the head of an obstructive opposition. For such conduct he gains no credit from the majority of the Liberal party, who ever clamor most for him who promises most. When at last the great crisis of 1846 came, Lord John Russell was quite equal to the demands of the occasion. Whether he had knowledge of Sir Robert Peel's intention to repeal the Corn Laws does not appear; but on the 22d of November, 1845, he being then at Edinburgh, he addressed a letter to the electors of London, in which he proclaimed his abandonment of a fixed duty, and his adhesion to the principle of total repeal. No one could say that here he was behind the time; and whatever merit may be due to Sir Robert Peel for courage, foresight, and enlarged statesmanship in resolv-

ing to abolish protective duties on food, is at least equally due to Lord John Russell for having at the same time accurately scanned the difficulty, and for having resolved on that policy. On this occasion, he was in turn treated with magnanimity by Sir Robert Peel. That statesman, feeling how great a political immorality appeared to be involved in his change of principle and opinion, tendered his resignation. When, subsequently, Lord John Russell, having been recommended by him to her Majesty, could not form his administration, and Sir Robert Peel resumed the reins, Lord John Russell, as the long-tried leader of the Free-trade party, gave him a cordial and honorable support, so long as such support was necessary to the passing of the Corn Bill.

At last came the reward of a long and honorable service. The mover of the Reform Bill was First Minister of the Crown, at the head of a party of Reformers, from whose path the greatest difficulties had been removed:

To a man like Lord John Russell, deeply imbued with a reverence for the Constitution, and a desire to attain by gradual means the benefits which the Reform Act had been intended to prepare, his new position was one of extreme difficulty. A more rash man would eagerly have exercised his newly-found power: a less morally courageous man would have attempted re-action, after a crisis precipitated by a violent, though a peaceful popular revolution. The instincts of an aristocrat, and the very constitution of his party, would naturally impel him towards the latter alternative. As it was, he adopted a course dictated by prudence and by his temperament. The schism between the Derby-Bentinck-Disraeli section of the old Tory party and those who still followed Sir Robert Peel, left to Lord John Russell a vast power; and he was vehemently urged by the Radicals to use it. Seemingly, he thought, in the spirit of the Stroud letter, that quite enough had been done for the present; or, to use his own neat and characteristic phrase—that “the country could not afford a revolution every year.” So long as Sir Robert Peel lived, he was by him supported in this wise policy; and it is more than possible that the country at large felt that Lord John Russell's homœopathic doses were as much as the patient would bear. Then came, too, the great European convulsions of 1848; the Irish bubble-rebellion—all witnessed with indifference or aversion by those classes of the people who had formerly sympathized

with continental revolutions. Proofs these were that England was content at present with what she had. The repeal of the Navigation Laws was delayed as long as possible, in the hope that the “interests” threatened would profit by the warning and escape the storm: in like manner the question of the Sugar Duties was dealt with cautiously and tenderly, because it was felt to be exceptional. These works done, and Sir Robert Peel gone from the scene, the political atmosphere began to grow too troubled for Lord John Russell's delicate steering. The ultras of his own party began to clamor for more organic reform; while the Tories, under the skilful guidance of Mr. Disraeli, grew in confidence and strength.

If moderation, firmness, and a sense of political justice, be elements necessary to the character of a statesman, Lord John Russell ought to rank high in virtue of his possessing them. We have seen, from his “Stroud Letter,” what he thought about further Parliamentary Reform; and from his having inserted in a royal speech an acknowledgment of the distresses of the agriculturists, he seems to have proclaimed his conviction, that although the principle of Free-trade ought not to be touched, there was yet something in the plea urged by Mr. Disraeli, that if there was anything one-sided in the legislation of 1846, justice required that the balance should be restored. The extreme and more violent section of his own party, not having on them the responsibilities of state-manship, could see in his hesitation in the one case and his equity in the other, nothing worthier than incapacity, timidity, want of grasp, or worse, the treachery of an aristocrat to the cause of the people. These things were murmured, not spoken aloud. Meanwhile, Lord John Russell was the first to recognize in Mr. Disraeli that parliamentary and tactical ability which proclaimed him fit to lead the Opposition; and feeling in all probability the growing strength of that Opposition, he sought from time to time, but in vain, to propitiate the remaining followers of Sir Robert Peel. At length he was forced into propounding a new Reform Bill; but his ideas of the necessary differed so wholly from those of the Radicals, eager to consummate their victory over the landed interest, that the still-born offspring of his coy consent was left a prey to the merciless on both sides. Had his own followers acted with more moderation, or his opponents with more forbearance, it is possible that this measure might, as an instalment, have satisfied even

those who think that the middle classes have too much electoral power, and the upper and lower too little; and that bribery and nomination can only be expelled from our representative system by widening its basis. One thing is quite clear, that Lord John Russell received no credit for his good intentions, and that his opinion was denied the weight it ought to have derived from his experience, and from a more than thirty years' service in the cause of parliamentary reform.

As we near the close of these remarks, we must touch, though slightly, on a subject of vast importance,—Lord John Russell's conduct on "Papal aggression," and his celebrated letter to the Bishop of Durham. That letter contained aspersions on the religious ceremonies of others,—it matters not whether on those of the Catholics, as they believe, or affect to believe, or on those of the Tractarians, according to a different and, we believe, an authoritative explanation. By so much must that letter be admitted to have been a most unstatesmanlike document; but, on the other hand, the object of Cardinal Wiseman, whether desirable for the country or not, could only be attained by a defiance or a virtual repeal or abeyance of the most important statutes. A great constitutional and national question was raised; and whatever might be the decision of the nation, Lord John Russell, as the trustee of the hereditary principles of the great historical Whig party, felt bound to meet it. Having had experience of Catholic alliances, perhaps he might have arrived at the conclusion that however mild might be the form of attack, the Protestant institutions of the country were at stake; and it is possible that he might think it his duty, as an old champion of civil and religious liberty, to put the Protestants of the empire on their guard. Without wishing to push this question further, it is right to place before the reader its "other side," so far as it may throw a light on the character of Lord John Russell. In like manner, the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill may have been made weak from a disinclination even to seem to persecute, and in a lingering belief that

a demonstration of the resolution of the public would prevent further encroachments. At all events, such an interpretation would be in accordance with Lord John Russell's previous career. With respect, also, to the Palmerston question—of too recent occurrence to require examination—it may be urged for Lord John Russell that he might consider the bellicose tendencies of the ex-Secretary dangerous to his party, while his insubordination or assumption of separate and independent authority were clearly disrespectful to himself. In the other recent movements of Lord John Russell, we think may be detected,—first, a desire to deprive the Protectionist minority of their sole bond of union, by compelling a recantation, and next to close up the ranks of the pure Whigs, thus keeping men and principles as a political power or force independent of rival pretenders, whether Liberal-Conservatives or Radicals.

If Lord John Russell has sometimes too cautiously picked his steps, he has ever sought to walk in the light of the Constitution. If he has failed to present himself in strong historical contrast, like Sir Robert Peel, we must not forget that to his patient, persevering patriotic exertions is owing the state of the public mind which permitted that statesman to carry his measures, and that to his self-sacrifice and love of the public good the nation are indebted for the peaceful manner of their enactment. The melo-dramatic performer will often attract more temporary applause than he who obeys the rules of art, and leaves a model of character. The "rashness" of Lord John Russell has always been more in words than in deeds; and if his language is sometimes bolder than his acts, we must remember that statesmanship is a science and party-management a craft. Without blinding one's self to the great demerits of the Whig leader, there is yet much in his career to prove that he is animated by a noble sense of duty; nor can his pretensions, his experience, his sagacity, his disinterestedness, be safely disregarded at a time when events have led to a glaring and almost universal inconsistency in public men.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

AMONG the Governments of Continental Europe, only a portion of the Ottoman empire can, strictly speaking, be included.

But the events which have occurred during the present century in connection with the government of the Sublime Porte; the intrigues of one great northern power, the emperor of which is also the supreme head of the Greek Church, and the worship of which Church is the religion of the modern kingdom of Greece, lately dismembered from the Ottoman empire and of the Danubian vassal provinces of the Sultan; and, further, the intrigues and influence of the court of Vienna and of the present ruler of France, who, with the Emperor of Austria, may be considered the real supporters of the Church of Rome; together with the circumstances connected with, and the effects which may be produced by, the negotiations respecting the loan recently contracted for by the Porte—must all render the government and power of the Sultan, Kaliph, or Pontiff of Islamism, of great interest to the British public in the present state of all Europe.

The Ottoman empire, including Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and the other tributary states of Africa and Asia, possesses in the highest degree all the natural elements of wealth and power—all the advantages of fine climates, rich soils, and the most convenient and commanding geographical position.

Before the revolution and independence of Greece, Turkey in Europe had for nearly two-thirds of her boundary a maritime coast, abounding with excellent sea-ports. The conquest of the Crimea by, and the cession of Bessarabia and a part of Moldavia to Russia, have greatly reduced the limits of her empire in Europe. The almost independent sovereignty of the late Ali Pacha over Egypt, and until 1841 over Syria; the Arabians having for a long time scarcely acknowledged the Sultan, even as the Kaliph or as the head of their religion; the French possessing Algiers; and the mere payment of a tribute only being acknowledged by the other states

of Barbary—have almost annihilated the Ottoman power in Africa, and greatly diminished his jurisdiction in Asia.

Turkey in Europe (extending from 38 degrees 25 minutes to 48 degrees 20 minutes north latitude, and from 15 degrees 10 minutes to 29 degrees 50 minutes east longitude) has, with a soil in most parts remarkably fertile, a highly-favored climate, which ripens in perfection the vine, olive, maize, wheat, and rice; most culinary vegetables, delicious fruits, tobacco, flax, hemp; the mulberry; the *cistus creticus*, which produces the gum laudanum, the *astragalus tragacantha* and *astragalus creticus* (both which yield the gum tragacanth of commerce); the *pistacia lentiscus* and *pistacia terebinthus*, yielding the gum mastic and terebinth of commerce; and, in the southern provinces, the sugar-cane and cotton-tree. Excellent durable timber for ship-building, and other wood for useful and ornamental purposes, are also abundant in many parts. To these may be added rich pasturages for horses, horned cattle, and sheep, plenty of fish along the coast and in the rivers, wild animals and game in the forests, and the abundance, from the little trouble of rearing bees, of honey, with a variety of the most useful minerals; and the admirable position of European Turkey. By justly estimating these elements, we may have a general idea of the great natural resources and elements of wealth and power which the Sultan possesses even in Europe.

Gold, silver, tin, lead, iron, salt, marble, (the latter very fine, and chiefly in Albania,) and coal in transition strata, are all found. The horses of Albania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, are much renowned; which, with horned cattle, sheep, and goats, form the principal riches of the inhabitants.

The physical aspect of European Turkey is exceedingly diversified with arms of the sea, islands, rivers, mountains, valleys, and woods. It presents the fertile plains or valleys of Roumelia, or Romania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Bosnia, separated by the Balkan-Dag, Argentine, and Despoto chains of

mountains, which intersect the country from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, and the low plains of Moldavia and Wallachia, to the north of the Danube, west of the Eastern Alps, and south of the Carpathian Mountains.

The advantages of the Danube—so admirably, with its numerous tributaries, adapted for internal navigation—ought to have been of incalculable value and importance; but, by a recent and unfortunate treaty, Austria has madly placed the navigation of this magnificent river under the power of Russia. The Maritza is the only large river falling into the Archipelago, but there are several other considerable streams flowing through Roumelia. The Maritza flows from the Despoto-Dag (mountain), receiving numerous streams, some of which rise in the Balkan, and watering and draining fertile plains until it falls into the *Ægean*. The cities of Phillipolis, Adrianople, and several others, stood near its banks, along which, and in valleys and hills, oak, elm, fir, and other timber abounds.

It is navigable for long flat vessels of 250 tons, as far as Adrianople, except during the dry season; but always as far up as Demotica, about sixty miles from the sea. The Varda and several other streams water or drain the valley or valleys extending from the Gulf of Salonica, north to the Despoto-Dag, and west to the alpine range which separates Herzegovena, Montenegro, and Albania, from Macedonia and Roumelia.

The Morava, Mirza, and numerous other rivers flow down from the Alps and Balkan into the Danube, and several large streams flowing through Albania and Montenegro fall into the Adriatic. Every part of Turkey in Europe is abundantly watered. It has few lakes; that of *Œhrida*, Scutari, Yanena, Abbenia, and one or two in Boleyocia, are the principal.

Were we to include Arabia, the Sultan's dominions in Asia would extend from the Black Sea, south to the Persian Gulf, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean; a region of far greater surface than the British possessions and dependencies in India. His power, however, may be considered as completely overthrown in Arabia, where he has long been acknowledged only as the head of the Mohammedan religion, much in the same way as the Pope of Rome is looked up to by the Catholics of Switzerland or Germany. Even this acknowledgment ceases on his losing possession of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. The Ottoman empire, still of vast magnitude, must be considered as only including Asia Minor, traversed by the Taurus

mountains; Syria, in which is the lofty range of Lebanon; Armenia, over which rise the ramifications of the Caucasus and Taurus; the lower basins of the Euphrates and Tigris, which inclose the regions of Kurdistan, a mountainous country bordering on Persia, El-djezirech and the fertile plain of Irak-Araby.

The races of inhabitants under the present and *ci-devant* Ottoman empire are numerous, and no greater error can be entertained than to consider all those who profess the Mohammedan religion Turks. The absence of official returns, the internal dissensions, and the plague, cholera, &c., leave no us no data on which we can rely with confidence in respect to the population.

The superficies and population of the Turkish empire are by Balbi and various authors compiled as follows:

	English square miles.	Population.
Turkey in Europe.....	139,000	7,100,000
Servia	12,000	380,000
Wallachia	28,700	970,000
Moldavia	15,100	450,000
Arabia	410,000	12,000,000
Asia Minor and Syria	211,000	10,500,000
Egypt, including part of the Arab country and 100,000 Arabs.....	482,000	3,100,000
Total	1,304,800	34,500,000

The Koran forms not only the religious but the civil and political code of the Ottoman empire; and the Sultan, being regarded as the successor of the ancient Caliphs, is invested thereby with absolute power. The Sultan has not, at least for the last two centuries, personally exercised the authorities with which he is empowered, but has two lieutenants, who are supposed to represent him.*

The first, or Mufti (Sheik-ul-Islam), is chief of the ministers of religion and law, who are named Oulemas, or learned men. He is chief interpreter of the Koran, gives legal opinions (*fetwa*) to the Sultan, and nominates to places in religion and law. Those of religion have, however, been all subordinate to the civil authorities; but the Mufti, or Sheik-ul-Islam, seems to have, with his Oulemas, an extraordinary ascendancy over the more liberal and civil functionaries,

*The late Sultan Mahmoud and his two sons were the only male remnants of this ancient line, with the existence of which the Turks believe their nation to be identified. The present Sultan Medjid has a numerous progeny by his many wives. His brother, Abdul-Azzis, is considered a bold and ambitious young man.

many of whom have been displaced by his advice.

The second, or Grand Vizier, directs the civil and military government. Under the late Sultan, the place of Grand Vizier was held by the sovereign. The present Sultan has restored the office.

Under the orders of these two great dignitaries are all the functionaries of the empire. The other ministers are the Reis Effendi, for foreign affairs; Ifterdar, for interior affairs, finance, and trade; Seraskier, commander-in-chief of the army; Capitan Pacha, or admiral of the fleet. Those most intrusted in the administrative affairs are the pachas.

The word pacha, or bashaw, is of Turkish origin, and signifies chief. It is equally the title of the Grand Vizier and of the Capitan Pacha; but the title is more general in its application to the governors of provinces. Of these there are three classes, regulated according to the extent of country committed to their jurisdiction; and they receive as an emblem of authority a queue or tail of horse-hair, suspended at the end of a pike, terminated by a gilded pommel. The pachas of the first rank have three tails, those of the second two, and those of the third one. The usage of these tails is of Tartaric origin.

The assemblage of the Grand Vizier, Mufti, Capitan Pacha, Reis Effendi, and all the administrative chiefs in council, form the supreme council of the empire or divan: this word is of Arabic origin, and signifies assembly.

The government divides the subjects of the Sultan into two distinct classes—viz., Mussulmans, who pretend to represent the original conquerors; and those not Mussulmans, as Christians, Jews and Pagans, who are considered to represent the conquered. The subjects not Mussulmans are called by the general name of Rayas, an Arab word which signifies flock. The law has always placed them beneath the Mussulmans. They have, however, enjoyed, and still retain, certain privileges; for example, in localities where they are numerous they form a community, presided over by one of themselves, called Primate.

Slavery, as it existed at all times in the East, prevails extensively in all Mussulman countries. It is, however, an admitted principle that a free-born Mussulman cannot be a slave, although in political liberty all, even the Sultan, may be considered little more than in bondage. A slave on embracing Islam-

ism is usually emancipated. The Turks, as well as Asiatics in general, have always slaves of both sexes, either to relieve themselves from all laborious functions or to gratify sensuality. There is hardly a Mussulman who can afford the expense that has not a female slave to partake of his bed, and some have ten, and even more. This Eastern indulgence is even common in those countries both to Christians and Jews. Slaves in Turkey are either persons born in that condition or individuals taken in war, or frequently children who are bought from their unnatural parents. The number of slaves is supposed to diminish; for the Ottoman Government has for some time observed great humanity towards prisoners of war. Georgia, formerly a favorite market for purchasing young girls, being now in the power of Russia, the latter presents obstacles to Georgian parents selling their children. Beautiful Circassian girls (though with difficulty, on account of the Russian frontier) are still purchased, and carried for sale to Constantinople. Slaves while in bondage have no civil rights, but they have sometimes become Pachas and Grand Viziers.

Sudden elevations to power, and as sudden disgrace and assassination, have always been frequent in the history of the Ottoman Government. Birth confers no privilege or rank, except in the family of the Sultan. All other Mussulmans are equal in the religion of the Koran, and all Rayas are inferior.

The Ottoman empire, in its vast augmentation by successive conquests, did not establish its general government in all the conquered states. The Crimea, Transylvania, the regencies of Tunis, Tripoli and Algiers, retained their particular governments: several even, on receiving the governor named by the Sultan, insisted on distinct local institutions. Bosnia is still divided into hereditary Capitanships, in which the Titulars united in corps represent the country. There are some provinces where there are still feudal or lordly families whose power has existed for several centuries, and who have always maintained their possessions. The Ghaurini family have possessed, since 1427, several villages in Macedonia. A part of the neighboring country of Angora, in Asia Minor, appertains to the family of Tchapan-Oglon; and a section of the country of Pergama to that of Kara-Osma-Oglon. Several towns are the property of certain dignitaries: for example, the illustrious Athens formed a fief attached to the office of the chief of the eunuchs of the seraglio.

The Sultans anciently exercised their authority personally, and marched at the head of their armies; but for the last two centuries the princes of the Ottoman family have been confined by the sovereign to the seraglio, without intermeddling or officiating in affairs of state; so that when they succeeded to power they found themselves strangers to all the details of government; and consequently all affairs have been conducted by viziers and other ministers, while the Sultans have lived amidst their women and eunuchs.

The governors of provinces, especially those distant from the seat of the empire, have always taken extensive advantage of the negligence of their sovereign. Places were and are bought with money; and the governors, being invested with the civil and military authority, not only amass great treasures, but sometimes make war between themselves, as between enemies. When the late Sultan Mahmoud II. became sultan in 1808, the vast government of Bagdad had been more than fifty years in the hands of pachas, who had bequeathed it from one to the other. The famous Ali Pacha of Janina, not being content with having obtained for his son the government of a part of Greece proper, conquered several towns of Albania, which he added to his pachalic.

The municipal institutions of Turkey have been greatly extolled. Those local governments are no doubt among the best in the empire, as far as they are elective and have the power to assess the taxes which the communities are compelled to levy; but as far as our information goes, their merits have been greatly overrated; they are signalized quite as much by mismanagement and oppression as by wisdom and justice.

One of the principal causes of weakness in the Ottoman Government, and of the anarchy which prevailed in the administration, was the insubordination and arrogance of the Janizaries.

The Janizaries, created in the 14th century, were named from two Turkish words, which signify new troops. They were at first chosen from among young Christian prisoners taken in Bosnia, Albania and Bulgaria, the natives of which were naturally robust and martial. It was decreed that they should not marry, be constantly under arms, and that they should at all times be under the absolute orders of the Sultan. When Europe had no permanent standing armies, the Janizaries were greatly superior to troops suddenly raised. The Janizary had numerous privileges, and the revenues of

very considerable estates were assigned to this dangerous force. The first people in Turkey were soon eager to have their favorites admitted into that privileged corps, and the rank of Janizary became in time hereditary.

Meanwhile Europe formed regular armies, and from that time the Janizaries were generally unable to compete with the Christian forces.

The Sultans, at divers epochs, attempted to replace the Janizaries by more docile troops; but abuses had so long taken root among his subjects, that individuals of all classes opposed the Sultan, several of whom were strangled by the Janizaries.

The late sovereign, on succeeding to power, found his empire in a very dangerous and weak condition. Several of the pachas had rendered themselves nearly independent, and the spirit of anarchy had disordered the greatest part of the population. Terrified by the misfortunes of his predecessors, he at first observed the greatest circumspection. "He conducted himself," observes Balbi, "with mildness to those who were only wavering; he confirmed or opposed one to the other of those who were not in a state to destroy his power. Towards those who seemed untractable, he had recourse to the Oriental policy: the poignard, the prison, or the cordon. Ali Pacha of Janina, who did not dissimulate his projects of independence, was exterminated with his family; and Albania was subjected to the laws of the empire."

During the war against Greece, 1826, the Janizaries became turbulent, and the Sultan resolved to abolish the institution altogether; and he previously massacred all those suspected to resist. At Constantinople more than 20,000 men were shot, burnt or drowned. In imitation of what had then been successfully attempted in Egypt, standing regular troops were then enrolled.

By the treaty of the 14th September, 1829, the Russians have been acknowledged masters of Anapa, and of all the north coast of the Black Sea, from the mouth of the Danube to that of Batoumi; also of the strongholds of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Silistria, until the Sultan had discharged the stipulated contributions. Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, have re-obtained local administrations; Greece has effected independence, and the Christians of Bulgaria have been allowed the right of submitting their grievances to the Russian consuls. Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, who had accorded to

his son Ibrahim the government of Jedda and a part of Arabia as a recompense for his zeal against the Wahhabites, received the government of the important island of Crete as a compensation for his sacrifices in the Grecian war; finally, the regency of Algiers, which, like Tripoli and Tunis, had by tribute acknowledged the sovereignty of the Sultan, has passed under the domination of France. One of the most efficacious measures which the late Sultan has taken to abridge the power of the pachas was the separation of the civil from the military authorities. He also abolished the barbarous privileges of confiscation; the prospect of which frequently led to the innocent condemnation and execution of rich individuals. During the last war, the notables of all the provinces were invited to Constantinople to deliberate on the situation of the empire; a college of medicine and military and naval schools had been founded; and in imitation of the Pacha of Egypt, the Sultan sent to Paris several young Turks to be educated. The military and naval regulations of France have also been translated into Turkish.

By an edict he declared "all his subjects, of whatever religion they may be, and to whatever class they may belong, equal before the law, and subjected to the same code." Difference of religion is declared in this decree "to be an affair of conscience which only concerns God." "Henceforth the magistrate cannot inflict any punishment on the Rayas without the consent of the Primate to which they belong. As to the islands and other places exclusively occupied by Christians, who are still under the immediate authority of the Sultan, the Turkish governors shall be obliged to submit all their acts to the approbation of the Primates. The inhabitants cannot be judged but by their own laws; they shall never be withdrawn from their own natural judges. The inhabitants of the Island of Samos shall not have a Turkish Cadi, (judge or governor) in their island. They shall be free to demand a Greek, their countryman, to govern them. They are also permitted to carry a particular flag, in which may be introduced the cross."

The Ottomans, in their commercial regulations, adopted the extreme reverse of the Spanish fallacies for enriching and aggrandizing a nation. If Spain determined to admit nothing produced by any other country than her own colonies, Turkey seized upon the fanciful idea of becoming rich, prosperous and mighty, by letting nothing go out of, and letting everything come freely into, her

dominions: a very acquisitive legislation, truly! Pity for the Turks, its advantageous realization was, and shall ever be, impossible. We must give if we mean honestly to receive; and "buy as well as sell" is a commercial maxim that will forever hold true. It requires little more than a full knowledge of how this maxim is to be judiciously put into practice to legislate for trade or negotiate the best possible treaty of international commerce.

Turkey, therefore, gave up, at least tacitly, as hopeless, receiving all foreign products, and gave none of her own in return, and would not give a temperance pledge to consume none of the goods of other nations. If, however, they gave none of their own products in exchange, they must either give gold or silver, or submit to the antisumptuary law of necessity, not to use any of the good things which they desired, but which other countries could supply. The supply of gold and silver was not at any time sufficient to pay for foreign commodities. It was, therefore, either all drained off, or what remained was alloyed or debased so as to be nearly valueless, except in Turkey. The goods of other nations, however, the Turks would have; and the Porte, either negligently or by necessity, abandoned the restrictions upon trade, except by a prohibition of the exportation of corn and other articles of necessary food. On the other hand, the Turkish Government, in tolerance and hospitality, opened her ports and dominions to the people and merchandise of all countries. A moderate tax of three per cent. *ad valorem* on goods, and a small anchorage charge on ships, formed the only tax or restriction imposed on importation and navigation from the days of Solymán the Magnificent to the year 1838, a period of more than 300 years.

By the commercial treaty with England in 1838, all inland duties on commodities within the Turkish dominions were abandoned on the payment of nine per cent. additional on exportation, together with the old three per cent., which was considered the maximum duty on exports; and a duty of three per cent. was also agreed to be imposed on all imports. Other countries share the advantages of this treaty.

Borrowing money being contrary to the injunctions of the Koran, Turkey has no national debt. Yet the whole fiscal system of the Ottomans is vicious. Instead of taxes being equitably and judiciously levied, the pachas and their subordinates impose upon

the towns and villages within the respective pachalics a certain arbitrary amount of taxes, leaving it to the municipalities of each to levy those taxes in such a way as they may deem fit. The irregular mode in which the taxes are raised has always constituted one of the greatest evils, and one of the most perplexing difficulties, of the Turkish Government.

The Muftis and Oulemas have recently revived the Islamic prejudices against borrowing money. The Liberals who had been in the councils of the present Sultan lately received his consent to negotiate a loan. It was effected by Prince Calamaki, the Turkish ambassador at Paris, and caused great excitement among capitalists and stock-jobbers.

But the old Turkish party—the bigoted adherents of Islamism—used this infraction of the doctrines of the Koran to overturn the moderate and Liberal councillors of the Sultan. Russia joined in the intrigue, and with the Oulemas, or priests of Islamism, succeeded in preventing the Sultan ratifying the loan contracted for by Prince Calamaki. France remonstrated, or pretended to remonstrate; the Sultan agreed to pay back the money with interest; but the “*Coming Emperor*,” claiming for himself the title of “*Protector of the Holy Cities in Palestine*,” appears to refrain from insisting that the terms of the loan be executed. The Turkish minister Calamaki, one of the class of Fanaïot Greeks whose families have for centuries been employed by the Porte as public functionaries, has been recalled; and it is determined that no Christian—at all events no Greek—shall henceforward hold any office of trust under the Sultan; but that Mussulmen, and next to them Armenians, are to be employed in both the diplomatic and civil offices of state.

The Armenians, from their subserviency to the Turks, may be considered as half Mussulmans. When Reschid Pacha, one of the most illustrious, intelligent, and liberal of the Turkish statesmen, was removed from the office of Grand Vizier last August, he was succeeded by Ali Pacha, a man of moderate abilities, yet of liberal views, especially with regard to the foreign relations of the Porte. The members of his Cabinet were also chosen from among the most liberal men in the empire. He was favorably disposed towards France; and M. Lavalette, the French minister, acquired an ascendancy over him which alarmed both Russia and Austria. M. Lavalette, on his last returning to Constantinople in a 90-gun ship, was actually allowed to

pass the Dardanelles; and judging it a favorable opportunity, he revived on behalf of Louis Napoleon the old claim of France to the protectorate of the sanctuaries and churches in the Holy Land, grounded on the capitulation of 1604, by which the Latin monks were allowed to reside in Jerusalem, and to officiate in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This privilege was confirmed in 1635 by Murad IV., who gave possession to the French monks of the Grotto of Bethlehem, with the custody of the Stone of Anointing, the leaden dome of the Holy Sepulchre, the vaults of Calvary, and two hills near Bethlehem.

Although those concessions were confirmed by treaties in 1640, 1673, and 1740, they were afterwards disputed, when the Greek Church acquired strength under the protection of Russia, and when, on the burning of the Holy Sepulchre by accident in 1808, it was rebuilt by the Greeks, who excluded the Franks from further occupation.

M. de Lavalette, instructed by Louis Napoleon, demanded in the most absolute form the restoration of those rights to the French religious orders. He included in his demand eight of the most famous places in and near Jerusalem; the tomb of the Virgin, the Holy Sepulchre, and the Church of Bethlehem being the first mentioned. These had been granted by Reschid Pacha, then Grand Vizier; but on the dismissal of Reschid, the Greeks obtained a counter firman favorable to their religious claims.

This occurred when M. de Lavalette was absent in Paris. On his return in the *Charmagne*, 90 guns, screw line-of-battle-ship, he demanded not only the confirmation of the loan, but also of the exclusive claims granted to the French missions in Palestine.

Russia and Austria secretly opposed his demands; Ali Pacha was dismissed, and his successor, Mahomed Ali Pacha, formerly Minister of Marine, was selected as a man opposed to the reformers, and supported by Russia.

Amidst the conflicting and ambitious views of Russia, Austria, and France, England appears to have been utterly inactive, notwithstanding the vital importance to our navigation and our Oriental trade in maintaining the authority and dignity of the Ottoman Porte. Our relations with Turkey require a man of immeasurably greater sagacity, ability, energy and judgment than the noble lord who now unhappily and unsuccessfully presides over the foreign Department of the Government. And notwithstanding all that

has been said to the disparagement of Lord Palmerston while Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, never did this country stand higher in European estimation, however much he might be hated by the despotic powers of Europe, than when he, as a truly British Minister, discharged the arduous duties of that office.

While we possess our vast Indian empire, and colonies which may well constitute another empire in Australia, the possession of Egypt by a friendly power will always be a question of war or peace for this country. The dismemberment of the Ottoman empire would, in all probability, render a war for the defence of Egypt inevitable on the part of Great Britain, if that vice-royalty were attacked either by France or Russia. No other country would attempt to invade or take possession of Egypt. Under any circumstance England, and not France, and not Russia, nor even Austria, must be the protector of whoever rules over the country, across which there must always be an un-

interrupted passage for all British subjects to and from the British empire in the East.

Looking at the influence of Russia beyond the limits of her own empire in all the countries where the population profess the Greek religion, looking also at the collision of those professing that religion, of which the Emperor is Pontiff, with those belonging to the Romish Church, of which in reality the Emperor of Austria and the "Coming Emperor" of France are the main supporters, with the declining strength of the Turkish Mahomedans, we consider that recent circumstances, coupled with the ill-constructed government of the Ottoman Empire, place the dominions of the Sultan in a state of great insecurity.

We also consider that there never was a time when England, for the safety of her intercourse with India, required more vigilant diplomacy at Constantinople, or a firmer policy in foreign affairs on the part of the British Government.

From Hogg's Instructor.

WHO WAS JUNIUS?

WE fear that some readers may turn away from these pages with alarm, if not disgust, when they notice the title of the present article. "Tell us who was Junius, indeed! As well pretend to square the circle. As well, and better by a thousand times, revive the old puzzle of the Iron Mask, and affect to settle our opinion thereanent. Better awake the manes of King Jamie, and assume to remove all doubt from the Gowrie conspiracy. Better attempt to assure us about the Kraken, or the Sea-serpent. Better——" But there is no end to the "betters" which may possibly be emitted on this theme. Of this we are fully conscious, and yet venture to ask a hearing in relation to the subject of Junius. Our chief plea or apology is, that, after having wavered for many and many a day, like the whole world, we ourselves have at last come to a clear and definite conclusion respecting old *Nominis Umbra*, that memorable "shadow of a name." Our individual opinion may, indeed, be of

little consequence; but it is still something to have attained to settled views on this point, seeing that the very men who have argued, and written books, on one and another side, have uniformly doubted (if not actually disbelieved) the soundness of their own averments. Every man of them has been at sea, and floundering, plainly and unmistakably.

Proceeding on the principle that every writer of popular literature should start *ab initio*, and consider his readers entirely ignorant of the matter to be discussed, we may, (though here it is stretching the point) state, preliminarily, that "Junius" was the name or signature adopted by a writer, who published, at intervals between 1769 and 1772, a series of Political Letters on the leading questions and men of that day. They appeared in the newspaper called the "Public Advertiser," and attracted immense attention, partly from the high position of the characters assailed (among whom was George III.

himself), and still more from their brilliancy of style, their boldness of tone, and the tremendous severity of the invectives conveyed in them. The letters are still models of that species of writing, though it has since risen to such a point of excellence generally, as would greatly weaken the force of any similar phenomena, if appearing in our day. However, from the monarch to the meanest of his subjects, all men were impressed deeply at the time by the letters of Junius, the mystery attending their authorship adding largely to their influence. It was a mystery at the moment, and remains a puzzle still. Not even the publisher, Woodfall, knew who his correspondent was, or at least not certainly. Yet all the world felt the letters to be the work of no common man. Their most remarkable feature, indeed, was the intimate familiarity with high people and official life which they so clearly evinced. "A traitor in the camp!" was the cry of the leading statesmen of the period. Hence it occurred that almost every person of talent and eminence then living fell, or has since fallen, more or less, under the suspicion of being Junius. But his own words to Woodfall have as yet proved true. "It is not in the nature of things that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known." He adds, that he never will do so. "I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall die with me." If it has not died with him, he, at least, has gone to the grave without its divulgement by himself. But there may still be circumstantial evidence sufficient to betray him, in despite of all his secretive care.

The reader, of course, remembers the twelve years' riddle of the "Great Unknown." How silly all the fuss on that subject appears now! There is no one but sees that Sir Walter Scott must have been the man, simply because no other existing human creature could have written the Waverley Novels. Much in the same way, in our humble opinion, will the Junius riddle be ultimately viewed. There lived but one man, in those times, from whom the famous letters could possibly have emanated. *That man was the elder William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham.* The mere ability to produce such letters, it may indeed be granted, might lie in others of the epoch, as in Edmund Burke, for example, or perhaps Sir Philip Francis; but for the grand causes of their production, and of the mystery maintained, as well as of other essential circumstances in the business, we can find no perfect solvent reasons, unless we

turn the authorship upon Lord Chatham himself. More especially, in his case only can we discover sufficient grounds for the long-continued *secrecy*, which is, to say the truth, the most important feature of all. The epistles were singularly able ones certainly, and we should scout the idea of ascribing them to any save individuals known to be of singular ability; but the latter half of the eighteenth century was rich in political pens, and, as observed, we might be willing to admit either a Burke or a Francis to have been capable of emitting such compositions. But Burke *disavowed them*, and Francis *would have avowed them*, sooner or later in his life. To find an explanation of the pertinacious concealment, in short, we must cast our glance in another direction; and we shall find no perfect satisfaction unless we rest it on the "Great Commoner," or him once so called.

This may be deemed by some a hasty conclusion, considering the hosts of persons to whom the Letters of Junius have been ascribed. Volumes on volumes, absolutely, have been written in favor of the several claims of Colonel Barré, Edmund Burke, Hugh Macaulay Boyd, Charles Lloyd, Henry Flood, Henry Grattan, Sir William Jones, Richard Glover, John Wilkes, John Horne Tooke, Horace Walpole, Edward Gibbon, W. G. Hamilton, General Lee, M. de Lolme, Lachlan Maclean, Samuel Dyer, George and James Grenville, Lords Chesterfield, Shelburne, Camden, Ashburton, Temple, and Loughborough, with the Duke of Portland, and several others, all of them men of note or rank. The Earl of Chatham, too, has always had some supporters. Sir Philip Francis, however, and Lord George (afterwards Viscount) Sackville, have more steadily kept the field than any of these foregoing candidates. It is wonderful, at the same time, what an amount of literary and scholarly labor has been devoted to the support or examination of their various claims, the very weakest not excepted. Though some of the men named were not strikingly or publicly eminent, the entire list shows the general conviction that Junius was to be sought for in the ablest quarters. The publisher, Woodfall—who really seems to have suspected the true man—conducted himself towards him, in their regulated and mystic correspondence, with as much deference as he could have shown to a monarch. The very concealment, so sedulously kept up, shows that there was something of the first moment to conceal. The veil was not that of affected coyness, but a veil meant really to *hide*; and it has

at least maintained a mystery, though in our opinion it constitutes, at the same time, the very key to its own recesses. No pains are needed to conceal an object of petty bulk: Junius must have been a *great thing*—much greater than a Boyd, a Lloyd, or a Maclean. This is the true scent to follow up.

The claims of Sir Philip Francis to the authorship of Junius have generally been preferred to all others, and not without plausible reasons. They have been thus stated by Mr. T. B. Macaulay, in an article in the "Edinburgh Review," so ably penned, that it was for a time thought to have settled the question: "As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: first, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the war office; thirdly, that he attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of deputy secretary-at-war; and fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland." Now, Francis, says Mr. Macaulay, was personally in both the Home and War Offices, took notes of speeches, certainly resigned his place because of Mr. Chamier, and, finally, was introduced by Lord Holland to public life. "Here are five marks that ought to be found in Junius, and they are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever." So reasons Mr. Macaulay; and he adds, that the handwriting of Junius (which has been preserved) is like that of Francis, "disguised." On the whole, Mr. Macaulay concludes, that the external evidence on the side of Francis "might sustain a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding."

This *dictum* certainly comes from high authority, and it is of decisive weight against most of the pseudo-Juniuses put forward; but it is of little or no weight against the claim of Lord Chatham. All that could or can be said, indeed, in favor of the claim of Francis, in the matter of official knowledge and experience, might and may be said with tenfold force in respect to the great earl. He had, at that date, obtained a thorough acquaintance with both war-offices and peace-offices. As observed, however, the test of Mr. Macaulay assuredly confutes the pretensions of three-fourths of the (involuntary) claimants

of the honors of Junius. Mr. Burke, in fact, took himself from the field by a distinct denial. Gibbon, Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, and others of the more eminent claimants, fulfilled few or none of the requisites for making up (and out) a Junius, and have long since been given up. Admitting the ability in all of their cases (and it is a liberal admission), they had not the opportunities necessary; and some of the parties named had even died while Junius continued writing. It is remarkable enough that some of the most insignificant of the lot have been the most obstinately argued for—as, for example, Charles Lloyd, private secretary to George Grenville. Dr. Samuel Parr has left his opinion on record in favor of this gentleman. "I tell you, peremptorily," says the doctor to a friend, "that the real Junius was Lloyd." But Parr was no great conjurer in the matter of literary puzzles, as he showed when he treated as genuine the wretched Shakspeare-forgeries of the boy Ireland. Lloyd had literally no pretensions to the honors of Junius, saving what arose from the fact that old "Umbra Nominis" always spoke well of George Grenville, and that he (Lloyd) died about the time that Junius ceased to write. Another comparatively insignificant personage—General Lee—was once the favorite in the Junius field. The weight of evidence in his favor rested mainly on the admission of the real letter-writer, that Lee (who published some epistles under the signature of Junius Americanus) was plainly "a man of abilities." That is the entire evidence for Lloyd and Lee; and from these examples our readers may gain some idea of the petty threads that were grasped at, in the hope of penetrating through them the Junius labyrinth. The inquirers, in these cases, were led to look in precisely the wrong direction, and to assume that comparative insignificance in the writer of the letters could alone explain the mystery of their authorship. It was, on the contrary, unless we err much, the very greatness of the writer that rendered secrecy so necessary from the first, and enabled him to maintain it to the last. Of all the men named, moreover, it is difficult to conceive of a single one, (saving only one) going out of the world without claiming, and claiming with pride, the authorship of Junius, or leaving behind him, at least, clear *proofs of his right*. To think of any obscure person not doing so, seems to us ridiculous. Edmund Burke, indeed, might have kept on the veil, having latterly accepted a pension from George III.;

but he solemnly disclaimed the epistles in his familiar intercourse with Dr. Johnson; and his word might be taken, even were it not supported (as it is) by other evidence of weight. Burke alone, we repeat, of all the ordinary band of presumed Junii, had intelligible reasons for concealing the authorship at his decease, or *could afford to throw away such a passport to literary immortality*. Let this latter point be weighed well. The real Junius must have been of such a stamp, standing, and name among men, that he could let go without a grudge the renown due to these remarkable letters; or rather, indeed, a person placed so high as to feel that they would but impair his otherwise acquired repute. Burke being (by himself) set aside, there is but one other personage, of all on whom suspicion has ever fallen, who can be said to answer these conditions—and that man is Lord Chatham.

Sir Philip Francis died, and "made no sign." He lived up to 1818, thoroughly conscious, of course, of the position in which he stood in relation to this great enigma of literary history. He had been in India, and had returned with a perfect and unassailable independence. In the latter years of Sir Philip, George III., though still alive, was past feeling or resenting injuries from man; and all the Graftons and Mansfields, erst assailed by Junius, had long been in their graves. The Letters had become, in truth, matters of curiosity merely, and had ceased to excite deep personal interest in any one living. Even George IV. (Prince Regent in 1818) would scarcely have taken the trouble to expend one royal frown on Junius, had he discovered himself. Moreover, Sir Philip Francis was ambitious to excess, up to his dying day, of literary fame, and never *de-vaunted* (as the emphatic Scottish word goes) from writing pamphlets and letters of all sorts, and on all subjects. Yet did he die, as said, and make no sign. He had made no great, or, at least, no brilliant reputation by his avowed writings; and the settled fame of Junius was exactly what he might have been supposed eagerly to covet. He had, besides, done nothing to be ashamed of, (to speak the plain truth), as Burke perhaps had done, in accepting a regal pension. He had nothing to fear, if the whole truth had been revealed. Accordingly, taking all these things in a common-sense light, we cannot imagine a shadow of a reason for the perseverance of Francis in silence. That he did persevere, however, is determined by some late revelations of Lord Campbell. His

lordship, it seems, applied to Lady Francis, the widow of Sir Philip; and the lady declared; that her spouse had never said, even to her, that he was Junius. It is to his credit; for he assuredly was not the man.

The claims of Lord George Sackville (or Germaine), best known as Viscount Sackville, may be dismissed in a few words. He was a man of some talent, early imbittered by mischances as a soldier, and afterwards recognized as worthy of a secretaryship of state. Nothing in the world, however, could have fixed the honor (or the odium) of the Junius letters upon him, if he had not chanced to be, in his earlier career, a disappointed man, only done partial justice to in the end. He never showed either the talent or the spirit necessary to make up such a being as Junius. His position, only, we repeat, rendered him a tolerable party to settle upon, in the course of the efforts made to solve this literary and historical conundrum.

Back we come again, in search of some one of first-rate consequence, in his day and generation, who corresponds to all that is desired in Junius; and still that single man is Chatham. Let the reader attend here to the history of the case. The boast of Junius, that he alone possessed his secret, is disproved by absolute facts. The existing material of his correspondence clearly shows, that at least two persons (if not more) were engaged either in its composition or transcription. One of the hands-of-writ, indeed, is that of a lady. Think of Junius being a lady! The idea is absurd; and therefore the famous epistolarian only made an empty (though not purposeless) vaunt, when he said that he was "the sole depositary of his secret." It was a *ruse*—though a *ruse*, as after-circumstances have proved, practised by a master of strategy, and destined so far to success. But the truth will come out at last; and, indeed, it is already "looming" in the view, not to say "in the distance."

There exist but two objections of moment to the conclusion that the Earl of Chatham was Junius. The first is, that the latter attacked the "Great Commoner"—indeed, made the attack in the very first letter known to have come from his pen, though the signature then adopted was that of "Poplicola." The letters published under that name, however, form a key almost, in our opinion, to the Junius secret. They were fingering feelers, put forth to test the public pulse; and the whole hand by-and-by followed, in the shape of a doubled fist, striking right and left. The Junian affair was obviously one of

cool design from first to last; and what preliminary mode of concealment could be devised more likely to effect the end in view, than an assault by Chatham on Chatham himself? Besides, the injury was completely nullified, long before the close of the epistolary series, by manifold admissions of the justice and greatness of Lord Chatham's policy. If we look closely at the mode in which Chatham is spoken of by Junius, we shall see, in fact, that the attacks on him were just of the very kind calculated to ward off suspicion, without seriously lowering the party assailed. His "gout" is sneered at; he is condemned for joining himself with Bute; he is even styled a "lunatic;" but, when all is summed up, it will be found that his honor, his public services, and his genius, are never once really called in question. The politics of Junius are precisely the old Whig politics of Chatham. If Junius varied (as on the American war), so did Chatham. The letter-writer, in short, always talks of himself as if with the chances of discovery hanging over his head, and both blames and praises with studied *finesse*. Sir Walter Scott might early and easily have been detected as "the Great Unknown," by his non-allusions to himself. Chatham played a bolder game, having more serious work on hand. He spoke of himself with apparent freedom; and with good reason. His very *life* hung on the maintenance of his secret. Ay, gentle readers! we of the current time may marvel at the Junius mystery, sitting at ease by our firesides; but had Junius not kept up that mystery with care in his time, his "Letter to the King" might alone have cost him his head. At all events, the Duke of Grafton, the minister whom he pilloried so fearfully, would have taken some pains to send him to the scaffold. Human beings have always strong reasons for strong actions. Junius wrote under cover *perforce*. He himself says, that, if detected, he knew that he should not be allowed to survive "three days," or, at least, might expect instantly to be "attainted by bill." These words alone suffice to betray the greatness and high place of the man. For the continued preservation of the secret, we must look to other motives and causes.

The second argument of moment against the supposition of Lord Chatham being Junius, hinges on his relation to parties attacked in the letters, on his holding place with them, and so forth. All this reasoning may be answered in the memorable words of Grattan, descriptive of the elder Pitt: "*The*

secretary stood alone. His august mind over-awed majesty." It is farther said, that he was "overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable." This is the character of the man who alone could have written the letters of Junius. If we are told, again, that such or such a personage, vituperated by Junius, was the friend of Chatham, we shall just go on to quote Grattan: "The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great." If we are further informed, that, while Junius was engaged in writing busily, Chatham was laid up with excruciating fits of the gout, we shall cite Lord Chesterfield, who in a letter of 1788, says: "Some say he (Lord Chatham) has a fit of the gout, which would probably *do him good*; but many think his worst complaint is the head, which, I am afraid, is *too true*." The whole of the minor objections to the hypothesis here adopted may, in like manner, be easily disposed of, or, if not easily, may be referred to the artifices necessary to keep up the Junius mystery.

On the other hand, the evidence in favor of the supposition that Chatham was Junius is strong, most convincingly strong. Every one whom Junius assailed with his whole heart and soul—for light and passing strokes, as has been said, must be looked on as mere subterfuges—may be shown to have been hateful, from one or another cause, to Lord Chatham, who was certainly, what Johnson liked, "a good hater." Nor is there a single individual praised with obvious heartiness by Junius, who cannot be shown to have been a close and true friend of Chatham. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Mansfield, two of the leading victims of Junius, had drawn on themselves the deep dislike of the "Great Commoner." Wilkes has left it on record, that the latter personally told him, "the king (George III., another victim) was the falsest hypocrite in Europe." Again, the Grenvilles—for "always speaking well" of whom Junius was thought by Parr to have been Charles Lloyd—were actually the near relatives of Lord Chatham. In short, the politics of Junius were, in the main, those of William Pitt, and alike also were their friendships and enmities. At the same time, allowances are always to be made for seeming discrepancies, in consideration of the necessity of maintaining secrecy. Some readers may think that we ask too much in begging for such allowances. Let them remember

that Junius avowedly wrote with the halter hanging over his head, or the axe before his eyes; and that deception on his part was needful in the extreme. Being so, it was practised by him with such skill, as to have hitherto hidden his name itself from the world.

The evidence in favor of our present theory becomes more and more weighty, when the opinions of contemporaries respecting Junius are considered. Sir Philip Francis, if he wrote the famous letters, must have written them betwixt the ages of twenty-seven and thirty-two. He had at that time been for some years in the offices of state, as a head clerk, and was certainly a man of promise. But would Burke, and Horne Tooke, and Wilkes, and Draper, all of whom certainly suspected the true letter-writer, have spoken of him as they did, holding him to be no more than young Philip Francis? The thing is incredible. Burke deemed Junius worthy of an attack in Parliament, and an attack in his loftiest style. "After carrying our royal eagle in his pounces (said he, speaking of the famous letter-writer), and dashing him against a rock, he laid you (the senate) prostrate. King, lords, and commons, are but the sport of his fury." The words of Wilkes are still more remarkable. "I do not mean to indulge in the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our time—the author of Junius. I will not attempt, with profane hands, to tear the veil of the sanctuary. I will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." The popular English idol of the hour would never have spoken thus of a presumed Francis. Horne Tooke, the "Parson Horne" of Junius, speaks with equal respect, while he points to the mark more directly. "The darkness in which Junius has shrouded himself has not concealed him. Because *Lord Chatham* has been ill-treated by the king, and treacherously betrayed by the Duke of Grafton, the latter is to be the pillow on which Junius will rest all his resentments." Sir William Draper, even when struggling on the "bed of torture" to which Junius (as the poor knight himself said) had bound him, evinces a perfect consciousness that he was dealing with an enemy mighty otherwise than through the mere letters published by Woodfall. All the able persons of the time, in short, in speaking of Junius, show that they conceived him in their hearts to be a man of the very highest note—a man of such note, in truth, that the names of neither Earl Temple, nor the Earl of Shelburne, nor Lord

Ashburton, nor even Lord Camden, can explain or justify the deference paid to him by his very victims. Beyond question, his more clear-sighted contemporaries felt assured of his identity. But he had covered himself so closely, that they feared to make the allegation; and, moreover, the allegation would have perilled the happiness, if not the life, of one most dear to England. Nay, we shall go farther. The king himself, George III., could scarcely have been ignorant of his assailant. Our opinion is, that he well knew Chatham to be the man, at least latterly; but that he had not sufficient proofs at command, and dared not risk a public investigation of uncertain issue. Had Junius been less careful, a bill of attainder would assuredly have furnished the "last scene" in the career of Chatham, in place of that so ably painted by Copley.

We have but one or two closing remarks to make. Had Sir Philip Francis no share in the Junian letters? He certainly was privy, we imagine, to the *whole business*; and, indeed, very probably wrote some of the earlier and less important epistles. He had been private secretary to Chatham at one time, and was his friend, or rather idolizing follower, through life. But he was not Junius. He may even have begun the epistolary series, and may deserve the credit, perhaps, of having suggested the idea of so operating on the public mind. But still he was not "*Nominis Umbra*" himself. In answering the queries of Lord Campbell, Lady Francis, while owning that Sir Philip never called himself Junius to her, assumes, nevertheless, that he was that mystic being, but adds, that, after he had begun the letters, a "new and powerful ally" came to his assistance. The whole mystery is here laid bare. Lord Chatham is clearly the ally meant, and the testimony of Lady Francis, therefore, founded on the revelations of her husband, may be held as fully establishing our present hypothesis.

But why did Chatham leave the matter a mystery? Admitting that secrecy was necessary during his entire life, why did he not take steps for its subsequent disclosure? That he did not do so, is perhaps the strongest proof that he, and he only, was Junius. The disclosure of the secret would have given fresh fame to any other man of the time, but it would have lessened, rather than increased, the reputation of Chatham. Moreover, George III. was then but entering on his long reign, and William Pitt the younger was only starting in public life. Many great

persons, smitten by Junius, were also in existence. For the sake of his son mainly, we believe did the great earl take steps to maintain the Junian mystery after his decease. He may even have exacted pledges of fidelity from those of his relatives who were cognizant of the truth. The Grenvilles, for example, made no sign, though they knew all, beyond question. But the grand reason for silence has been stated. Had Lord Chatham spoken out before the world, indeed, the pride of George III. would certainly have revolted against taking as a minister William Pitt the second.

It has been said that many men seem to have suspected the Junius secret during the lifetime of the Earl of Chatham. Observe what Lord Kames says, for example, in a note to his "Sketches of Man," of date (emphatically marked) "August, 1775." Speaking of the fomenters of civil discord, "men

terming themselves Britons," the Scottish Judge remarks—"Reader, deliver them over to self-condemnation. The punishment will be severe. Wish them repentance. Extend that wish to the *arch-traitor*, now on death-bed, torn to pieces with bodily diseases, and still more with those of the mind.

"Lord C——, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand; make signal of thy hope;
He dies, and makes no sign!"

Such are the words, such the quotation, of Lord Kames, which we have only chanced to notice since this article on Junius was written. It is clear as day that Chatham was pointed to, and why he was pointed to. The arch-traitor had just then thrown abroad his firebrand letters; and the Scottish Judge had no difficulty in saying "Ecce homo!" But, consistently with the powerful character of Pitt, "he died, and made no sign."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WELLINGTON, WEBSTER, GIOBERTI.

ENGLAND, Italy, and the United States have buried in the same month each their greatest man. The hero of England expired at the close of a long career, well filled, without a wish left unaccomplished for himself and his country. The American had as little to be discontented with in his country's fate, as in the influence which he permanently had upon it; his disappointments were merely confined to himself. In his seventieth year, Webster was thought unworthy of the presidency of the Union, and an unknown man was preferred to him. That was the disease of which he died. Yet the fall of the American statesman was not so inconsolable. He had ruled his country as minister, if not as nominal chief of the executive. He was her first orator, her first man. And the American nation followed the obsequies of Webster, as England did those of Wellington.

But the Italian, poor Gioberti, equally eloquent with Webster, almost equally revered as Wellington, went to the tomb without any consolatory reflection. None of his schemes for the regeneration of his country had

succeeded. His political philosophy scarcely survived him. Worldly statesmen mocked him; and the people who had once welcomed him with acclamations as a liberator, and an intellectual hero, would now scarcely raise their voices, if they were permitted to do so, so deeply has the heart of Italy sunk within it.

I had met and conversed with Webster. Gioberti I knew. His was, perhaps, the most unpromising head and person that could have ever power to attract popular admiration, as the head of a state or of a school. He was fair, fat, white, and short. His head, like his trunk, was compressed and protuberant. Crooked limbs, puny stomach, a face broader than it was long, showing a great latitude of flabby cheek, eyes far asunder, like those of the east of Europe. To the back of the short, thick neck, behind attach the black mantle of the *abbate*, and you have, perhaps, one of the most ungainly quiddities of a man that ever sprouted into fame. With these he was timid, quiet, reserved, until he got assurance that you were likely to be a devout listener, one that would receive inspi-

ration, and listen to the stream of spoken wisdom, and then he would burst forth into one of those long and sublime talks which are recorded of Coleridge.

The circumstances attending my first interview with Gioberti are characteristic enough. It is not long since, and he was, of course, far advanced in fame. My letters were from an old and intimate friend of his, and were directed to the "Ambassador of his Sardinian Majesty," which post Gioberti then filled. I drove to the embassy, unaware that, as was often the case with more than one court in those troublous times, there were two embassies and two ambassadors. I, unfortunately, drove to the wrong one, at least so far wrong, that it was not the ambassador Gioberti, but the ambassador of the old school, marquis or count of something. The letters were addressed to "Vincenzo Gioberti, Ambassador," et cetera. The rival envoy, with pretended short sight, and genuine diplomacy, opened the letter, and possessed himself of its contents, ere he thought of explaining or excusing the mistake. I shall say no more respecting this circumstance, which not a little amused, and fortunately did not annoy, Gioberti.

My first conversation with Gioberti was naturally about common topics and actual prospects. The battle of Novara was over, and to every rational observer it was plain that Piedmont and its dynasty had nothing to expect beyond toleration from Austria. Gioberti, however, had not abandoned the hope that, although the Italians have failed to beat the double eagle out of Italy, it might still be possible to argue and persuade Austria out of Lombardy. The bare idea filled me with an uncontrollable disposition to laughter. But Gioberti was serious. He actually believed that talking and writing could do everything—make a liberal of Radetski, and a humane gentlemen of Haynau. Gioberti's exposition of these opinions gave me a good idea of his philosophy and humanity, but as a diplomatist he seemed singularly out of place.

The ideas of Gioberti are well known; at least they were familiar to the public in 1847 and 1848, and highly popular they were everywhere, as long as Pius the Ninth preserved his character and consistency as a liberal prince. His belief was, that Italy could only be saved from foreign dominion, and blessed with domestic freedom, by the instrumentality of a liberal pontiff, and by enlisting religion, with all its resources and hierarchy, in the development of popular

freedom. Christianity, Gioberti maintained with much truth, was the source of all modern liberalism. A legislative assembly, composed of provincial delegates, chosen by their religious constituents,—these were first invented in the church, and were the origin of representative government. This principle of election, found impracticable to be carried fully out, was counterbalanced by an admixture of appointments from authority, and in a wise combination of those principles consisted the solidity of both church and the civil power. There was no system into which the popular element and the lowly class so fully entered, so that at all times the people had the sympathies of the clergy, and *vice versâ*. Their talent was so filtered and essayed in it, that ruling personages and minds were the intellectual pick and choice of society. It was impossible that such a system, rightly administered, could be other than liberal. And had Pius the Ninth taken Gioberti for his minister, he would, at least, have made a fair trial. Instead of this, he chose De Rossi, who merely sought to apply constitutionalism as understood in France, to a set of men, and a state of things, utterly incapable of it. As constitutional minister of Piedmont, Gioberti was out of place; whereas, as minister of a liberal pope, of a pontiff determined to ally the Roman Catholic church with popular progress and free institutions, he might have achieved wonders, and perhaps succeeded.

Previous to the Italian movement, Gioberti, banished from Piedmont, being that strange fish, a liberal ecclesiastic, or, at least, a liberal *abbé*, had taken refuge in Belgium, at the universities of which country he professed, and lectured, and lived for seven or eight years. He here found, or thought he found, Roman Catholicism perfectly consonant with liberal progress, and he maintained that even ultra-montanism was so. These ideas, thus matured, he brought back. This is not the place or the time to discuss them; but one may be allowed to say, that if he produced in ecclesiastical Rome the liberty that is enjoyed in the Catholic universities of Belgium, he would clearly by this alone have revolutionized the studies and the minds of a class of Italians, who had hitherto remained strangers to the onward current of thoughts and things. The Pope, however, an amiable and timid man, would not even see Gioberti, of whose popularity he was jealous, and of whose system he was afraid. And he thus deprived himself of the counsels and countenance of the only Italian,

perhaps, capable of giving him strength by both, of the only man whom the voice of the country associated with Pius the Ninth in their aspirations; we might almost add, in their adoration.

But if Pius the Ninth was to blame for not making and consulting friends, Gioberti was undermining his own influence by raising it enemies on every side. It was his idea to attack the Eclectics on the one hand, and the Jesuits on the other. He had made acquaintance with both in Paris and in Belgium. And surely even a religious and liberal professor might have shown indulgence to the school of Cousin, which sought to reconcile religion and philosophy, and to wean the French from Voltaire and materialism by the creation of at least a spiritual philosophy. But Gioberti would tolerate nothing of the kind. He attacked the Pantheists, as he styled them, in a virulent essay, whilst with almost the same pen he denounced the Jesuits, as the corruptors of morals and the betrayers of religious feeling to the interests of absolutism. He thus arrayed against him the young and the old, the prelates and the students, the monk and the philosopher, trusting to a wide public, who indeed for a long time had given him a sincere and strenuous support.

It by no means follows, that because Gioberti failed, that his ideas were impracticable and unsuitable to his age. On the contrary, however we of a highly civilized-political nation may smile at his theories, there was still much in them that wonderfully suited the Italians, subdued their intelligence and commanded their sympathies. Whatever we may think, there are a great many good, generous and devout people in Italy, mostly men not averse to freedom, but with a great horror of revolution and extremes. The hearts of all these Gioberti won by his alliance of religion and liberalism, kindling the hearts of quiet, civil, and industrious people to enthusiasm. Well managed and conducted at one moment, all Italy would have marched against the Austrians with the same *élan* as the French showed in 1793, and in all probability with the same success. But Charles Albert trusted to strategy, and Pius the Ninth trembled at the popular spirit. And when it was seen that Italy could not be elevated by sovereign decrees, and without a popular rising, the Pope preferred flinging himself into the arms of his old enemy, Austria.

Gioberti at least had a bold and bright thought, nobly conceived and courageously

proposed, but which ended by completely compromising his reputation with the liberal party, and sheared him of all popular influence. He was then in the Cabinet of Turin, and there he proposed to march the Piedmontese away at once to Florence and to Rome, to rescue the Grand Duke and the Pope from the hands of the extreme party, and restore them to power once more on the basis of a moderately liberal or reform system. His argument was, that France and Austria would infallibly do this, if Piedmont did not; and it was for an Italian state to take upon it the duty and the odium, in order to spare Italy another subjugation to foreign troops and foreign dictation. The plan was considered hazardous and ambiguous, as likely to offend all parties; and in truth there was much to object to it. The Cabinet rejected it, and Gioberti withdrew, his day of state-manship over, to his old philosophic life, or some idle diplomatic duty or other, in which I found him.

It is difficult to imagine any one more in contrast with the orator and politician of North Italy, than the orator and politician of the Northern States of the American Union, Daniel Webster. Him also I knew in Paris, which he visited when General Cass was ambassador. He was a thick-set, burly man, of the O'Connell breed, a genuine countenance for a bluster, one would say, and bespeaking more force than taste. In this it is known that Webster's frame misrepresented him, for though he wanted not force, still he was never wanting in delicacy or taste, or refinement of feeling; though certainly no one would have read either statesman or orator written in his countenance, however bright his eye and animated his features. His whole frame was too Herculean.

Nothing, indeed, could be more unlike what he has since turned out, than Webster's host at the time, the American ambassador, General Cass. His was a ruddy, smooth countenance, surmounted by as smooth a wig. He might have topped both with a Pennsylvania beaver and been in keeping. The tone and converse of Cass were in harmony with his demure appearance. He was all courtesy and amenity; lived with the English like a brother. If it had been told or foretold, that of the two men, Webster and Cass, one was to be the Mars, the very god of war with England, whilst the other was to keep the temple of Janus closed by force, and struggle for peace between England and America, an observer of that day

would infallibly have set down Webster as the provoking and warlike spirit, Cass as the arbiter, the negotiator and the peace-maker. The contrary, as we know, proved the fact. The smug, sly, meek-faced Cass, blew all the coals of American sensibility into incandescence, whilst Webster emptied buckets of water from the Hudson upon every fire.

With them both at the time was Livingston, who had been ambassador in Paris, but was removed from having given offence to Louis Philippe in the matter of the French debt to America. But poor Livingston was then but the ghost of his former self, a bag of bones, sadly carved, and surmounted by a death's head, or at least by a countenance, on which the ravages of eighty years were visible. Livingston was fidgetty and said little, but seldom indulging in any expressions of opinion, which were, however, received with the utmost deference, and even with political respect. The Americans are stigmatized as rude, and as treating even their Presidents in her Presidential halls with more than manly freedom. I can speak but of Americans in Europe, and I own that I have been struck with none of their characteristics more, than by the profound respect they pay to whatsoever personage of their nation lays claim to eminence from intellect.

No one, who mingled in that society in Paris at the time, doubted that Webster would one day be President of the United States, except Cass, indeed, who openly pointed out the sad truth, that reluctance of the American people to award first place to men who had acquired their fame by either the tongue or the pen. Were the intellectual classes of society, indeed, entrusted with the choice of the President of the republic, no doubt such men as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, would not have been passed over. But the people ignore the writer, and do not even recognize the orator, whilst the swordsmanship of the most paltry and ambiguous reputation wins at once their suffrages. Jefferson and Adams no doubt held the Presidency. But the commonalty have since acquired far more favor and confidence to follow their instincts. And when these uncontrollably prevail, it is not to intellectual idols that they offer the great homage of their suffrage. After all, it is, perhaps, an ordination of providence, that intellectual eminence and regal power shall not go together. And as the education of one born to hereditary power rarely develops first-class intelligence, so that other, the popular source of sovereignty,

is fraught with prejudices and instincts, which lead to the same award and similar results. The same remedy in such cases is found and applied; when a Tyler, a Taylor, a Fillmore, reach the Presidential chair, or a Louis the Thirteenth finds himself on a throne, then a Webster, an Everett, or a Richelieu, are called from the pursuits of learning, or of a profession,

"To govern men and guide the state."

But even thus, a man has reached an age of intellectual decline before he has attained the zenith of political fame. In fact, there are too many different fields in which the struggle for eminence and power in America has to be carried on. First rank has to be won, first in the provincial states, and then the more difficult task remains of arriving with it at Washington. And when it is won at Washington, the votes of the whole American population are far from secured. Washington is no metropolis. Of what passes there, little is known throughout the Union, save the results. There are few or no reports of speeches, and when these are once made, are little circulated and less read. An orator is known in his own State, and in Congress, whilst he is yet unknown to the large interminable public. To win the ear and attachment of this body would require an ubiquity and exertion, facilitated to be sure by the invention of steam, but perhaps counteracted in as great degree by the immense extension of territory and population which has taken place since steam invention. The American Republic is, in fact, too vast for the sway of mind, just as Paris is too large for the political genius, that is prized in Paris, to be even known in the provinces. Lamartine and Thiers are Parisian great men. Whilst Louis Napoleon, no great man *per se* in Paris, is a giant in the provinces.

Webster was bred an advocate. Another disadvantage in America is, that advocates belong to provincial bars, and when they are promoted from the bar to the legislature, they still remain State advocates. Their pursuit is advocacy, not statesmanship. And this was Webster's defect. He was at the bar the advocate of the party who gave him the brief. In politics or Congress, he was long the advocate of Massachusetts. He looked to what was the feeling of Massachusetts, what the interest, what the vote. Thus, when Webster first raised his voice and wielded his pen in Congress, New England and her ports were peculiarly enraged with England for interfering with American trade, and marring those

hopes which the New Englander had entertained of carrying on the trade of the world as neutrals, whilst England was engaged in war. None more zealous in the cause than Webster, his voice stirred the national susceptibilities, and he became the hero of the day. Later, the New England States no longer saw advantage in naval warfare with England. The magnates, at least, wisely saw that peace was prosperity, war an anachronism. Webster was again their orator and their politician. But he was no longer in the popular vein. He won reputation with the wise, but lost it with the mob. His settling the Maine boundary question charmed the senate, but disgusted the groundlings. Then, at one time, Massachusetts was for free trade, and against protection. Webster was its organ, and thundered in their cause. Ten years later Massachusetts had built factories, and was filled with engines, spinning-jennies, and operatives. The State was for protection then, and abhorred free trade. Here again Webster was its organ. To elucidate this it must, in truth, though in reluctance, be added, that Webster, prodigal as he was through life, and even embarrassed, lived on the pecuniary contributions of the merchants of Boston, and thus may be said not to have had an opinion of his own. He pleaded, no doubt, like O'Connell, that he had abandoned a lucrative practice at the bar, and at the call of these very Bostonians, he had embarked in the profession of politics. The excuse was more complete for O'Connell than for Webster. It did not lower him as a New Englander, but it certainly did lower him as an American statesman, bound, if he accepted office, to consider largely and impartially the interests of the Union. No American statesman, indeed, did this more conscientiously than Webster. But still the reproach remained, and the cause of it was flagrant, past doubt or contradiction.

There was one question on which Webster's later lukewarmness proved fatal to his ambition. His opinion of slavery could not be doubted. As a New Englander, not of modern date, but as a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, the representation of Massachusetts and of the Puritans could never regard slavery with anything but horror. But slavery to an individual of the American public, and the slavery question to one who has raised himself to an American statesman, are very different things. The unjust lot of a great portion of humanity affects the one, but the dissolution of the Union and the annihilation of American power and the Ame-

rican Union, but too justly alarms the other. Not to tolerate slavery is not to tolerate the Union, and to entail upon it a civil war. Here Webster agreed with Clay, and the result was that famous bill, introduced by the one and abetted by the other, against which Mrs. Beecher Stowe has directed the tremendous artillery of her popular dialogue. Her book must have been a sore blow to Webster.

Nothing is more remarkable in Webster, and indeed in the New England orators and writers, than that lofty and classic purity of style, which so wonderfully contrasts with the turbid and inflated jargon which passes current in parlance and in the press. A little more of this and there will be two languages in America, the written and the spoken, that of the highly educated and that of the ignorant and reckless; far from having the tendency of the English language at home, which is always to be modified by the tone, the tenor, the taste of conversation. Thus we have become universally "plain and unadorned" in oratory and in essay. A metaphor is as little indulged in as a quotation. The American prosers are still looking to Addison, whilst we are a century and a half removed from him. And it is possible that at a future day we may have recourse to American authors as the latest model of the classic style of our common tongue.

We commenced this brief notice by the remark, that three great countries in the world were engaged in the obsequies of their three greatest men. Italy has just buried its great political philosopher, Gioberti; America, its orator and statesman, Webster; England, its greatest general. Why is the general so much the more prized, and the possession of him most honored and most envied in a country? For it will be allowed by every one, that the people of the United States would rather have one hero than a hundred statesmen, one Alexander than a hundred Demostheneses. And Italy would barter a whole wilderness of philosophers for one successful captain. Is this really, as some people are but too apt to argue in our day, that the world admires vulgar butchery and slaying rather than the exercise of the great civic and administrative virtues? I do not believe in any theory so degrading. It is not the spilling of blood that the world admires, but it respects the great result, the final and decisive mode of obtaining it, and the extreme rarity of the many combinations which go to form a military hero. We are much accustomed to harangue against mili-

tary ambition, and to lament when in certain cases peace or war is abandoned to the decision or caprice of an individual; but no individual can decree a war, and no general can lead it, at least to aught but failure, if both it and he do not represent a national sentiment, and if the banner which he unfurls is not one to which a great nation can look and rally. If war requires one mind to lead, that mind can do little without a thousand hearts to follow. The conqueror, therefore, becomes the expression and sentiment of thousands, and when that, after the anxiety of a long, a hard and a doubtful struggle, becomes at last triumphant, the chief, the hero and the symbol of it, of course eclipses in his fame any other fame that an individual can create or earn for himself. I see no reason, therefore, why the great statesman should be jealous at seeing the great captain carry away a meed of renown, far superior to any civilian one. And the fact, I think, may be accounted for in a way that is simple and at the same time honorable to humanity, instead of assuming that men love blood, and blindly worship those who spill it, and who illustrate themselves by large sacrifices of their fellow men.

No,—the admiration of England for Wellington is not a thirst for war, or a love of bloodshed. Neither is the reverence of the Frenchman for the memory of Napoleon a worship of military egotism. In neither case can the sentiments merely be vulgar ones, of having made England superior to the rest of the world, or France the dominatrix of Europe. It is the idea which the conqueror symbolized that made him be revered; this was national independence, and freedom from either a foreign political yoke, or a domestic social inequality; that was the principle that Napoleon represented; and Wellington represented one still more noble in maintaining the freedom and independence of this glorious island, and showing its capability to cope with the world, and rise not only unscathed, but triumphant from a quarter of a century's struggle with it.

I feel quite confident, that no man ever wore a sword or commanded in a battle-field who was more alive to the great cause for which he fought, or who was more fully aware of the great interests he defended,

than the Duke of Wellington. I, therefore, do look upon it as no inconsiderable humbug to say, that poor, simple, modest, soldier, he was influenced by no higher motive than duty. The duty of a soldier is considered that of obeying orders, and not flinching from peril or pain, without any professed inquiry into the interest at stake, or the paramount aim of the piece of which he makes a part. The idea of duty is literally inexplicable in such a man as the Duke of Wellington. And though it has been largely predicated of him, in prose and in verse, I cannot but think that this attempt to under-size a great man, is as false as it is futile. Wellington, indeed, never wrote the word glory in his despatches to Downing-street, or in the documents that were to come before a British public, and simply because he knew that public. Napoleon, on the contrary, stuffed his bulletins with the glory of France and of the Grand Army, and for precisely the same reason that Wellington did not employ them, viz., that he knew the people whom he addressed.

Among the many tributes to the Duke of Wellington in poetry and prose, that which conveys the liveliest picture, is Mrs. Norton's well written lines, describing him precisely as he appeared in a ball-room, concert-room, and drawing-room. He frequented them all, with his lovely daughter-in-law upon his arm, never pleading age for refusing an invitation. The querulousness of the morning had altogether passed away from the Duke at his dinner-hour, and his evening's greeting was as cordial and good-natured as his morning's were distant and morose. D'Orsay's portrait gives the best idea of the bowed frame, and sideways upward look. Though his step might be less firm, and his figure bowed, yet there was not a symptom of caducity about him. His limbs retained their symmetry, and his eye its expression to the last; so unlike Talleyrand, who seemed to have elephant's legs within his stockings, so awful when they tottered, and whose gigantic features seemed only kept from collapse by the pile of his interminable cravat. Few wore their years more nobly than the Duke. He was decorous and successful even in his last battle with time.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE ENGLISH REGICIDES IN AMERICA.

ONE of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies—had just commenced; and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had, on the 1st of September 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship, to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once, the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bedridden—all who had been unable to attend service, were at the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. At that period, so uncertain were the movements of the Indians, that it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation and confusion, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But, unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well-planned; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church; and, posted on every spot of vantage-ground, their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldierly precision. The powerful influence which, in moments of peril and difficulty, a master mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on this occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies; placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return

the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear. The Red Men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings, and heartfelt congratulations; then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for. Where was he? All had seen him an instant before; but now he had disappeared; nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forests and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast, almost unknown in the mother-country; and thus unable to account for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed that he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayers, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, that belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the pleasant Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Captain Church, related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and, latterly, has embellished more than one popular work of fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in *Pevel of the Peak*; Cooper has made use of it in *The Borderers*; and *Oliver Newman*, the last poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventful history of William Goffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.

Goffe, son of the rector of Tranmere, in Sussex, was, in early life, apprenticed to a drysalter in London; but the stirring events of the great Civil War soon drew him from so obscure a position. Joining the Parliamentary Army, he rose in a short time to the rank of colonel, and gained the entire confidence of Cromwell. He was one of those bold men who presumed to sit in judgment on their sovereign, and condemn him to the scaffold and the block. He commanded Cromwell's own regiment at the battle of Dunbar, and "at push of pike repelled the stoutest regiment the enemy had there." Subsequently, he became major-general, and obtained a seat in the Protector's House of Peers. After the death of Cromwell, when the Restoration was evidently close at hand, Goffe, well knowing that England would no longer be a place of safety for him, left Westminster early in the May of 1660, and, accompanied by Edward Whalley, his father-in-law, embarked for Boston.

Whalley was first-cousin to Cromwell, and early distinguished himself in the Civil War. At Naseby, he charged and defeated two divisions of Langdale's horse, though they were supported by Prince Rupert. In the west, he defeated "the dissolute Goring," and did good service at the siege of Bristol. He had charge of the king at Hampton Court; sat in judgment on him in Westminster Hall; and the name of Whalley stands fourth in the list of signatures attached to the death-warrant of Charles. At Dunbar, Major-general Whalley had his horse shot under him; yet, though wounded, he continued in pursuit of the flying enemy. When Cromwell dissolved the first Protectorate Parliament, it was Whalley who carried off the mace; and, lastly, we read of him sitting in the Upper House as one of the Lord Protector's peers.

On their arrival in Boston, in June, Goffe and Whalley were well received, and treated, by Governor Endicott and the leading men of the colony, according to the rank they had held in England. But as the news of the proclamation of Charles II. came out in the same ship with them, they having heard it in the Channel, it was considered prudent that they should retire to the village of Cambridge, now a suburb of Boston. As an illustration of the feelings of the colonists towards them, it is worth noticing that a person who had insulted the Regicides was bound over to keep the peace, although, at the same time in London, a reward of £100 was offered for their heads. A New-Eng-

land tradition of Goffe at this period is still current, and therefore claims recital, although we have doubts of the ex-major-general placing himself in so undignified a position. A European master of fence, it is said, had arrived in the colony, and, in order to exhibit his skill in the art, had erected a stage in the public street, from which he vauntingly challenged all comers to a bout at rapier or broadsword. Goffe, being among the crowd, perhaps nettled by some political allusion, snatched a dirty mop from the hands of a bystander, and hastily mounted the stage. "What do you mean," exclaimed the fencing-master, "by coming at me in that fashion?" A dab of the filthy instrument in the speaker's face was Goffe's sole reply. The enraged champion thrust viciously with his rapier; but it was adroitly parried with the mop-handle, and again his eyes, mouth, and beard, were deluged. This went on for a short time, to the great delight of the spectators, till at length the discomfited braggart, throwing down his rapier, caught up a broadsword. "Hold!" cried the old parliamentary warrior: "know that for so far I have played with you; but if you come at me with a broadsword, I will most certainly kill you." Upon which the fencing-master, struck by the stern manner of his antagonist, at once dropped his weapon, muttering: "Leave me alone, I will have no more to do with you—you are either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil." Ezra Stiles, the distinguished antiquary, and learned president of Yale College, writing in 1794, says it is still proverbial in New England, when praising a champion at athletic exercises, to say, that none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.

The halcyon days of the refugees at Cambridge were soon at an end. Late in November, the Act of Indemnity, from which, among others, the names of Goffe and Whalley were excluded, arrived in Boston. Yet Governor Eadicot did not summon a general court to consult upon securing them until February, and then a majority of the members were against the proposition. At a consultation of their private friends, however, it was decided, as the safest plan, that the refugees should proceed to Newhaven, in Connecticut; and accordingly they set forth on their journey, and were treated with kindness and respect on the way. Arrived at Newhaven, they took up their residence in the house of Mr. Davenport, the clergyman, a person eminently distinguished, in the early chronicles of the colony, for his talents, learning, zeal, and piety. But the fugitives

were not destined to remain long at rest. In March, news arrived from England that ten of the Regicides had been already executed; the relentless vengeance of the authorities aggravating the bitterness of their deaths with circumstances of revolting barbarism.

Goffe, from the period of his departure from England until the year of his death, kept a diary. Unfortunately, this interesting manuscript was burned at Boston, during one of the riots that formed no unapt prelude to the revolutionary war; but there are a few scattered extracts from it to be found in the pages of Hutchinson, and other New England writers, which afford us a glance at the inner-life and sentiments of the refugees. They appear to have heard of the execution of their friends and confederates with feelings more nearly allied to exultation than regret. History informs us that these ten, who first suffered the penalty of the outraged law, exhibited traits of the wildest fanaticism. In the court, they appealed to the victories which the Lord had given to their swords, as a proof of the justice of their cause. They declared that "the execution of Charles Stuart was a necessary act of justice, a glorious deed, the sound of which had gone into most nations, and a solemn recognition of that high supremacy which the King of Heaven holds over the kings of the earth." On the scaffold they said that their "martyrdom was the most glorious spectacle the world had ever witnessed since the death of the Saviour." But, they continued, let their persecutors tremble: the hand of the Lord was already raised to avenge their innocent blood, and in a short time their cause would again be triumphant. With the confidence of prophets they uttered this prediction, and with the boldness of martyrs submitted to their fate. Such language and conduct was not lost on their equally fanatical, yet pious and Bible-learned brethren. From Goffe's diary, it appears that he and his companions considered the execution of the ten Regicides to be identical with the slaying of the "witnesses," foretold in the book of Revelation; and, connecting this idea with the mystical number 666, they confidently expected that in the year 1666, a new revolution would take place in their favor. Under this idea, they suffered all the heart-sickness of deferred hope, for the year 1666 passed without any demonstration; but their faith, nevertheless, was unshaken—there must be a chronological error, they affirmed, in the date of the Christian

era, and the accomplishment of the witnesses' prediction must speedily arrive.

The news of the execution of the ten Regicides was accompanied with tidings of still greater personal interest to Goffe and Whalley. A Captain Bredan having seen them in Boston, reported the circumstance in London; and a royal mandate was transmitted to Governor Endicott, to arrest and send them to England. The governor, whatever his own private feelings might be, did not dare to resist the order openly; but attempting to evade it, on the grounds of inability to compel his subordinates to put it into execution, two young English merchants, named Kirk and Kellond, zealous Royalists, volunteered on the service, and furnished with Endicott's warrant, immediately proceeded to Newhaven. Letters, however, conveyed intelligence of these proceedings to the people of Newhaven, who took measures accordingly. On the Sunday previous to the arrival of the "pursuers," as Kirk and Kellond were termed, Davenport preached a sermon, divided into no less than thirty-two heads, from the following passage in the sixteenth chapter of Isaiah: "Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." This discourse had the desired effect. When the pursuers arrived, they waited on Leet, the governor of Newhaven, requesting him to back their warrant, and render them assistance. Leet replied, that a conscientious scruple prevented him from backing their warrant; that he could not suffer them to act as magistrates in Newhaven; but he would send out his own constables to seek for Goffe and Whalley, and if they were in his jurisdiction, they would, no doubt, be speedily arrested. Leet's constables, we need scarcely say, did not succeed in arresting the outcasts. But when the pretended search was going on in the town, a more laughable farce was being acted in its immediate vicinity. One Kimberley, the sheriff, not having the fear of Parson Davenport or Governor Leet before his eyes, mustering a few followers, proceeded to where the delinquents were quietly passing the day under a tree, so that the constables might conscientiously affirm that they could not find them in the town. Kimberley, advancing, summoned the old Roundhead heroes to surrender; but they, not relishing

such freedom, gave the sheriff a sound caning for his pains—his followers, instead of assisting their chief, laughing heartily at his discomfiture.

Newhaven being now unsafe quarters for the Regicides, they retreated to a cave on the summit of West Hill, one of the headlands that form the harbor, where, supplied with provisions by a woodman, they lived for about a month. The cave of the "Judges"—such being the term invariably given to the Regicides in America—is at the present day one of the show-places of Newhaven. It is formed by seven rocks, leaning against and supporting each other, so as to resemble in some degree a cromlech; but though appearing to be the work of man, it is in reality a sport of nature. It rises to the height of twenty-seven feet, and affords a delightful view over Long Island Sound, studded with countless sails; the town and harbor of Newhaven; the rich corn-fields and luscious peach orchards of Connecticut. No such fair spectacle, however, greeted the eyes of the hunted dwellers in the cave, who, no doubt, frequently climbed the rocks to look out for the approach of their enemies; yet the scene must at that time have been sublime in the uncultivated majesty of nature.

The pursuers, after visiting the Dutch colony of Manhattan, now New York, returned to Boston, and made a formal complaint against Governor Leet. Matters began to wear a serious aspect. That Leet might have no excuse, the original royal mandate was forwarded to him. His council were divided; some advocating the surrender of the Regicides, lest the liberties of the infant colony might be injured by royal displeasure. Several of those who had sheltered the outcasts were afraid of punishment. In this state of affairs, Goffe and Whalley bravely marched down to the governor, and surrendered themselves. Leet seems to have been unprepared for this bold step. He kept them concealed, however, for twelve days on his own premises—provisioning them from his own table, although he would not see them. During this interval, many anxious councils were held; till it was concluded that Leet should temporize a little longer with the supreme authorities, and in the meantime, that the Regicides should return to their retreat, giving their parole that they would again surrender whenever required. It would be tedious to follow their movements step by step through the summer of 1661. Suffice it to say, that four other retreats, as well as the cave on West

Hill, are named after them, and still traditionally known to the people of Newhaven. In August of the same year, the colony made its peace with government, by proclaiming Charles II.; and the pursuit after the Regicides slackening for a short time, they, at the approach of winter, went to the house of a person named Tomkins, in Milford, near Newhaven, where they resided for two years. During that time, although they never wandered further than the orchard adjoining the house, their residence there was known to many. Goffe, who was a person of education, and had received the degree of M.A. at Oxford, was famous in the Parliamentary Army as "a frequent prayer-maker, preacher, and presser for righteousness and freedom;" and no less distinguished himself when at Milford; by holding forth on all suitable occasions, to the great delight of his hearers.

Milford, however, was not to be the final resting place of the outcasts. Matters between the colonies and the mother-country being still in an unsettled state, four royal commissioners were sent to New England "to settle the peace and security of the country;" the astute statesman Clarendon, when he advised this course, using the remarkable words: "They (the colonies) are already hardened into republics." One of the "articles" on which the commissioners were charged to make strict inquiry, was the arrest and transmission to England of Goffe and Whalley; for, amid all the undisguised profligacy and corruption that reveled in the court, the crowned pensioner of Louis XIV. ever breathed bitter vengeance against the slayers of his royal father. Alarmed at this intelligence, the Regicides left Milford in October 1664, for the more remote town of Hadley; traveling by night, they rested in temporary arbors during the day. Some of these resting-places are still traditionally pointed out as the Pilgrims' Harbor.

Preparations had been made for their reception at Hadley. Mr Russel, the clergyman of that town, had two concealed rooms, an upper and lower one, built adjoining his own house. In these rooms, in utter seclusion, buried from the world, Whalley lived fourteen years, till liberated by death in 1678. It is not clear whether Goffe revisited Newhaven after the death of Whalley; but it is almost certain that he too died in Russel's house about two years after his father-in-law.

A few months after their arrival in Hadley, Goffe and his companion were surprised by a visit from John Dixwell, another of the English Regicides. Dixwell was a man of

good family, and considerable landed property, in Kent; he sat for Dover in the Long Parliament, and held the rank of colonel in the army of the Commonwealth. He sat in Westminster Hall on the trial of the king, and affixed his name to the fatal death-warrant. Subsequently, he was appointed governor of Dover Castle; and for several years officiated as sheriff of Kent. At the Restoration, he fled to Hanau, where, becoming a burgess, he received protection; but his regicide companions, Okey and Barksted, being trepanned by Sir George Downing, the British minister at the Hague, sent to England and executed, Dixwell crossed the Atlantic, to seek a more secure refuge in America.

This meeting must have been a most interesting event in the secluded lives of Goffe and Whalley. What asking of questions, relating of adventures, regrets for the past, and fears for the future, must have formed the conversation of the three outlaws! Dixwell remained but for a short time at Hadley; and the only other event of any importance during the miserable sojourn of the other two, was the attack by the Indians, and Goffe's remarkable appearance as the deliverer of the town. As long as they lived, they were supported by contributions from friends in England and America. Goffe regularly corresponded with his wife in England under a feigned name. Part of one of those letters from Goffe, and the reply from his wife, are before us as we write. They are painful documents, displaying exceeding amiability of private character, and minds supported under the affliction of a life-long separation in this world, by strong faith in a happy meeting in another. It seems strange that men who had acted such stirring parts in the world, could exist in so secluded a manner as they did in Russel's house; but Whalley at least was not unaffected by the change, for during several years before his death, he was imbecile both in body and mind, requiring Goffe's constant attention.* One might wonder, likewise, that in the most distant settlement of America, there should have been occasion for such rigorous seclusion; but we must remember, that the vengeance of the Royalists was not always

conducted according to the forms of law. Dorislaus was assassinated at the Hague, and Lisle in Switzerland; and so little was thought of the latter circumstance, that Anthony A. Wood merely says: "He was, by some generous Royalists, there dispatched."

From the time that Dixwell visited Hadley, we lose sight of him for about seven years, when we find that he came to Newhaven, and settled there under the name of James Davis. He lived quietly, was much respected for his piety, married, became a widower, married again, and died at a good old age in 1680. It would appear that the English authorities had never suspected his existence in America. Once only was he in any danger during his residence in Newhaven. Sir Edmond Andros, governor of Massachusetts, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the American Jeffreys, passing through Newhaven, attended divine service, and was struck by Dixwell's appearance as the latter entered the church. "Who is that person?" said Andros. "A retired merchant," was the reply. "No," rejoined the governor, "that is no merchant; he is a gentleman, and has been a soldier: this must be looked to." Probably Andros thought he had discovered Goffe; but whatever were his intentions, they were speedily put out of his head by feelings of rage and indignation. Not only did the clergyman preach at him, but even the clerk sang at him. We may imagine how the old Presbyterian precentor, looking hard at the governor, gave out the verse, and chanted, with bitter energy, Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the fifty-second Psalm:—

Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise?

A select few in Newhaven knew who Dixwell was. He made his will in his own name, but requested that it should not be put upon his tombstone, lest his ashes might be desecrated, as those of greater men had been by the relentless Royalists. The Revolution had occurred before he died; but he was a fortnight in his grave before the news reached Newhaven. The rejoicings on the occasion must have almost made the old Roundhead leap in his grave! The altered state of affairs caused by the Revolution allowed Dixwell's will to be submitted to probate; his family were recognized by their relatives in England, and ultimately received some small benefit from their father's Kentish estates.

About forty years ago, the inhabitants of Newhaven finding their burial-ground incon-

* In a note to *Peveril of the Peak*, Scott states that it was Whalley who commanded the defenders of Hadley. But a letter from Goffe to his wife, written a year previous to that event, gives a sad account of his father-in-law's utter imbecility. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that Goffe was the supposed angel of Hadley.

veniently crowded, and, by the increase of building, brought almost into the centre of the town, laid out an ornamental cemetery in the suburbs, to which they carefully removed the remains and monuments of their forefathers from the ancient place of interment. But three graves and three grave-stones, considered by the people of New-haven to possess a historical interest, were left undisputed in their original sites, where the writer saw them a few years ago, and where they may be seen to this day. One of these conceals the ashes of Dixwell; the other two are the last resting-places of Goffe and Whalley. How the bodies of the latter came to be removed from Hadley to New-haven, a distance of 100 miles, is a mystery now difficult to solve. Tradition states, that it was the wish of Dixwell that the three should be buried beside each other, and that he, having fetched the bodies of his fellow-regicides from Hadley, interred them, with the aid of the sexton, at night, and afterwards caused the tombstones to be erected. It is known for a certainty that Russel, in whose house Goffe and Whalley were so long concealed, buried their bodies on his own premises; and it is conjectured, that being afraid lest they should be discovered, he procured Dixwell to remove them to New-haven. Even in the time of James II., the crown-officers of New England eagerly sought for information respecting the Regicides and their concealers. The cruel execution of Lady Alicia Lisle, widow of the assassinated Re-

gicide, for sheltering a dissenting minister implicated in Monmouth's rebellion, seems to have struck a dread on all the harborers of the Regicides in the colonies, and it is very probable that that event may have occasioned the removal of the bodies. However this may be, the last resting-place of Goffe and Whalley is undoubtedly at New-haven. On Dixwell's tomb there is the following inscription:—"J. D., Esqr. Deceased March the 18th. In the 82d year of his age. 1688-9." On the tomb of Whalley there are only the initials E. W., and a date, which at first glance appears to be 1658; but on more careful scrutiny, the 5 is discovered to be an inverted 7, meaning 1678, the correct date of his death. That this has not been done accidentally, but by design, is proved by the date being cut in the same manner on the footstone of the grave. The inscription on Goffe's tombstone is merely "M. G. 80." But there is a dash, thus —, beneath the letter M, signifying it to be read inverted, as W, the correct initial; and the 80, which to the uninitiated would seem to imply that he lived to that age, denotes the year of his death, 1680, at which time he had not reached his seventieth year. This enigmatical mode of inscription was adopted, evidently to avoid detection, by Dixwell; and as it answered that purpose in a former period, so it has attracted attention at a later era, and indisputably proves the identity of the remains that lie beneath.

EDUCATION IN TURKEY.—The Turkish Government (says a correspondent writing from Berlin) is in the practice of supplying itself with elementary school books from Prussia, and its representative at this Capital has standing orders to send to Constantinople every educational work of merit upon its appearance here. These orders are the consequence of the travels in the west of Europe, accomplished a year or two ago by

Kemel Effendi, director of the Turkish schools. A number of teachers, with assistants, were lately sent to Travnik, Czurnick, Beche, Jenibazar, Banialuke, Basna-Serai, Hersek, and Mostar, in order to organize and conduct elementary schools at those places. It is, however, to be regretted that these schools are only for the Turco-Arabic children, the Christian population deriving no benefit from them.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS.

IN reading of the recent excursions which our aspiring neighbor, the president of the French republic, has been making throughout France, our eye is caught by the word "Agen," the name of one of the towns at which he halted. In that place, situated on the Garonne, about a day's voyage south of Bordeaux, there lives a man commonly called the Last of the Troubadours—a peasant-poet, writing for Languedoc and Provence—a man who sings and speaks and writes in the provincial language or *patois* of the surrounding district, but in such a way as has made him enthusiastically welcomed all over the south of France. The name of this man is Jacques Jasmin. He is a hair-dresser, keeping a little shop in Agen. He is about fifty-one years of age, strong, vivacious, frank, full of passionate energy, entertaining the utmost confidence in his own powers, but using them with the greatest good sense relatively both to their management and to the objects and manner of their employment. While we know that he is really popular to an extent of which we in our cold England can hardly form a conception; that his songs and poems are in the mouths of the countrymen who labor in the fields or sit by their firesides; that when he recites before assemblies of perhaps 2,000 people, the ladies tear the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets to weave them into garlands for him; we know, likewise—and this is the most remarkable thing of all—that he has a rule of diligent labor, of revision and correction, which he follows as conscientiously as if his taste and principle had been fashioned in a classical school. Two volumes of his poems have been translated into modern French, and are printed side by side with the originals; and to these a third has recently been added, which contains several things particularly worthy of note.

Through the kindness of a friend, some of his more recent pieces have reached us, and it is clear that he continues to improve. He is every way, in so far as we can understand him, a very singular specimen of the poet of

the people. An inability to enter into other nationalities than our own, may prevent our rating him quite so high as his countrymen say he deserves; but we certainly do see that his plan of operation is a rare, a striking, and a most effective one. He stands in the exceedingly odd position of a troubadour and a classic combined. Though professing to disdain extempore effusions, he is both quick and clever at them; but for nothing in the world will he forego the delight of doing all the justice to his favorite subjects that the most elaborate and careful treatment can enable him to render. His are no "touch-and-go" compositions. He tells the story of the people in fictions so exquisitely true, so replete with beauty, yet so familiar and peasant-like, that we can recall nothing similar to these compositions in the whole round of popular poetry. Crabbe may be as genuine and hearty—and there are among his poems some of which Jasmin often reminds us—but Crabbe was the priest of the parish, and painted from an eminence; while Jasmin stands in the crowd below, and sketches the groups among which he mingles.

Jasmin knows nothing of ancient rules, yet he is as severe as any master of antiquity in self-judgment. Still more strange is it, that this Poet of the Peasants has never disdained his original profession, but continues as usual to lather and shave the chins of his countrymen, and to dress the ladies' hair. More strange yet, he refuses all pay for his recitations. The single announcement of his name is enough to draw immense audiences, and his appearance excites an enthusiasm, compared with which that of a London crowd for Jenny Lind is described as cold and faint. When he is on one of his missions, undertaken for religious or charitable purposes, he does not refuse to scatter impromptus in return for hospitality and compliments; but not for the best of objects will he permanently degrade his art. He will give out to the public at large only what he has carefully designed and matured. A sketch of one of his poems, entitled *Crazy Martha*, may give

some idea of the subjects in which he most delights, and his manner of treating them.

Martha was a poor girl, well known in the town of Agen as living thirty years on public charity; one whom, as Jasmin says, we little rogues teased whenever she went out to get her small empty basket filled. For thirty years, we saw that poor idiot woman holding out her hand for our alms. When she went by, we used to say: 'Martha must be hungry, she is going out!' We knew nothing about her, yet everybody loved her. But the children, who have no mercy, and laugh at everything sad, used to call out: 'Martha! a soldier!' and then Martha, who dreaded soldiers, used to run away. So much for fact; but now comes the question: 'Why did she run away?' Jasmin, he says, sat himself down to answer this question, at some thoughtful moment when the image of the poor maiden, graceful even in rags, presented itself to him; and after having diligently sought out her previous history through a number of channels, the result was the following relation.

It was a beautiful day, and the clear pure waters of the river Lot were murmuring on their banks, when a young girl walked by its side with a disturbed and anxious look. In the next town, the young men of the village were engaged in balloting for the conscription. The young girl had a lover there; her fate was entwined with his; and her whole aspect showed how deep and heartfelt was her anxiety. In her heart she prayed, but she could not keep still. This maiden was Martha. Another girl, too, was there; she also had trouble in her eye, but not profound like Martha's. This was Annette, a neighbor's daughter. The two girls talked together of their doubts and fears, but each in her own way. At length, Annette took alarm at her friend's intensity of anxiety. She endeavored to soothe her: 'Take courage; it is noon, we shall soon know; but you are trembling like a reed. Your look frightens me. If James should be chosen, would it kill you?' 'I don't know, indeed,' replied Martha. Forthwith, Annette begins to remonstrate: 'Surely you would not be so foolish as to die of love—*men* never do—why should women? If my young man Joseph were to be drawn, I should be very sorry; but I should never think of such a thing as dying for him.'

So the loving and the light young maidens go on discoursing. The drum is heard at a distance; it draws nearer; it announces the return of those who have been fortunate enough to escape. Now, which of those two

girls will have the happiness of beholding her beloved? Not Martha, alas! The thoughtless, gay, joyous Annette is to be the favored one, for Joseph is there among the youths who have drawn the fortunate number. As for James, he is drawn, and he must go. A fortnight afterwards, Annette, who would have been so easily comforted, is married; and James takes his sorrowing farewell of poor Martha. If war spares him, he promises to return with a whole heart to her. So ends the first part or canto of the piece.

The second begins: The month of May returns again; and it is painted as only the southern poets can paint it—how often in the troubadour songs do such pictures as these return?—

May, sweet May, again is come,
May, that fills the land with bloom;
On the laughing hedgerows' side
She hath spread her treasures wide.
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody.

Sing ye, join the chorus gay,
Hail this merry, merry May!
Up, then, children! let us go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see, &c.

But in the midst of all this happiness, poor Martha sings her sad song alone:—'The swallows are come back; my own two birds are come to their own old nest. No one has separated them as we have been parted. How bright and pretty they are! and round their necks they wear the little bit of ribbon which James tied upon them when they pecked the golden grains out of our clasped hands.'

Poor Martha! she sings and complains, sick at heart and ill in body; for a slow fever has come upon her, and she seems to be dying. Just at that juncture, a kind old friend, guessing the cause of her decline, does a beneficent act with a view to her restoration. He sells a vine, gives her the money, and with this commencement of a fund, Martha labors incessantly, hoping to get the means of buying her lover's freedom. Her kind friend dies; this is discouraging; but still she proceeds. She sells the dwelling he had bequeathed to her, and runs with the money to the priest of the village.

'Monsieur le Curé,' she says, 'I have brought you the whole sum. Now you can write; buy his liberty, I beseech you; only

do not tell him *who* has obtained it. Oh, I know full well that he will guess who it is; but still do not name me, nor feel any fear about me, for I can work on till he comes. Quickly, good, dear sir—quickly bring him back.' Thus the second part closes.

The third begins:—Now comes the difficulty of a search for the missing lover; for in the time of the Emperor's great wars, it was no easy matter to follow out the career of a conscript. The kind priest was skilful enough in his own field; he could hunt out a sinner in his sin, and bring him back to the fold, but to find a nameless soldier in the midst of an army—one who had not been heard of for three years—was another thing. However, no pains were spared. Time went on, and still Martha worked to replace part of what she had expended, and to have something more to bestow. The news of her persevering love was spread abroad, and everybody loved and sympathized with her. Garlands were hung on her door, and little presents against her bridal were prepared by the maidens. Above all, Annette was kind and eager. Thus every one considered her as betrothed, and the marriage only waiting for the bridegroom. At length, one Sunday morning after mass, the good priest produced a letter; it was from James. It told that he had received the gift of freedom; that he was coming the next Sunday. Not a word was said of his real deliverer. Having been left in the village a foundling, his notion was, that his mother had at length made herself known, and done this kind action. He exulted in the thought.

The week passes away, and after mass the whole population of the village awaits his coming, the good priest at their head, and Martha, poor Martha, by his side. The view which our poet gives of the scene—of the village road—of the expecting parties, is in the highest degree beautiful and artistic. All on a sudden, at the distant turn in the road, two figures are seen approaching—two soldiers; the tall one, there can be no doubt about; it is James, and how well he looks! He is grown, he is more manly, more formed by far than when he went away; but the other, who can it be? It is more like a woman than a man, though in soldier's clothes; and a foreigner too—how beautiful and graceful *she* is; yes, it is a *cantinière*. A woman with James! Who can it be? Martha's eyes rest on her—sadly, and with a deathlike fixedness; and even the priest and the people are dumb. Just at that moment, James sees his old love. Trembling and confused, he stops. The priest can no

longer be silent. 'James, who is that woman?' and trembling like a culprit, he answers: 'My wife, monsieur—I am married.' A wild cry issues from the crowd—it is Martha's; but she neither weeps nor sighs: it is a burst of frantic laughter—thenceforth her reason is gone for ever.

This is the touching story which Jasmin has elaborated from the idea of poor crazy Martha. We have sketched it as a fair specimen of his manner of dealing with a suggestive fact; but in truth one grand charm can in no way be made known to the English reader. Reading his poems through the medium of a French translation, printed side by side with the original, we cannot but see how condensed and expressive is the Provençal. It has been well defined as 'an ancient language, which has met with ill fortune.' During the twelfth century—from 1150 to 1220—it had reached a high degree of perfection, having been the first of those to which the Latin gave birth after the inroads of barbarism. You find in it a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and Latin. This first-formed modern tongue was violently arrested in its progress at the commencement of the thirteenth century in the wars of the Albigenses. There was no political centre, however, in the land of its birth, and it fell into disuse, and became merely a patois. Jasmin has imposed on himself the singular task of using this language, not exactly as now spoken in any one place, but as it was written in its purer times; and wherever he goes, he is understood, even by the Catalonians. Sometimes he brings up an ancient word, and sometimes coins one of immediate affinity to the old, but always with discretion and good sense. An amusing anecdote of him has been recorded lately. During one of his poetical wanderings in the south, it seems he was challenged by an enthusiastic patois rhymers to a round of three subjects in twenty-four hours; both poets to be under lock and key for that space. This is the answer of our troubadour:—

"Sir—I received only yesterday, on the eve of my departure, your poetic challenge; but I must say, that had it come to me at ever so opportune a moment, I should not have accepted it. What, sir! you propose to my Muse, who delights in air and liberty, the confinement of a close room, guarded by sentinels, where she is to treat of three given subjects in twenty-four hours! Three subjects in the space of twenty-four hours! You terrify me! Allow me to inform you, in all humility, that the muse you are for placing in so dangerous a predicament, is too

old to yield more than two or three verses a day. My five principal poems (they are here named) cost me twelve years' labor, and they do not amount in all to 2,400 couplets. The chances, you see, are not equal. Your Muse will have performed her triple task before mine, poor thing, has found herself ready to begin.

"I dare not, then, enter the lists with you; the steed which drags my car painfully along, and yet comes at last to its journey's end, is no match for a railway carriage. The art which produces verses, one by one, cannot enter into combination with mechanism. My Muse, therefore, declares herself conquered beforehand, and I fully authorize you to register the fact.

"I have the honor to be, sir, yours,
"JACQUES JASMIN.

"P. S.—Now that you know the *Muse*, please to know the *Man*. I love glory; but never did the success of others disturb my repose."

It should be added, that Jasmin is always to be found among those who contend against the extreme centralization of France. His whole character and turn of thought is provincial. "The country was my cradle; in the country shall be my grave." His influence is always moral, calming, and healthful. The poet is no revolutionist; he seeks only for the triumphs of self-conquest and virtue. It may be said, that he is too full of the cultivation of his art to be a politician; but he appears to us to be truly patriotic, and to put aside the temporary polemics of the day with a dignity which is very far from indifference.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD.

THE dates of the Colleges of Oxford lie scattered over a period of four centuries and a half. When the first was founded, Liberty had but just raised her head with Leicester in the field, and with Grosteste and Roger Bacon in the closet; the last was scarcely completed when the hopes of Rome and of the house of Stuart sank together at Culloden. In their architecture is graven the taste of many times. The early simplicity of the Gothic style lingers in the courts of Merton; while the fulness of its mature beauty is expanded in the chapel. Magdalen exhibits the grace of its decay. The manorial beauty of Wadham marks the era of the Tudors. Two colonnades, which mark the inner quadrangle of St. John's, recall the unfortunate memory of Laud and of his king. The later Stuarts are not without their monuments; and Queen's and Worcester preserve, if they do not commend, the classical predilections of Anne and of the Georges. Among the founders and benefactors whose names are commemorated in St. Mary's, and whose portraits look down upon the college Halls, are to be found every variety of character and costume which so many centuries could produce—separated

Plantagenets, warrior prelates, stoled priests, ecclesiastical chancellors, statesmen-bishops of the Tudors, grave knights and bountiful ladies of Elizabeth and James; fat incumbents and rich traders of a later day. Yet, as in the general form of the half monastic quadrangle, with its hall, chapel and gate-tower, which holds and once confined the members of the college, so in the object, constitution, and statutes of these foundations, there is a similarity of the strongest kind.

The first colleges were founded towards the close of the thirteenth century. If the reader will carry his mind back to that period, he will find all his present ideas of the University reversed.

Oxford, ever since the Reformation, has been the consecrated abode of Tory politics and high-church divinity. The puritan party made head in the beginning of the seventeenth century; but they were quelled by the coercive genius of Laud. In their triumphant hour they broke fiercely in upon the stronghold of their enemies, and the moment of their ascendancy is marked by the appearance among the chancellors of the great Protector and his feeble son. Other

heresies, perhaps, have lurked in covert, or raised their head in the person of eccentric individuals; and once an Oxford College made what is always represented as a stand for civil liberty. The president and fellows of Magdalen, finding their own rights disturbed by the encroachments of King James II., deviated from those maxims of hyperbolic loyalty which Oxford at the time professed, and performed an act of patriotic resistance to arbitrary power. But with these exceptions, Oxford has been always for church and king. There Laud reigned supreme; there he learnt, in the government of a college, those lessons of administration which he afterwards applied to a more extensive and less ductile element; and there he has left the most characteristic monument of himself, in a constitution of which the sole object is restriction. In 1622, under Laud's domination, the University passed and imposed, as a test at graduation, the famous decree, that in no case can it be lawful for subjects to use force or to appear in the field against their king. In "Oxford Halls," as in "Durham Stalls," Marston and Naseby spread grief and mourning. In Oxford, Jacobitism lingered longest; and the University received from the house of Brunswick a troop of horse, when Cambridge received a present of books. In more recent times, Lord Eldon appears as the Cynosure of the University, where he was reared. In the theatre of Oxford, the "Pacifcators of Europe," amidst universal academic hallelujahs and laudatory effusions of the English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Muse, celebrated their victory—as they thought their eternal victory—over the fallen monster of Revolution. In the same theatre, the successful general of monarchy and aristocracy consummated his triumph, and placed the chancellor's academic cap on the head which was already wreathed with the laurels of Waterloo. On that occasion, the Tories were assembled in such force, that had the roof of the theatre fallen in, or been pulled down by a Whig Samson, it would have annihilated the party. From the cheers of Oxford undergraduates, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel are said to have conceived the inspiring hope that, in spite of the Reform Bill, the heart of England was still sound, and that re-action might be looked for from the rising generation. Oxford punished Sir Robert Peel for his first apostasy. To Oxford, in the confidence that his spirit was hers, Mr. Gladstone dedicated his *Church and State*. In Oxford was commenced the great re-action

against the movement of intellectual and religious liberalism which advanced with political reform; and the clergy, finding the arm of the State withdrawn, began to look for other standing ground, with results which are present and familiar.

In intellect, too, as in religion and in politics, Oxford has been on the Conservative side. Modern science has remained excluded from the circle of her teaching. Modern philosophy and comparative philology have rather stolen than been received into her fold. And though in Newmanism she originated a great intellectual movement, it is certain that the age has been shaped elsewhere. In the educational department, the Hebdomadal Board were able to state in their letter to the late Premier, that the present University system had been fixed in the reign of Charles I. Even the study of mathematics exists but in a languid and unhonored state. And the strict retention of the classical system and the Aristotelian philosophy is the glory of the University or its shame.

The students at Oxford at the present day are and long have been entirely from the higher classes. They have the manners of their class. They are limited in number. They are decorous in demeanor. They all belong to colleges and are under college government and tutorial instruction. The colleges are everything. Their heads are the governing oligarchy; their fellows are the instructors; in their lecture-rooms the education of the University goes on, and their residents are the learned men. The University, as distinguished from the colleges, is absolutely nothing.

The thirteenth century exhibits a picture precisely the reverse of this. The University is a great, free, and turbulent literary republic. Its legislative consists of all its graduates, who are also its free teachers. Its executive consists of an elective chancellor and two elective proctors, representing the two nations of Northerners and Southerners, that is Britain north and south of Trent, whose antipathies form the subject of precautionary provisions in college statistics, and in whom Huber discovers the ancestors of the Whigs and Tories. Colleges are but just beginning to rise. The schools of the University are the places of instruction; and those schools are held, not in a large and sumptuous building, but in sheds and alleys, in church porches and hired rooms, and wherever the teacher could find shelter for himself and the hungry minds who crowded to his lecture.

For there was a passionate and romantic ardor in the pursuit of knowledge unequalled perhaps in the history of the world: the intellectual counterpart of the spirit which produced monasticism, chivalry, and the crusades. The baby science grasped at the moon. The alchemist sought his fancied gold, and the Realist attempted by a syllogistic process to obtain the knowledge of things from words. "Too vigorous a fancy," says Huber, "seized upon and consumed all the materials of knowledge. They vanished under the magical influence of an intellect which converted their most solid substance into artificial webs." The mental activity was feverish. It has been compared to that of the nineteenth century; it has been thought to exceed that of the sixteenth. It was the vernal stirring of the human spirit after the long and weary winter.

In the course of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the old system of education—the *trivium* of grammar, logic, and rhetoric; the *quadrivium* of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music—a liberal system in its day—had fallen into the background. The scholastic system of theology and philosophy had arisen, with its dialectical formality, with its child-like faith, with the speculative keenness by which that faith was undermined, and with a list of names—Anselm, Abelard, Peter Lombard, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas—which Huber justly says have a place in the golden book of intellect, and which during the mediævalizing movement of the last twenty years have been half-resuscitated in Oxford studies. With the new speculative philosophy there arose two new practical studies, those of law and medicine, which attracted the gain-seeking and ambitious, as the other did the philosophic mind. The law was the Roman jurisprudence, repulsed by the barons who had enforced *Magna Charta*, and met with a *Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari* by the partisans of the feudal common law, but encouraged by the civilizing ambition of the church and rewarded by the practice of her courts. The natural philosophy of the time, the philosophy of Aristotle and the Arabians, was narrowly watched in its general applications, as being apt to conjure spirits of more than one kind from the deep of physical speculation; but in its application to medicine it could not be restrained. "The physician," it has been justly said, "was a person practically too indispensable to be under surveillance for his orthodoxy by Church or by State; nay, nor could he be troubled by them, whether he learned

his art from Jew, from Arabian, or from the very spirits of hell."

The church saw men eating of the tree of knowledge, and she met the emergency with wisdom—wisdom like that of a single sagacious mind, though where the mind resided is a mystery. "She determined to adopt the new speculative spirit for herself; to mould it (as far as possible) to her service; yet to isolate it from theology, her own peculiar charge. To meet the wants of the age, she established (as at other times) new organs. Dominicans and Franciscans, under her banners, rushing into the arena of speculation, soon made it their own; and though the movement was not quelled (for active controversy continued between the very champions of the church) it was far less dangerous than if it had been wholly independent of her." Houses of Dominicans and Franciscans accordingly were posted in Oxford to watch, control, appropriate, or when it tended to heresy, combat the speculative movement of the schools.

From the new-born knowledge a system evolved itself, consisting of arts and the three faculties of theology, law, and medicine. The higher part of arts was scholastic philosophy, whence it is called *philosophia* in college statutes and in foreign universities; but the subjects of the *trivium* and *quadrivium* seem to have been included as a subordinate part, so that the course of arts included all the general, liberal, and polite knowledge of the time. After a struggle between the liberal party in the University and the monastic orders, it was decided, against the wish of the orders, that every one should pass through Arts before he was permitted to proceed in a faculty. A residence of about fifteen years, with perpetual lectures and disputations, was required in order to attain the doctor's degree in either of the faculties. Thus mediæval Oxford embraced within the circle of her studies all the knowledge of the age, both general and professional; both that which is now represented by the *Litteræ Humaniores* and mathematical schools, and that which has long since migrated to the London hospitals and the inns of court, or ceased to be studied as a regular faculty at all. And the Universities, which are now little more than great finishing schools for the higher classes, were the capitals of all learning, the souls and centres of all intellectual movement, the emporiums of all knowledge. The feelings with which a northern peasant boy, fired with the love of learning, must have looked on Oxford

for the first time, after his long journey on foot from Cumberland or Yorkshire, can scarcely be equalled now.

And Oxford was in the vanguard of the age. She eagerly accepted, and outstripped other universities in pursuing, the new knowledge of the day. She fostered the heretical tendencies to which that knowledge gave birth. Robert Grosseteste, John Basingstock, and Roger Bacon, the great cultivators of physical science in the University during the thirteenth century, were names dreaded by the church. Grosseteste, who in intellectual and academical influence was at once the Cyril Jackson and Newman of his day, died under an excommunication. The first colleges were the antagonists of the monasteries. When in the fulness of time Wycliffism arose within the walls of Merton College, it at once took possession of the mind of the University. The Pope and bishops were set at naught. Even after Wycliffe's recantation his tenets were defended, and it was with great difficulty and by a strong exertion of the King's power, that a condemnation of the dangerous doctrine was at length obtained, and an anti-Wycliffite test imposed; an early instance of the use of oaths to control dreaded thought. And in spite of this, and all the engines of intellectual coercion, in the use of which that age was no mean proficient, Lollardism, and more startling things than Lollardism continued to find champions, and the great seat of theological innovation in that day was in the University of Laud and Dr. Pusey.

The number of students, instead of 1500, amounted, it is said, in the thirteenth century, to 30,000. They were of all ages and of all classes; or rather, perhaps, principally of the poorest class. Mendicancy was common, and brought no dishonor. Scholars begged alms from door to door. On one occasion, the city, having offended against the University, was condemned annually to give a dole of bread and beer to a certain number of poor scholars. Among the number, both of teachers and students, were many foreigners. For the Catholic church and the Universal language made all European places of learning one, and the tide of thought and knowledge flowed freely through Paris, Oxford, and Bologna. The spaces now occupied by the buildings and gardens of the colleges were crowded by the houses in which the students lodged, and some of which, at one time it is said three hundred, were devoted to their exclusive use, under the name of hospices and halls. The vast

and motley multitude, if it contained the flower of the nation's intellect, contained also some of the quintessence of its blackguardism. The king gave the chancellor the use of the jail for his refractory scholars. And the whole mass was as remarkable as a source of national turbulence as of national thought.

*Chronica si penses
Cum pugnant Oxonienses
Post paucos menses
Volat ira per Anglienses.*

The *pugnæ* were barbarous and sanguinary frays between the nations, who fought pitched battles under the walls of the city, or between the University and the town, or between the scholars and the Jews, a class whom we are surprised to find acting furiously on the aggressive. The irregularities of "rowing under-graduates" in those days were repressed, not by the gentle interference of the proctor and his "bull-dogs," but by sallies of billmen and archers from the castle, and onslaughts of the *posse comitatus*.

Such is the contrast between the modern and the mediæval Oxford. A limited, orderly, and orthodox school of classics and mathematics, for the upper classes, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, on the one hand; an unlimited, disorderly, democratic, heretical school of every kind of knowledge for all ages and all classes, on the other. Learning, then concentrated, is now diffused. Law and medicine have found other homes. Teachers have become ubiquitous by means of printing. Boyish education is better carried on in schools. The world "will ne'er be young again." But there was something which this age can scarcely parallel, in that daily contact of eager minds, toiling with unbounded hope in the pursuit of every kind of learning; in that vast, barbarous, tumultuous multitude of all ages and nations, not sent by fathers to a finishing school, but thronging to the University, penniless and footsore, to gather knowledge, as men throng now to California to dig for gold.

The whole was the possession, the grand and perilous possession of the Church. That the University and colleges are lay corporations may be good law, but it is bad history. As a municipal body with civil rights and privileges, the University was the creature and subject of the crown; and the kings constantly interfered by proclamations and by arms to keep order, and to compose

the disputes between the University and the citizens respecting the prices of provisions and the rent of houses for the scholars. But as a place of learning and education, the University was an ecclesiastical body, and under the jurisdiction of the bishop, the metropolitan or all-absorbing Rome. It was visited by legates, who sometimes met with a rude reception. All scholars were clerks. Chaucer calls his scholar a "clerke of Oxenforde." And proclamations distinguish between *scholares* and *laici*—implying, of course, that scholars were the opposite of laymen. The lay members of foundations, and at Christ Church the commoners, like those who are in orders, wear the surplice in chapel, at the present day.

It was the fashion in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries for great men and prelates to maintain poor scholars at the University by means of pensions called exhibitions. Bishop Grosteste, the great philosopher and reformer, was an eminent benefactor in this way. But the bounty of the exhibitor ended with his life. William of Durham, a northern ecclesiastic, appears first to have thought of taking advantage of the civil immortality of the University to make his own beneficence immortal. In 1249 he left a sum to the University for the support and relief of masters. The University settled these masters in a hall, with a brief code of statutes, to study divinity, itself being their visitor. Here we have the germ, but the germ only, of a college. The Hall was called *Magna Aula Universitatis*, which is the proper title of University College at the present day. In later times some "extravagant and ambitious persons," as Wood says, started a "supposal" that the great hall of the University had been the seat of a society of students founded by King Alfred. A court of law, in a case respecting the visitorship of the college, adopted and confirmed this legend. No liege subject can now deny its truth. And her Majesty is founder and visitor of University College by transmission from King Alfred.

In 1269, John Balliol, the father of the pretender king, on his death-bed, besought his widow to continue the charity which he had given to poor scholars during his life. The "noble and virtuous lady" bought a house, and settled in it her husband's scholars. She gave them a short and sensible code of statutes, bidding them attend divine offices on festivals, and on other days frequent the schools, and enjoining them to pray for her husband's soul, and for the

souls of the faithful, with some simple rules of life. They were to have a principal, chosen by themselves from their own number—a provision which gives her society a more organic character than that of William of Durham. A poor scholar, the prototype of servitors, was to be maintained by the broken meat from the college table. For visitors the college was to choose two procurators among the members of the University; and from this arrangement Balliol derives what it calls in the University calendar, the "singular privilege of choosing its own visitor." The allowance of the fellows was limited to eightpence a-week—a penny on week days, and twopence on Sundays. Dervorguilla's statutes, in spite of the inviolability of founders' wills, were superseded by new codes, given by Sir William Somerville, and afterwards by the Bishop of London, under the authority of the Pope—the last just before the Reformation. But her open fellowships lived through these revolutions. And her humble house has done, and is doing, noble service to learning and education, while the magnificent foundations of Wykeham and Waynflete mourn in barrenness the tyranny of their founders' will.

But the first perfect college, and the real type of the college system, both at Oxford and elsewhere, was the *Domus Scholarium de Merton*, founded about 1274, by Walter de Merton, Chancellor to Henry III. and Edward I., and one of a party friendly to Anglican liberties, and hostile to the encroachments of the papal power and the monastic orders which were its instruments. His college may be regarded as a secular monastery of students antagonistic to the monasteries of regulars—his monks being under no vows, and destined, not for asceticism or contemplation, but for study. Merton had before him the monasteries, the houses for the education of novices belonging to monastic orders, which the wisdom of those orders placed in Oxford, the exhibitions for poor scholars, and the halls in which communities of scholars dwelt, under the presidency of a principal elected by themselves, and into which a large portion of the students had by that time been gathered. He first followed the type of the houses for the education of novices, placing his *domus* at Malden, in Surrey, on the estate, while his scholars were to be sent up to Oxford. Afterwards, he placed the whole at Oxford, under the title of the House of the Scholars of Merton, which he declares himself to have founded "for the perpetual support of

scholars residing at the schools of Oxford or elsewhere, where a University exists, and for the support of three or four ministers of the Altar of Christ, who are to reside therein."

The scholars of Merton, now the fellows of Merton College, were to be chaste, of good conduct, peaceful, humble, indigent, of ability for study, and desirous of improvement. The character and abilities of the scholar elected were to be tested, not by examination, but by a year of probation, in which we may trace an analogy to the monastic novitiate. Merton set the example of confining fellowships to localities, though he admitted all the dioceses where the college had property. He also gave a preference to his kin, which he declares to be intended as an indemnification for the loss of their inheritance. Any person who became a monk, or entered into service, or obtained too liberal a benefice, or retired from the house with the intention of giving up learning, or neglected to study in the house, was to forfeit his fellowship. The provision for the expulsion of any one who became a monk, which runs through the colleges down to the Reformation, marks the antagonism between the monastery and the college. Visitors are even forbidden to employ a monk as their deputy in visitations.

The fellows were bound to constant residence and regular attendance on the schools. They were first to study "the liberal arts and philosophy," then to pass on to theology, except four or five, who might study canon law. One of them also was to be a grammarian, for the benefit of the juniors. Medicine, which afterwards crept in, was a study not sanctioned by the founder. The rule of study then was simply that of the University. The rule of life was monastic: it prescribed common meals, at which the fellows were to sit silent, and listen to the reader; uniform dress, the use of the Latin tongue, strict obedience, surveillance of the juniors by the seniors, and terminal scrutinies into the character and conduct of all members of the society. Attendance at the canonical hours, and celebration of masses was enjoined on all, and with this object three of the society were required to be in priests' orders. Masses were also to be said for the founder's soul, and no doubt also for that of Gilbert le Clare, the superior lord, who was moved by his soul's health to give a license in mortmain for the foundation.

The College was governed by a warden, who is to be "a man of circumspection in spiritual and temporal affairs." There is

also to be a vice-warden to act in the absence of the warden; deans for discipline, and proctors for accounts. There are also to be stewards of the house on its estates and manors; and every year after harvest the warden is to make his progress, and report the state of the property to the society on his return.

The annual stipend of the fellows is fifty shillings, of which they are to be mulcted rateably for absence from the schools. The warden has fifty marks for his table and two horses for his progress. Wardens disabled by infirmity or age are to be provided for in the house; fellows disabled by disease, in the hospital at Basingstoke. The number of the fellows is to increase with the estate, and strong denunciations are levelled against all who oppose this increase, unless they openly express a just and very clear reason for this opposition, as, for instance, a burdensome debt, or a suit with a powerful adversary, or some contribution imposed on the churches destined for the benefit of the collegians, or a subsidy to the Holy Land, the ransom of the prince or a prelate, the sudden firing or fall of the houses or churches, a murrain among the sheep, herds, or flocks, or similar accidents."

Each fellow at his election took an oath to obey the statutes, and though power is given to the society to make new rules, no power is given to repeal those of the founder. This, which has barred needful change and adaptation, is, perhaps, the only observable defect in a code which must otherwise be regarded as wise, tender, and liberal, especially if compared with some of those which followed. The institution of a monastic rule of life, and a general over-estimate of the virtues of government and discipline in forming moral, much more intellectual, character, was not the error of Merton, but his age. The college fulfilled, and perhaps in one respect surpassed, the wishes of its founder. It became a famous place of learning; it maintained a discipline so strict that some resigned their fellowships rather than bear it; it combated the monasteries; and among its members were Duns Scotus, Occam, the destroyer of Realism, Roger Bacon, the father of English science, and Wycliffe, the father of the Reformation.

We have noticed only the salient points of Merton's ordinances, but we have noticed enough to convey a general notion of what a college originally was, and of the contrast between the present and the past. Now, the main function of a college is education;

its most important members are the independent commoners; its most important officers are the tutors by whom these commoners are governed and instructed; its fellows are mostly non-residents, clergymen with cures, and sometimes with benefices, lawyers, schoolmasters, gentlemen at large, even officers in the army, deriving an annual income from the endowments, but rare visitors at the college, and as a class, not peculiarly devoted to literary pursuits. Originally the fellows were the college; they filled its chambers and its halls, they were devoted to study, they took no part in general education, they lived under a strict rule of life, and instead of governing, they were governed.

The rule of life in all the Roman Catholic colleges, at least that is in all but four, remained monastic. And Wykeham and the Roman Catholic founders who followed him, increased its strictness and minuteness, pursuing the fellows with tyrannical accuracy into all the particulars of their life and conduct, forbidding them to leave the college gates without a companion, dictating their private devotions, and encouraging secret denunciations. The admission of strangers is restricted. Females are carefully excluded. Even the age and face of a laundress who takes the linen from the porter, are required to be above suspicion; and the fellows and scholars of Corpus are specially forbidden to take their own clothes to the wash. Gay fashions in dress are interdicted, and the "liripoops" of the fellows of All Souls may not exceed three quarters of a yard in length, or the sixth part of a yard in breadth. The fellows of Magdalen are required always to wear gowns, sewn in front downwards to the very hem. "Howbeit, we grant permission that, in case of their riding or journeying to parts beyond the University, the opening in their short gowns may be so great on the anterior and posterior side (and not more ample), as to be conveniently applicable to men who are travelling and on horseback." Moreover they are not "inordinately to cherish their hair, or wear it too long in the nape or in the front," and to "walk with pricked ears according to the holy canons." Gambling, and certain other diversions, such as playing at ball and throwing stones, are also the subject of prohibitions. Hounds and hawks are forbidden to be kept. "Because," says one founder, "it becomes not poor men living on alms to give the bread of the children of men to dogs; and woe is denounced on those who sport

with the birds of heaven." We propose the verification of the last quotation as a problem to our readers. Silence at meals, and listening to the reader are enjoined, and talking in hall after meals prohibited, "except," says the founder of Magdalen, "when from reverence to God or to his Mother, or other saint whomsoever, a fire, which we would have to be of charcoal only, is made in the hall for the fellows; for then the fellows and scholars (Demyes) are to be allowed to stay after dinner or supper time, and to amuse themselves in a becoming way with songs and other reputable pastimes, and sedately to discuss poems, the chronicles of the realm, and the wonders of this world, and such other matters as lend a grace to the profession of clergymen." These, or similar provisions, are repeated in many of the Roman Catholic statutes, one founder copying literally from another. And there is reason to believe that the most trivial of them were regarded by the founders, and by the college at first, as equally inviolable with the weightier matters of their law.

The founder of Magdalen speaks of the penalty appointed for those who "misuse their tongues by speaking their mother language." This is not so hard as it seems. Latin was not only the language of books, but of all learned conversation, disputation, and prayer; and to force a clerk to speak Latin was to make him a citizen of educated Europe. The injunction occurs, we believe, in all but one or two of the most recent colleges. The founder of Oriel, who was almoner to Edward II., and the founder of Queen's, who was confessor to Queen Philippa, have, as courtiers, allowed their fellows the choice between Latin and Norman French. The founder of Corpus, who lived at the revival of learning, and fostered classics, has allowed Latin or Greek; the founder of Jesus, Latin, Greek, or Hebrew. Jesus was the first Protestant college, and the founder probably wished his fellows to study the Scriptures in the original, a practice which had so much conduced to the victory of his faith. "Intelligere Græce hereticum, Hebraice diabolicum," was the apophthegm of the most stanch and sagacious champions of the old religion. They were right.

We have not traced in the statutes anything like asceticism; not even an injunction to keep the fasts. Nor is there any vow of celibacy. But we have seen that females were rigidly excluded, and that fellowships were always forfeited by marriage; a provision which has produced a curious and

anomalous kind of Protestant monkery at the present day. Of course, the very nature of college life, which was essentially cœnobitic, precluded marriage. Protestantism, which is hostile alike to celibacy and restraint, has never been able to make the college system thoroughly its own, or to bear it in its integrity. At Trinity college, Dublin, marriage is permitted. At Oxford and Cambridge, residence is dispensed with, and celibacy is only retained as an irrational limit to the tenure of the fellowship. A fellow engaged to be married, and waiting for a living to be married on, and still more a married fellow in his year of grace, would of course have been a portent in the eyes of a mediæval founder.

The qualifications of fellows had reference to their obligations, which were to conduct themselves peaceably and obediently as members of the brotherhood, and to study in their faculty. In the statutes which we have seen, moral qualifications are quite as much insisted on as intellectual: and the intellectual qualifications are those of a student, not a teacher. "Virtuous, chaste, modest, and suited to study," is the qualification of the fellows of Magdalen. Poverty, too, was a prominent requisite, the colleges being distinctly eleemosynary. This has been questioned, and New College was quoted in the House of Commons as an instance to the contrary. But that college is described in the opening of its statutes as "a perpetual college of poor and indigent scholar-clerks in the school of the University of Oxford;" and further on it is stated to be founded in obedience to the precept of Christ, who bids us shelter and relieve the poor.

The allowance indeed which is assigned to fellows by the statutes is such as when coupled with the conditions of restraint and discipline could hardly have tempted any but a poor man. It consisted principally of a fixed sum, which appears to have been sometimes paid annually, but generally weekly in the shape of commons. When it was paid weekly there was sometimes a small annual stipend in addition and occasionally a dole of cloth for garments. It is remarkable that while the commons at Merton are fixed at fifty shillings a year, at Corpus, two centuries and a half afterwards, they are still only twelve pence a week in ordinary times.

The college was governed by a head, whose various titles, master, warden, rector, president, principal, appear to have been dictated only by the fancy of the founders. He was

supported, and in his absence represented by a vicegerent, and assisted in discipline and government by deans or censors in the administration and custody of the revenues by proctors, treasurers, or bursars. His allowance was more ample, he was permitted to hold benefices when the fellows were forbidden, and his powers in some instances were great. His lodgings we believe were generally over the great gate of the college. The heads now marry and live in separate houses adjoining the college. And as they constitute with the proctors the governing board which since the time of Laud has absorbed all power into itself, they are at least as much officers of the university as of the college.

The tutors, on whose efficiency the reputation of a college now so much depends, were not even known to the oldest foundations. And when they did arise, their duty was to superintend the conduct of their pupils and to answer for their expenses, not to instruct them. The duty of instruction was left either to the university, or where there were any to the college lecturers. But the colleges, as we before observed, were not originally intended as places of general education. They were communities of poor students. A limited number of sons of noblemen, answering to the modern gentlemen commoners, was permitted at Magdalen and perhaps elsewhere in ancient times. But it was not, we believe, till some time after the Reformation that the colleges generally were opened for the reception of commoners, and invested with the responsibilities of general education. Magdalen, New College, and All Souls, which have never been opened for commoners, and Corpus, which has only just been opened for them, still exhibit instances of the original state of things.

In some colleges where the fellows were graduates, there was a junior foundation for undergraduates, to which the name of scholars at first given to the fellows was afterwards appropriated, and which appears to have been sometimes intended as a nursery of fellows. But the name of scholars includes some who were at first almost on a menial footing, as for instance the poor boys of Queen's, who originally waited on the fellows at table.

We must add to complete the community the college servants, manciple, butler, cook, porter, and barber, and the groom who tended the horses for the annual progress. These were, sometimes at least, a regular part

of the foundation, and at Corpus their commons are assigned like those of the fellows and scholars.

The founder of Merton rather implies than prescribes that masses should be offered for his soul. In later Roman Catholic foundations, however, prayers, masses, and obits for the souls of founders and benefactors are ordained with anxious minuteness and perplexing multiplicity. The fellows of Magdalen are bound to pray twice daily for the soul of their founder in private, besides innumerable public prayers and masses. But it cannot be believed to be proved, though it has been alleged, that prayer for the soul of the founder was ever the main object of a college. An object it probably was of all charitable foundations in the middle ages. The Reformation of course swept away all this. And nothing remains now to the founders but a commemoration of their names and a thanksgiving for their bounties—a poor compensation for prayers and masses to a mediæval soul.

Partly perhaps for the sake of these masses, but partly also because a general object with founders was to increase the learning and efficiency of the secular clergy, most fellows of colleges were required to take priest's orders; and from this injunction, Protestant orders being substituted for Catholic, flows the clerical character of the university at the present day.

In some, especially in the earlier colleges, religious offices were only enjoined as a part of the rule of life; and two or three colleges were even unprovided with chapels. In others, the founder had distinctly a religious as well as a literary object. Magdalen and New College were provided with noble chapels and full choirs for the performance, in all its pomp, of Roman Catholic worship. Surpliced ranks filled the choir. Long processions swept the quadrangle, and the founder's eye seems to anticipate the pomp, as he dictates the order, and prescribes the vestments.

Inviolable statutes sealed the founder's will. They were to be read periodically before the whole Society. The fellows were bound to their observance by oaths, which the founder of New College carried to a great pitch of strictness. The founder of Magdalen has added an anathema. The founder of Corpus has illustrated the state of conscience and religion in his time by requiring a pecuniary bond against dispensations. Observing that the statutes of their predecessors had not been kept, the founders seem to have

thought that the remedy was to make their own statutes more minute, and their oaths more stringent. No founder had learnt from history the mutability of human things, or from philosophy the lesson that what man does not alter for the better, time alters for the worse. It is almost pitiable to see men assuming the eternity of their market prices on the eve of the discovery of Peru, and the eternity of their religion on the eve of the Reformation. But that spirit which could lead a man, after repeatedly changing a code of statutes in his lifetime, to impose them on the conscience of men as inviolable for ever, deserves a worse name than folly; whether chargeable on the man or his age, it is a crime.

Finally, a visitor, who down to the Reformation was always an ecclesiastic, was named by the founder not only to hear appeals, which the visitors still do, but also to visit, which they have long left undone.

The foundation of Merton was followed by that of Exeter College, founded by Walter de Stapylton, a statesman prelate of the time of Edward II., who fell in civil broil, defending himself bravely, in his *hacqueton*, near Paul's Cross, in Cheapside. Stapledon Hall, so it was at first called, seems to have been more like the fraternities of scholars at Balliol Hall, and University Hall, than the more organized Society of Merton. One peculiarity we believe was, that the head was elected annually. The college had a second founder, and again, in defiance of the inviolability of wills, a second lawgiver, in Sir William Petre, of Elizabethan memory, who disputed on education with Roger Ascham, Ascham advocating kindness, while Sir William stood up for whipping. But before Petre's time it had earned distinction in academical annals. For in Exeter College, William Grocyn, the scholar of Vitelli, Chalcondyles, and Politian, first publicly taught Greek.

Oriel is a great, and to many, a dreaded name in the modern history of Oxford. Its founder was Adam de Brome, who gave the honor to his unhappy master, Edward II., thereby making it a Royal College, and bade his fellows pray for Edward's soul. Adam de Brome has obtained, unjustly we fear, the singular credit of having permitted his Society, in case of need, to change his laws. We have heard quoted from his statutes the doleful words, *Omnes res humanæ tendunt visibilibus ad non esse*. Such seemed the prospects of the world to an observer in the reign of Edward II. It could hardly be ex-

pected, that one who took so black a view of things would make provision for the wants of future times. The college boasts the famous names of Raleigh and of Butler; perhaps it may better boast the name of Butler than of Raleigh, whose best school was that of action and enterprise by land and sea. But the glories of Oriel belong to more recent times. The two last provosts, Eveleigh and Copleston, earned in their generation deep gratitude from all advocates of University reform. The first was the main supporter of Cyril Jackson in the institution of "Honors," the first thing which roused educational Oxford from a torpor of two centuries. The second was a staunch supporter of election to fellowships by merit, which the first, however, had commenced. But that which will make Oriel a name in history is that its common room produced Arnold and Newman, an opposition remarkable, but not wonderful. Arnold's influence was exerted at a distance from Oxford through his great school and his heroic words; and the iron hour came before he could bring back to the University which he loved his courageous wisdom, his chivalrous love of good, and his fearless advocacy of truth. But the name of Newman is the history of the University for ten years.

Queen's College was named after the queen of chivalry, the warlike Philippa. Its founder, Robert Ecclesfield, was her chaplain and confessor. He placed his college under the patronage of all Queens Consort of England. Henrietta Maria was one of those who accepted the compliment and enriched the college. The number of thirteen was fixed upon by the founder in reference to Christ and the twelve Apostles; and he intended to add to the provost and fellows seventy poor youths, in allusion to the seventy disciples, a fancy for mystical numbers which seems to have been common among the founders, who chose seventy, forty, and twelve. "Them also," says Wood, speaking of the poor youths, "he intended to have summoned to refectory, as it elsewhere appears, by the sound of a trumpet; and the fellows on the one side of the table, in robes of scarlet (the doctors in divinity and decrees to have them faced with black furs) to oppose in philosophy the poor scholars, kneeling on the other side; but he dying immaturely, left the said design very imperfect. As for the formality of scarlet, it continued many years, till the charge thereof, and trouble of wearing it at refectory, caused it to be laid aside; but as for the opposing of poor scholars (or children as

they are called) which are but very few considering the founder's intention, it continueth to this day." The original building, a cluster of old halls irregularly massed, was twice the seat of Royal education. Edward the Black Prince and Henry V. are both said to have been students there, the second under the tuition of Cardinal Beaufort. In the beginning of the last century arose the present classical palace, a monument of the taste, or tastelessness of its age. About the same time the college seems to have produced some eminent men—Wycherly, Addison, and Tickell among the number. It has for some time past been distinguished principally as a Northern Society. But to the list of regular worthies given by Dr. Ingram must be added, what to that worthy antiquary would have seemed the portentous name of Bentham. The legislator of the human race, sage or charlatan, when a boy of twelve commenced his studies in these walls, and, in that age of port, found small help and left small thanks.

New College, founded 1386, formed a great epoch in the history of the University. Its proper title is St. Mary of Winchester in Oxenford; and Wykeham's name resounds from the University pulpit as "the sole and munificent founder of the two St. Mary Winton Colleges." It is doubtful whether this mediæval Mæcænas was himself at a university. His architectural skill and his general ability recommended him to a good judge of men, King Edward III. He became that monarch's chief architect and statesman, and was great in both capacities. As a statesman, he belonged to the Conservative and Papal party. A hostile Wycliffite party, headed by the Duke of Lancaster, impeached him, and for a time drove him from power. Though charged with speculation, he can be proved guilty only of colossal pluralism, which in that age was held no crime. No doubt, in his generation, he was a most dexterous, princely, and accomplished man. Thirty years he labored to complete his great design. The University was then in a declining state, and this magnificent foundation would be hailed as a revival. It exceeded all former colleges in the splendor of its buildings, planned by the first architect of his time. It exceeded the realities of all former colleges, though not perhaps the visions of the founder of Queen's, in the number of its fellows, which probably represents the seventy disciples. It differed from all former colleges in being distinctly a religious as well as a literary foundation,

and having as one of the special objects of its institution the constant and magnificent celebration of the Catholic worship, by its numerous choir, in its sumptuous chapel. It was the first college connected with a public school, and that public school was the first in England. Grammar, which Wykeham held to be the portal of all knowledge, was to be taught at Winchester, and from that training was to arise a succession of youths apt to receive the higher mysteries and to bring forth golden fruits of learning, to the honor of the college. New importance was given to the college, as distinct from the University system, by the institution of a multitude of College Disputations; *vivâ voce* disputations, under the presidency of deans or moderators, being the great intellectual test and exercise of those times. Other literary innovations mark the liberal spirit of the founder. Increased encouragement was given to Civil and Canon Law by the appropriation of ten fellowships to each. Permission was given to two fellows to follow the new study of medicine, and to two more to follow that of astronomy. But a worse change was made by Wykeham. His statutes are far more prolix than tyrannical; his oaths far more stringent than those of previous founders. His code was copied by other founders, both at Oxford and at Cambridge; among others, by the founder of King's College; and it seems to have carried a blight with it. New College itself, with all its princely means and magnificent buildings, sinks into insignificance as a place of education, compared with the unendowed activity of an adjoining Hall. Wykeham gave an unlimited preference to his kin in the election of fellows, which, as his kin were very numerous, would have swamped the college. A limit was set to the tide of consanguinity by the saving, though illegal, intervention of the Visitor. The late Mr. Augustus Hare made a gallant but vain endeavor to free the college from the claims of kin altogether. He and Dr. Shuttleworth were more successful in their efforts to throw off what Dr. Ingram calls "the high and distinguished privilege of taking degrees without a grace from convocation;" and the members of New College, restored to the University, undergo examination and stand for honors. The character of the college is of course proved by its exclusive connection with Winchester School. And Winchester, once alone as a place of education, is now one of many good schools.

Lincoln College followed. Richard Flem-

ing, Bishop of Lincoln, a renegade Wycliffite, displayed his zeal as a renegade first by digging up the body of Wycliffe, burning it, and throwing the ashes into the Swift; and secondly, by founding a collegiate church of theologians to confute Wycliffism. He left his design unfinished. But Thomas Rotherham, his successor in the see, inherited his spirit, completed the college, and gave it statutes, in which he decrees that if any fellow favors heresies, "and especially that novel and pestilent sect which assails all the sacraments, orders, and possessions of the church," he shall be cast out like a diseased sheep from the fold of the college. The college flourished, and produced John Wesley.

Next Chichele, dwelling with eyes of compassion on the state of the unarmed soldiery of the church, which hath in piteous sort decayed immeasurably, and with no less pity on the general ailment of the armed soldiery of the world, which hath been very much reduced by the wars between the realms of England and France, founded "a college of poor and indigent scholar clerks, who are constantly bounden not so much to ply therein the various sciences and faculties, as with all devotion to pray for the souls, of glorious memory, of Henry the Fifth, lately King of England and France, his illustrious progenitor, and the Lord Thomas Duke of Clarence, and the other lords and lieges of his realm of England, whom in his own and in his said father's times, the hero of that warfare so long prevailing between the said two realms, hath drenched with the bowl of bitter death, and also for the souls of all the faithful departed, the same to be called All Soules College." Unless Shakspeare's tradition lies, the compassionate prelate had helped to mix the bitter bowl with which the armed soldiery of the world were drenched. Though the words above quoted would seem to make All Souls a chantry, its statutes are those of a college. In fact, they are in great measure copies from those of New College, of which Chichele was a fellow. And All Souls must have escaped as a place of learning at the Reformation when chantries were suppressed. Chichele purchased of the crown some priories, confiscated because they were cells to foreign monasteries, and therein, perhaps, established a pregnant precedent, which the founder of Magdalen followed, on which Wolsey improved, and which Henry capped. The present character of the College we prefer to describe in the prudent words of Dr. Ingram, who says,—"From the

peculiar constitution of this college, and the nature of the elections to fellowships, it is not so much a place of elementary education as of cultivated society."

Next comes Waynflete, another Fellow of New College, Provost of Eton, Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor to Henry VI., who, in the times of the Roses, retired from the storms of state to rule his diocese and to found a college. And nobly he founded it, and richly he endowed it with wealth and beauty; but he gave it Wykeham's statutes, and fettered it with local restrictions, and by oaths and anathemas bound it forever to his will. Yet a long list of names attests that it was great. In the hall hang the elegant Whiggery of Addison and the grim Toryism of Sacheverell. Hammond mused in those walks, compared by Wood to the banks of the Eurotas. And in those buildings dwelt Gibbon, in all the license of a gentleman commoner, untutored and unguided, gathering hatred of religion and contempt for "the monks of Magdalen, whose deep but dull potatoes excused the brisk intemperance of youth." Waynflete founded his college for a president and forty "poor and indigent scholar clerks," whose duty was to "study and make progress in the school of the University of Oxford in sundry sciences and faculties;" and thirty other poor and indigent scholars called demyes, who were to learn grammar, logic, and sophistry. Besides these, there was a choir, and all the solemn services and processions as at New College—"the president attired in a gray amice, and all the graduate fellows and scholars in surplices, with capes of fur, or turned up with silk." But one part of Waynflete's foundation was entirely new. "Coveting with glowing desire of heart the instruction not only of the members of his own college, but of all other students," he instituted in his college three prælectors to lecture publicly on natural philosophy, moral philosophy, and divinity. This "glowing desire" has been but illy fulfilled.

Brasenose had two founders—Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton, a privy councillor of Henry VII., and steward of the monastery of Sion, in which he passed the latter part of his life. These two were zealots of the old religion in its declining hour; and their fellows were bound every day to say the Lord's Prayer five times in honor of the five wounds of Christ, and the Angelic Salutation five times in honor of the five joys of the blessed Virgin Mary. This, like Lincoln, was a college of theologians.

Handed over to Protestantism by the Reformation, it has become a wealthy and numerous society, and showed its power in convocation by obtaining the chancellorship of Tory Oxford for the liberal Lord Grenville.

And now a great change had come. Greek literature had revived in Europe. The mediæval school, pure and fantastic as the winter frostwork, to borrow the metaphor of Dr. Newman, melted before the radiance of a sun unrivalled in the intellectual firmament. We can hardly realize that dawn. The bigots of Catholicism instinctively repulsed Greek literature. The freer spirits grasped the golden fruit, "and knew not eating death." At this moment Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and a counsellor of Henry VII., bethought him of founding a college of monks, at Oxford. An enlightened and observant friend, Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, persuaded him, instead of a college of monks, to found a college of seculars. "What, my lord, shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of bussing monks, whose end and fall we ourselves may live to see? No, no, it is more meet a great deal that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning, and for such as by their learning shall do good in the church and commonwealth." Oldham was right. At the Reformation, not only the colleges of regulars, but mixed colleges of regulars and seculars were swept away by the searching cupidity of the destroyer. Thus advised, Fox founded "a certain bee-garden, which we have named the College of Corpus Christi, wherein scholars, like ingenious bees, are by day and night to make wax to the honor of God, and honey, dropping sweetness, to the profit of themselves and of all Christians." The bees were a president and twenty fellows, and twenty disciples or scholars; and the honey to be made was, in part at least, that of the new learning which was now battling for admission, and of which Fox and Oldham were partisans. The founder shows his classical taste and his respect for the great examples of Greek antiquity by grounding his desire that his theologians should hear lectures on the practice of the Pythagoreans, who listened for five years without ever speaking. He requires his scholars to be instructed to such extent in Latin grammar and the approved authors of the Latin tongue, that they can dictate Latin letters off-hand, and make verses at least in a middling way. We have already noticed the statute which requires the fellows and scholars to speak Latin or Greek. But the great measure by

which Fox promoted classical learning was the institution of public lectureships, similar to those at Magdalen, but with different subjects. This he prefaced, like everything else, with his favorite metaphor of the beegarden and a classical allusion to the honey-bearing flowers of Attica and Hybla. The three lecturers are three herbalists, and bees are to swarm from the whole gymnasium of Oxford, with great results, not so much to themselves as to the English name. The first is the lecturer in humanities, who is to sow and plant the Latin tongue, and root out barbarity from the garden. His subjects include most of the good authors; the worst omissions being Tacitus and Lucretius. The second, and by far the most important, was the reader of Greek. This was the first regular provision made for Greek literature in Oxford, and a great literary victory in that day. The only great omissions in the subjects are Herodotus and Æschylus. But both in the Greek and Latin subjects some inferior authors, such as Pliny the naturalist, and Philostratus, are placed on a par with the best. The third lecturer was to read theology, and a preference is given to the more learned and ancient fathers over the more modern.

This classical Utopia was thrown into the shade by the foundation of Christ Church, and the magnificence of Wolsey. The English Leo began by founding seven public lectures in the University, one of which was for Greek, of which he too was a champion. Then a sweeping confiscation of small monasteries furnished funds for the foundation of a college with a hundred secular canons, a numerous choir, six public professors for the whole University, and four private professors for the college. Scholars were gathered from all parts, and some brought heresies with them. A grammar school was founded at Ipswich, to feed the college as New College was fed from Winchester. But the Furies of the murdered monasteries haunted the rising pile, chanting

*Hæc domus ex multis nuper conflata ruinis
Aut cadet, aut certe Dæmon habebit eam.*

His Majesty King Henry VIII. entered into possession of Cardinal College on the disgrace of his great minister. The foundation became a mixed cathedral and college, the former governing the latter. The hundred secular canonries became a hundred studentships, which were connected with Westminster School, while Ipswich died with its

founder. The professorships were lost. Yet Wolsey's grandeur lived in the greatness of his college. In the golden days of Westminster under Busby, Christ Church was at the head of English literature. Two of its deans, Aldrich and Cyril Jackson, have been dictators of Oxford, and the last at least was a most beneficent dictator. Christ Church has been the resort of men of rank; and to be the resort of men of rank is to produce statesmen. But to produce literary statesmen is a more unquestionable honor, and Christ Church has produced many. In the portraits which cover the College Hall, and form the test of its fame, a foreigner studies the physiognomy of English greatness. Huber thinks he can trace in them the physiognomy of party. He finds in the Tory face an admirable *materiel* foundation; and fancies that the "sly and slender features" of Canning, and his eyes "gleaming with a false light of higher intellect," are among the other Tories "as a fox among bears."

The fall of Wolsey was soon followed by that of his religion; and all the colleges were in danger. The courtiers, fleshed with the monasteries, hungered for the college lands, but the better part of Henry prevailed. Yet in the fierce times which followed, the University seems to have been reduced to death's door. It was swept by three proscribing visitations, which probably purged it of most of its conscience and much of its learning. And it was not till the peaceful and learned times of Elizabeth and James I. that the young gentry and nobility, resorting to the colleges, filled Oxford with a new life, and gave it the character it now bears.

Yet in the brief revival of Catholicism under Philip and Mary two colleges were founded by a pair of knightly friends, Sir Thomas Pope and Sir Thomas White. Sir Thomas Pope, a pupil of More and a minister of Mary, founded Trinity on the site of Durham College, which had been suppressed because its members were half regulars, "Trinity College," says Dr. Ingram, "stands at the head of those colleges which have been founded since the dissolution of monasteries; and Sir Thomas has the distinguished honor of being the first layman who bestowed on the University a portion of the wealth which came into general circulation upon that event." Sir Thomas White was a wealthy trader and Lord Mayor of London, when to be Lord Mayor of London was to be a great power in the realm. He seems to have founded St. John's on the model of New College, and to have copied Wykeham's statutes. St. John's

was connected with Merchant Tailors' and other schools, as New College was with Winchester. Both these founders were Roman Catholics. Sir Thomas White must have seen his college purged of Roman Catholics under Elizabeth. Sir Thomas Pope, according to Dr. Ingram, made provision in his college for the study of the Greek tongue and the Greek philosophy, and according to the same authority his plan of study had been approved by the Princess Elizabeth, who was placed in his custody by her sister.

Elizabeth first purged Oxford and then patronized it. On her two visits there she was received with Greek speeches and Latin comedies; for the Greeks had now completely triumphed over the Trojans, and classical literature and classical taste had expelled, as it seemed for ever, the mediæval school. Schools for the Latin language were founded in various places, Harrow and Rugby among the number, which supplied the colleges with classical scholars, and that educational revolution was consummated which, like all revolutions, seemed the last.

Queen Elizabeth, on the petition of Dr. Hugh Price, a Welshman, founded Jesus College for certain scholars of Wales to be trained up in good letters. Jesus College was very poor and humble in its beginning, and not to be compared with the great Roman Catholic foundations. It grew to wealth through benefactions, especially that of Sir Leoline Jenkyns, a Welsh civilian, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The statutes show the change from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism not only in the substitution of the Protestant service for the Catholic mass, and the oath which the fellows take to prefer that which is written to that which is not written, that which is true to that which is established; but in a softening of the mediæval and monastic rule of life. Furthermore, the changed relation between the Universities and the colleges, and the growth of the college education, is shown by the institution of college lectures on all subjects, and a more definite provision for the admission of commoners. Otherwise, Jesus College conformed to the old model. The permission to speak Hebrew has probably remained a permission; but one lesson, we believe, is read in Welsh.

Wadham College marks the learned reign of James I. Its founders, Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, were Roman Catholics, and their first design was to found a college for English Roman Catholics at Venice. But they were persuaded by a friend to build a

college for Protestants at Oxford instead. Whether they were converted in the interim does not appear. The affair probably marks the still fluctuating or indifferent state of some minds on the subject of religion. The lingering respect for celibacy, too, appears in the statute which prohibited the warden from marrying, and which has been popularly ascribed to the determination of the foundress, then a widow, that the first warden, who would not marry her, should marry no one else. Nicholas Wadham was cut off by death, and Dorothy founded the college on the site of a suppressed monastery of Austen Friars. The most remarkable points in its constitution are, that all its fellows are permitted to remain laymen, and that the fellowships are terminable. The last fact suggests that the fellowship in the older colleges, though not terminable by statute, were in fact generally terminated when the long course of university study was completed; especially when church preferment was confined to those who had taken the superior degrees. In having a body of undergraduate scholars, from which the graduate fellows were elected, the foundress of Wadham had been already anticipated by other founders.

Wadham may be almost said to close the history of the colleges. Henceforth, there are many benefactions, especially for undergraduates, who have now become the real students, but only two dubious foundations. The family fellowships of the Tesdales and Wightwicks at Pembroke were originally intended not as an independent college, but as an addition to Balliol. Though this college produced and neglected Johnson, its real importance is of yesterday. And Worcester College rather grew by a series of accretions than from the definite will and plan of any one founder. The colleges had now completely become the university. The few remaining halls had lost their nature when Leicester took into his hands as chancellor the nomination of their principals, the election of whom by the scholars gave the halls their free character. The proctorial cycle had been introduced, giving the election of the proctors to the colleges in turn instead of the university. The governing body was narrowed by Leicester to the heads of houses and doctors, by Laud to the heads. The university ceased to teach, and each college became a little university to itself. And little enough they taught, even in the judgment of their partisans, during the eighteenth century, and wretched was the state of Oxford during that period. The fellowships,

already close enough, to localities, families, and schools, were further closed by interest and corruption. The fellows became notorious only for their grossness and their port. What little literature there was, was chiefly of the classical kind. Even Aristotle's philosophy appears at one time to have been scarcely read. Theology, of course, still lived as a study in a university exclusively clerical. But the three faculties, with all their lectures and disputations, became, as two of them at least still remain, a mere jungle of formalities and fees. The beginning of this century saw a revival, in which Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, Eveleigh, Provost of Oriel, and Parsons, Master of Balliol, were the great movers.

If there is anything clear in history, it is that monasticism belongs to the Roman Catholic and not to the Protestant system.

And to us it is clear that colleges, as designed by their founders, are institutions essentially monastic. The difficulty has been evaded by dispensing with residence, that is, simply by destroying the whole idea and purpose of a college. And the foundation of colleges has ceased. Fellowships, and still more exhibitions, have been added to those which exist; but no one imitates Merton or Wykeham. This is simple historical fact, which it is useful to appreciate before the practical question is approached.

Those in whom this slight sketch may excite any desire to pursue the subject, had better commence by studying the published statutes of Merton, All Souls, Magdalen, and Corpus. It is in these, not in Wood or Huber, however great on the Universities, that the truth respecting the Colleges is to be found.

From Chambers's Journal.

MAGAZINES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THERE is, perhaps, no better way of acquiring a clear idea of the great changes which have taken place in society and literature within the last sixty years, than by looking over a few volumes of old magazines published prior to that date. Neither the books nor the newspapers of the last century convey so correct an impression of these changes, as that which may be gained from the monthly periodicals. We are so familiar with the works of Addison, Swift, Johnson, and Goldsmith, that we overlook in them many of the peculiar traits which distinguish their age. The newspapers of that period, on the other hand, are extremely meagre and jejune affairs: if they remind us of the progress which has been made since their day, it is rather by what they do *not* contain, than by the actual information they afford. But the magazines were what the newspapers are in our time, and something more. They give us at once the news, politics, literature, and science of the day, or rather of the month. In glancing over them, we are transported back to that bygone epoch—we catch the ideas, and discern the character and tendency of the time—we learn not

merely the history of passing events, but how those events affected the minds of persons who witnessed them and shared in them. When we read, in a modern work, a narrative of Lord Chatham's administration, or of the American war, or the Gordon riots, we may get all the material facts in each case, but we read them by the light of the present day, which we feel to be in one respect a false light. If we would learn how the occurrences were viewed at the time, and how they colored and shaped the public opinion of the day, and in their turn took color and shape from this opinion, we must have recourse to the contemporary magazines.

But without referring at present to any particular series of events, a great deal may be learned from a general inspection of the periodicals themselves, their number, price, style, and the nature of their contents. Here, for example, are eight or ten different magazines published about the same time, between the years 1780 and 1785. There are the *Westminster*, the *European*, the *London*, the *British*, the *Political*, the *Universal*, the *Town and Country*, the *Gentleman's*, the *Lady's*, and the *New Lady's*

Magazines; and several others existed, of which we have no specimens at hand. As the reading public of that day was very small when compared with the same public in our time, this affluence of periodicals is at first sight rather surprising; and our surprise is not diminished on remarking the low price at which they were sold, and the care evidently bestowed upon what may be termed the decorative portion of most of them. Here, for example, is the *European Magazine* for September, 1782, "price one shilling;" it contains eighty pages in octavo, and is, as the title-page states, "embellished with the following elegant engravings:—A striking likeness of Lieutenant-general Elliott, drawn by Miller, from an original painting in the possession of Mrs. Fuller; a large quarto perspective view of the Castle and Bay of Gibraltar, and the English fleet relieving the garrison in 1781; a view of the diving-bell and machinery used in the case of the Royal George; and four pages of music." Two of the engravings are in copper-plate, executed in the best style of the art, as it existed at that period. No monthly periodical of the present day would give so large a quantity of letter-press, with so many and such good illustrations, for the same price. Yet this is not the cheapest of the old periodicals. The *New Lady's Magazine* for June, 1786, "price only sixpence"—we quote the emphatic announcement of the title-page—contains sixty-six pages of print, and is "embellished with, first, a fine portrait and striking likeness of Princess Amelia, engraved by Page; secondly, a representation of Mrs. Inchbald, as Lady Abbess, in the *Comedy of Errors*, engraved by Wooding; thirdly, a striking likeness of Mrs. Wells, in the character of Jane Shore, engraved by Wooding; fourthly, a new fancy-pattern for working an apron, &c., &c., drawn by a capital artist; fifthly, two cuts, representing the disposition of a table of two courses for the month of July, adapted to the *Lady's Assistant in the whole Art of Cookery*; and sixthly, *The Charms of Summer*, a new song, set to music by Mr. Hook." Here, it will be seen, is, in fact, an illustrated *monthly newspaper* (for the magazine contains the usual summary of current intelligence), for the price at which a weekly paper of the present day is sold.

This last sentence conveys probably the true explanation both of the singular cheapness and the remarkable number of these monthly periodicals of the last century. They supplied, in a great measure, to the

people of that day, the place both of the magazines and the weekly papers, political as well as literary, of our time; in some degree, indeed, they trenched upon the province of our daily papers. The magazines, it is well known, were the first to give reports of parliamentary debates, and a good deal of other highly interesting news appeared originally in their pages. In every magazine, without exception, a considerable part of each number was devoted to the current intelligence of the past month—not a political commentary, such as is given by certain monthly periodicals at present, but a regular digest of home and foreign news, very much in the style usual in our weekly papers. In fact, readers in that era of slow coaches and uncertain packets, were content to receive their news once a month; while the dullest of us, in these railway and steamship times, must know what is going on in the world at least as often as once a week. Thus we see how it happened, that although the number of readers at that time was comparatively small, yet, as the magazines had, so to speak, almost a monopoly of the literary market, they may have had a larger circulation than that of the ordinary monthly periodicals of our day, and so have been enabled, as is the case with our weekly literary papers, to give a good deal of matter at a low price.

This, however, is evidently not a complete explanation of the facts which at first perplexed us. A careful examination of these antique magazines shows that they must have avoided, in a great measure, one of the chief sources of expense to a modern literary periodical—namely, the payment of contributors. Their proprietors relying, as they did, mainly upon the attractiveness of the news, and the pictorial embellishments, which they offered in profusion, neglected the merely literary part of their publication. This portion of the magazine was supplied, for the most part, in the manner in which some of the weekly newspapers of the present day are accustomed to furnish a modicum of literature to their subscribers—that is to say, partly by the gratuitous contributions of casual correspondents, and partly by copious extracts from newly published works. Young and untried writers, who were anxious to see themselves in print; unsuccessful authors, whose works the publishers would not buy; sufferers, who had grievances to proclaim; and speculators, who had projects to bring before the world, addressed themselves to some one or other of the magazines; and a composition must

have been very indifferent indeed, or very exceptionable, which was refused admission. A page in every number is usually occupied by the "acknowledgments" of the editor to his correspondents, rendered either in the form of thanks for their "favors," or suggestions for the improvement of their writings. It is well known that most of the authors of those days made the first essay of their powers in the magazines. Johnson, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, and, in fact, almost every writer who subsequently attained distinction, entered the field of literature through this always open and inviting avenue. It is observable, however, that in no instance did these eminent authors, when they had risen to fame, continue to write for the periodicals. The returns for literary labor were then small enough at the best; but while a successful book might bring some gain to the writer, both in money and reputation, the best contributions to the monthly periodicals produced little more than the "thanks" of the editor. The literary staff of a magazine in those days seems to have consisted of an editor-in-chief—a post which was sometimes filled by the publisher himself—and of three or four "hack-writers" of the humblest class, whose business was mostly in the way of compiling, extracting, making summaries, and writing to order, as occasion required. In looking over these publications, one gets a lively, and at the same time a very dismal idea of Grub Street. We see that the public, solicitous chiefly about the news, were contented with a very indifferent quality of literature; and the publishers, naturally conforming to the public taste, expended so much in procuring intelligence and attractive pictures, that they could only afford to pay for the work of the lowest literary craftsmen. We thus begin to understand how it was that the last century produced that swarm of dull and needy writers, the objects of Pope's cynical ridicule, of Goldsmith's careless bounty—always in want, yet always managing to pick up a scrambling and haphazard subsistence in the obscure byways of literature. All the qualification a magazine writer needed in those days, was a mere aptitude for putting words together in such a manner as would convey a meaning; subject and materials were provided for him by his employer; style and learning were superfluities, not required or paid for. As we turn over the pages of these antiquated serials, we distinguish without difficulty the works of the luckless heroes of the *Dunciad*, or their compeers. Here we find an account of

Cook's first voyage, running through a dozen numbers of the *Town and Country Magazine*. It is condensed, we see, from Hawkesworth's narrative, with all the animation squeezed out of it, and is apparently about as interesting as a log-book. Then we have a description of the counties of England and Scotland—another dreary series of articles, exactly in the style of a gazetteer, and no doubt compiled from a work of that class. Biographies of eminent men, done in the same literal and unattractive manner, occupy a considerable space. For light reading, we have hapless attempts at humorous essays in the style of the *Spectator*, and "moral tales," generally of a most absurd and lackadaisical character. Here, for example, is the opening paragraph of one which ought to be rather above the ordinary mark, inasmuch as it was thought worthy of being "embellished with an engraving from the design of a celebrated artist." It is entitled "The Infant Rambler, or Distressed Mother," and begins in the following fashion:—"Eliza was a person of the most delicate feelings; she was married to a gentleman whose sentiments were equal with her own. He was taken ill; his illness turned to a putrid fever; and though attended by the most celebrated physicians, was summoned to that tribunal at which we must all appear." It will be observed, that in this affecting passage a slight lapse of the writer's grammar has summoned the fever instead of the patient to the ultimate tribunal. Justice to departed Grub Street, however, requires us to add, that there appears to be no harm in such compositions, beyond their invariable dulness and their frequent absurdity.

The great improvement which has taken place in the character of our periodical literature, has usually been ascribed to the influence of the example set by the *Edinburgh Review*. But, in fact, the existence of this example itself, and the change to which it is supposed to have led, are due to two causes—the French Revolution, and the spread of education among the people. The manner in which the French Revolution operated indirectly in changing the form of English literature, is a curious subject, which the elder D'Israeli, or some other historian of literature, would have found worth investigating. We do not now refer to the grander and more profound effects of that great convulsion, but simply to the peculiar influence which it had in giving a new shape, style, and character, to the productions of our periodical press of every description.

This effect was produced in a very simple way, though one that has perhaps never been clearly stated. It has been before remarked, that during the greater part of the last century, the monthly magazines supplied the place of our present weekly papers, as the purveyors of news to the great mass of the reading-public, and that the attractiveness which they derived from this office, secured for them a large circulation, without reference to the quality of their literature, to which, consequently, little regard was paid. But the exciting events of the French Revolution, and of the wars which followed it, led to an eager demand for news, which could not be satisfied by a monthly publication. The daily papers rose largely in circulation, and assumed a new character, no longer confining themselves to the mere collection of intelligence, but beginning to comment freely and regularly upon the events of the day. Finally, to satisfy the taste for mingled politics and literature—a taste which had been originally awakened by the monthly periodicals—the weekly papers were established, or recast, and, after various changes, gradually assumed the form which they have at the present day—a form which, it may be added, appears to be peculiar to this country and the United States.

Deprived of their functions as chroniclers of news, the magazines were compelled thenceforward to depend for their success entirely upon their literature; and to render this attractive, its quality had at least to be raised to the level of that of most contemporary works. It could not be supposed that the public would continue to purchase the trashy compilations and inane fictions which had merely been tolerated before, by most readers, for the sake of the parliamentary debates and monthly digest of intelligence which had accompanied them. Now that

these were withdrawn, it was certain that the newspapers and the circulating libraries would supply in Great Britain, as they did on the continent, the wants of the reading public, unless an entire change should be effected in the character of the monthly and quarterly serials. It was undoubtedly Francis Jeffrey who first perceived the necessity for this change, and showed how it was to be effected. By paying the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* at a rate corresponding to that at which the authors of successful books were usually paid, he secured for the Review the regular co-operation of some of the ablest writers in the country; and while the merit of their productions won for the Review a great and remunerative success, they had the effect, at the same time, of raising the general standard and character of periodical literature. The diffusion of knowledge and of cultivated tastes over a constantly extending circle of readers, no doubt contributed not a little to bring about this consummation. But there can be as little doubt, that the excitement of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars hastened the change, and gave it a peculiar direction and result. For one effect, it swept away, with the single exception of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has always had a special circulation and support, the whole brood of the old periodicals, doubtless because their conductors could not comprehend, or adapt themselves to, the change of circumstances, and the new spirit and wants of the age. The existing magazines are the products of these new conditions; and, as was before remarked, it is not till we have compared them with their predecessors, that we obtain an accurate perception of the wide chasm in literature which separates the era of our great-grandfathers from our own.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.—It is understood that the nearest of kin to the Stuarts, now living, is the present King of Sardinia, and that the last descendant in the direct line was Cardinal York, who died some years since in Rome, and was interred in the Vatican, where a tomb is erected to his memory, inscribed, "Henry IX., King of England." It is said that George IV. treated the Car-

dinal very generously, and paid him an annual pension; and that the tomb which claims for the last of the Stuarts the title of King of England was paid for by George IV. This fact is conclusive that the Romish Church has never acknowledged the reigning family, as it cannot be supposed that George IV. conceded that Cardinal York was King of England.

From the North British Review.

THE DUKES OF TUSCANY.

OUTSIDE the San Gallo gate of Florence stands the triumphal arch raised to commemorate the entrance of Francis III., Duke of Lorraine, and of Maria Theresa of Austria, on the evening of the 19th January, 1738, into the capital of their new dominions. That arch—a heavy imitation of the arch of Constantine, by an architect of Lorraine—stands as a great land-mark in the history of the Tuscan Dukedom. The very sculptures that deform it speak of a new dynasty in old Etruria—the double-headed eagle grasps in its claws both the sceptre and the sword. Giovanni Gastone, the last of the Medici, had been borne to his tomb in San Lorenzo, to that magnificent chapel, the burial-place of his family, where the marvellous figures of Michael Angelo—"the ghosts" of Julian and of Duke Lorenzo—"are sitting on their sepulchres." Decrepit and diseased, the worn-out profligate had sunk childless to the grave, and the fairest region of Italy was freed from a race that for three centuries had been "its glory and its shame."

We do not care to dwell on that dark record which constitutes the history of the later Medici, and we have no time to describe Tuscany as it was in the days of that old priest-ridden Cosmo III., whom Addison describes so spicily in his "Travels." We wish rather to speak of Tuscany in later days, and whether fortunately or unfortunately, we have "no end of books" on such a subject. We have given a sample above, and we think it peculiarly *apropos* that a history like Zobi's, so elaborate, and so thoroughly liberal, should be just now in course of publication. Captain Napier's six heavy Dutch-looking little volumes had by no means exhausted the more valuable materials of "Florentine History," and on the reign of Leopold I. they were peculiarly defective. And we thank Signor Zobi especially for his ample treatment of the great ecclesiastical questions which excited Tuscany seventy years ago, and are now in some degree exciting it again; and for those chapters on the clergy, that read like a tale of the Decameron, even in the

pages of a sober historian. Mr. Whiteside's book has at least received the stamp of public approval, as it has reached a fifth edition. Few of our modern writers on Italy have produced a work so readable; and this makes amends for a variety of smaller matters which we are not at all disposed to carp at. We have had occasion to admire at times the happy art with which an intelligent tourist, whose "stay is limited," contrives to work up the loose materials of a few street pamphlets, through which he has spelled his way by aid of dictionary, into a handsome volume, of which, the chances are, the information so liberally communicated by couriers and waiters, and *commissionaires*, aided by the unfailing "Murray," forms the staple. Mr. Whiteside, who very properly does just as he likes in these matters, has evidently picked up some of his details from such "distinguished" and "standard" authorities, and we do not know any one who has made better use of the litter of street pamphlets. A tract of Massimo d'Azeglio, well meriting a place—a history of St. Philomena, by some abbate of marvellous credulity, or of strong faith in the credulity of his readers—and, above all, "The True Story of Beatrice Cenci," condensed from a little nameless volume about as authentic as the "History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," as we strongly suspect Mr. Whiteside knew right well—besides law and literature, manners and morals, and the want of both as a variety. Such a book is just what a traveller needs, neither too heavy nor too trivial or sufficiently comprehensive—

"Quidquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli."

Signor Farrini's third volume, though perhaps less interesting on the whole than the two which preceded, indicates, we think, decided progress in the art of writing history, and in truth the loose slippery second-rate newspaper style of his earlier volumes afforded considerable room for improvement. It is already known to all who take an interest in Italian matters by the translation of Mr.

Gladstone—a book much better than the original. It is to be regretted that that accomplished translator did not choose instead the far more profound and interesting volumes of the Marquis Gualterio of Orvieto, unquestionably the finest work that has yet appeared on the history of Italy since 1815. It must be admitted that the task of translating would have been considerable, as the five volumes already published bring down the history only to 1847; and at this rate, ere the work be completed, there may very possibly be another revolution, and materials in abundance for a few additional volumes as a sequel. Still, were the documents that are appended simply passed over, the mere text of Gualterio would give a far more perfect idea of the great Italian parties to an English reader than any other work we could name: and we do not yet despair of seeing some attempt made to “do” it into our vernacular. Meantime, in addition to sober prose, we have a distillation of Italian politics in poetry, under the attractive though somewhat enigmatical name of “Casa Guidi Windows.” We have no time to criticise at length a poem so vigorous and so beautiful, and calculated to take so high a place for its own merits, apart from the interest of Italian politics. It is, in short, the poetical apotheosis of Young Italy; and yet that young gentleman is pretty soundly lectured before his canonization. Our object is more sober, and less ambitious: and leaving Mrs. Browning to watch the Arno as it shoots “right through the heart of Florence,” we would occupy ourselves in tracing the political history and prospects of Tuscany, as suggested in these and sundry other works, “too tedious to mention.” They are of special present interest, seeing that all Tuscany has been excited of late by sundry attempts to abolish her boasted legislation, and especially the laws of the first Leopold.

We shall endeavor to convey an idea, in as few words as possible, of the great outlines of that policy which raised Tuscany to so high a place among civilized nations, and of those laws, which for more than a century have been vitally connected with the social and political wellbeing of her people. The Regency that governed Tuscany in the absence of Francis II.* made no progress for years towards the removal of the glaring abuses of the Medicean legisla-

tion: even Richcourt and Rucellai feared to provoke too hastily the jealousy of the Court of Rome by any measure that might be construed into resistance of Papal authority, and hence their policy was rather that of defence than that of aggression. The history of the Regency may be summed up in a few words: a long struggle with the Church, with clamorous monks and refractory bishops, the Franzonis of their day, aided and abetted by the Papal Court in their opposition to the very appearance of reform; another co-ordinate struggle with feudal nobles in the Apennines, surrounded with their *bravi* and banditti, such as are painted in Manzoni's romance; an ineffectual attempt on the Maremme; a few useful laws, and a step in advance towards the principle of Free Trade, but little real improvement on the condition of the country. The priests were still in the ascendant; the Jesuits were the tutors and schoolmasters in the land of Macchiavel and Galileo; the two universities, Pisa and Siena, languished under a rule that would have made the very sun stand still in obedience to the Canon law; learning had decayed—even painting and sculpture had degenerated; the Della Cruscan Academy alone flourished in all the insupportable pedantry of “word-catchers that lived on syllables.”

And such was the state of matters in 1765, when PETER LEOPOLD, the younger son of Francis I. and of Maria Theresa, ascended the Grand-Ducal throne at the early age of eighteen. The rival claims of Austria and Spain had been adjusted by the marriage of the young prince with the Infanta Maria Louisa, and Tuscany assumed again the position of an independent kingdom. The State was too small to be a gainer by taking any decided part in European contests, and Leopold's first aim was to establish its *strict neutrality*; and this point being so far secured by his relations with Spain and Austria, his efforts were directed, during the twenty-five years of his reign, to the internal improvement of his dominions, so as to make of Tuscany a *model kingdom*. His first great measure indicated the whole course of his future legislation: a year after his accession the harvest having failed, and a famine threatening the land, Leopold at once freed grain, native and foreign, from all commercial restrictions, and inaugurated that principle of Free Trade which he afterwards made the law of the State. Gian Gastone was still wearing out his days in Florence when Sallust Anthony Bandini, a priest of Siena,

* Francis III., Duke of Lorraine, is known as Francis II. of Tuscany, and Francis I. of Austria.

presented to the ministers of the Grand-Duke his project of Free Trade in Corn as the great remedy for the miserable condition of the Sanese Maremme. The Cobden of those days was considered as either knave or fool—the ministers did not know exactly which—but at all events they could see no earthly connection between commercial freedom and the draining of the Tuscan marshes. But the Sanese archdeacon was persevering as an Anti-Corn-Law-Leaguer, and not only wrote his "Economical Discourse," but supported by Pompeo Neri, the ablest Tuscan jurist of his day, he obtained a trial of his principles from Francis II.; and when the first expositor of those days was no longer living to plead them with his "unadorned eloquence," they were established as a fundamental law of Tuscany, and with such results as to silence all unprejudiced opponents. It was the industry of a free people that tamed the Alps of Switzerland, and reclaimed from the ocean the lands of Holland; the Huguenots of France would have settled in the Maremme after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had not the weak and illiberal Cosmo III. prevented them, and driven them elsewhere with their arts and their industry; and Bandini rightly judged, though he dared not speak it plainly to a Medici, that it was not simply from natural causes, but from the effects of long misgovernment, that those wide tracts of country that had contained a large part of the population of old Etruria were now reduced to pestilential marshes. The colonists of Lorraine died in those fatal swamps; of the thousand who had been introduced in the time of the Regency, only thirty-five remained when Leopold began his work of amelioration, and the depopulated region had become still more dreary by being made a place of exile for political offenders. Between death and the Maremme there was but little to choose, and it required all the German perseverance of Leopold to carry on the work of reclaiming; but his new system of leasing the waste lands, and his liberal expenditure of means, produced a marvellous change, though his task was left unfinished; and it was reserved for the second Leopold to acquire still greater glory, according to Giusti's Satire, by draining "the pockets and the marshes" of Tuscany.

To note all the Leopoldine reforms would be to write the history of five and twenty years, during which one measure followed another with a rapidity almost unparalleled in the history of modern legislation. The

commerce of Tuscany revived; Leghorn especially made marvellous progress; and if the new policy was injurious to the craft of a few grasping monopolists, it tended to promote "the greatest good of the greatest number." The pernicious system of farming the revenues was abolished; ecclesiastical property (and even the Grand-Ducal patrimony) was subjected to taxation, and the revenue increased; the whole system of finance was revised; the national debt was in great part paid off; a municipal system was established; the old Medicean Consulta abolished; leases, entails, intramural interments were disposed of in succession; and, in fine, in November 1786 was published that Criminal Code which has obtained an European celebrity. The old instruments of torture, memorials of a bygone legislation, were burned in front of the Bargello. We have neither time nor taste for examining the merits or defects of the Leopoldine Code, as it has been since both tampered with and perverted. It had nothing corresponding to our English Habeas Corpus or trial by Jury—its moral estimate of crime was in many points defective, and mild to a fault—the entire abolition of capital punishment was a measure more than questionable; and Leopold himself, and afterwards his son, re-established the penalty of death, though not with any very just appreciation of the great law which should guide the legislator in a subject so momentous; but we are ready fully to accord with Forti and Galleati, that it is "the most generous code that ever issued from the Cabinet of an absolute prince."

But it is more to our purpose to glance at those ecclesiastical reforms which Leopold, directed chiefly by the Senator Rucellai and the Bishop of Pistoia, carried out so boldly in opposition to the Papal Court. Mr. Whiteside has suggested the propriety of republishing the life of Scipio de Ricci for the benefit of Italy—a measure, the expediency of which may be fairly questioned. The value of that remarkable book—remarkable when it was first published—lies very much in the documents which are appended, and the revelations they make of all that was polluting in the conventual life of Pistoia and Prato. It would be like opening to the public the closed chambers of the Museo Borbonico, for the sake of a lecture on moral depravity. And that life itself is one of the clearest proofs that an attempt at reforming Roman Catholicism has but slender chance of success, and that another

standard must be lifted up in Italy than the yellow flag of the keys and mitre. The Pope who condemned the Synod of Pistoia was Pius VI.—“that honest Braschi who drained the pontine marshes”—and to come to later times, the few years of the Pontificate of Pius IX. might dissipate for ever the idea that Romish infallibility can deny itself and change; so that even Gioberti himself has entirely given up, in his “*rinnovamento civile*,” his first and favorite theory of Italian regeneration by means of a reforming Papacy. There is one stanza in the “*Casa Guidi Windows*,” (the twenty-sixth,) which contains more good sense, besides good poetry *gratis*, on the subject of reforming Pontiffs, than some volumes written of late, *ex professo*, on that debated question; and as long as a Pope “must hold by Popes,” and “by Councils from Nicea up,” or rather down, “to Trent”—as long as he must “resent each man’s particular conscience,” and sit “attesting with his pastoral ring and staff,”

“To such a picture of our Lady, hit
Off well by artist angels, though not half
As fair as Giotto would have painted it,”

and as long as he must do a thousand things besides, according to the Canons, we do not expect that either Pius IX. or any future Pius, Gregory or Benedict, will ever sit in the chair of Hildebrand, “with Andrea Doria’s forehead.” But this by the way. The life of Scipio de Ricci, very creditably expurgated, is now before the English public, and had the editor condensed it into a single volume, the book would have lost nothing of its value. Besides, in these days of Athenian thirst for novelty, Mr. Roscoe ought to have avoided the appearance of foisting his two octavos on the public as the translation of something new, in fact, “of one of the most popular works of the day.” *Davvero!* We were impressed with the conviction that De Rotter’s “*Vie de Scipion de Ricci*” had been published in Brussels in 1825, and we remember glancing over the misty volumes with that title, which bore all the appearance of having been thumbed for a quarter of a century. That old book of De Rotter is on the whole a dull and tedious narrative, and all that it contains of value to a modern reader has long since been better told elsewhere. Especially Zobi’s chapters on ecclesiastical matters are worth half a dozen volumes like De Rotter’s.

Yet Scipio de Ricci merited a biography of some kind. He was a Jansenist, devout and pure in morals as Arnauld or Pascal,

though far beneath the intellectual measure of the great Portroyalists; to him more than to any other, Leopold was indebted for those ecclesiastical principles which he wrought into the laws of Tuscany. We enter on this subject more at length, because Leopold II. is now undoing the work of his wiser ancestor, and because Piedmont is fighting the same battle at the present day that was fought in Tuscany in the eighteenth century.

At the period when the Medicean dynasty became extinct, (A. D. 1737,) Tuscany, with a population of 890,608, had no less than 27,108 ecclesiastics, (Zobi, vol. i. p. 323,) and fully one-third of the whole country was the property of the Church. The land was of course a little monkish Paradise, just like Palermo, as Lord Shrewsbury pictured it forth the other day to the Milesian imagination of Father Fogarty. Popish ideas, however, differ on these points, and it was discovered that the monastic interpretation of certain commandments of the Decalogue was—to say the least—peculiar. Rome threw the shield of her protection over “the holy order of St. Dominick,” and the offending names of Prato and Pistoia, whose almost inconceivable immorality had been brought to light by Ricci; but notwithstanding the intrigues of the Holy See, the obnoxious convents were suppressed, and stringent laws were enacted, regulating the mode of admission in future into the monastic orders, and determining the age at which the habit or the veil could be assumed, with other regulations as to dowry, tending to dry up the resources of the recluses. The Mortmain laws of 1751, which the senator Rucellai had introduced during the regency as the first check to an increase of priestly wealth and power, were still further extended in 1769, and in twelve years the number of the friars was reduced to nearly 2,000, and the convents had sunk from 321 to 213. Besides, the regular clergy, with all the conventual establishments, were subjected directly to the authority of the bishops—a measure violently resisted by Rome, for the friars are the great Papal militia for the upholding of the Papal rule throughout Catholic Christendom. The bishops again were chosen by the Government, and the Pope was limited to the simple ceremony of confirming the appointment. It was a thoroughly Erastian proceeding of course, but Rome is a great political organization rather than a Church, and claims the right of interfering, by virtue of its spiritual supremacy, in the civil administration of kingdoms professedly indepen-

dent. When the Roman Catholic clergy made a violent outcry against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill introduced by Lord John Russell, they were perfectly well aware that in every one of the Catholic kingdoms they had been subjected to laws far more stringent than that mild protest against Papal aggression.

The Papal tribunals claimed the right of publishing bulls, acts, indulgences, and the prohibitory index, without the authority of the Government; and, above all, the bull "In Cœna Domini," with all the "improvements" of Ghislieri, was duly read on Holy Thursday, putting forth the supreme authority of the Pope, by right divine, over the princes and subjects of every Catholic State. These claims were met by the royal right of the Exequatur, which prohibited all such publication without the authority of the civil power. It is marvellous with what unity of purpose the Romish Church has continued for centuries to sustain the power she has usurped, and to contend inch by inch for every vestige of her dominion. The Mortmain laws had been established elsewhere, by the Dukes of Savoy—by the Princes of Este in Modena and Ferrara—by the Republic of Genoa—and, above all, by Venice. Siena, the great Ghibelline city of the Middle Ages, had wisely restricted the acquisition of property by ecclesiastics; but Florence, with her Guelphic sympathies, had allowed the religious orders to encroach till they held "in dead hands" one-third of her possessions. But the Exequatur was embodied even in the Florentine statute of 1415, which contained provisions equivalent to the "Provisors" and "Præmunire" of our English statute-book: and in the time of Cosmo I., when the decrees of the Council of Trent were published in Tuscany, they were first authorized by the Grand Duke, and confirmed by the authority of the Florentine Senate.—(*Zobi*, vol. ii. p. 84.)

The readers of St. Priest may remember his singularly graphic description of the visit of the two sons of Maria Theresa—Joseph II. of Austria and Leopold of Tuscany—to the city of the Church, on the death of the old Rezzonico.—(*Fall of the Jesuits*, chap. iii.) There can be little doubt of their influence on the conclave that elected Ganganelli; and, at all events, when the brief was issued that suppressed the Jesuits, (July 21st 1773,) it immediately received the Royal Exequatur in Austria and Tuscany. The Company of Jesus had been introduced into the latter State by Laynez, at the invitation

of Eleanor of Toledo, wife of Cosmo I., and had succeeded in establishing their colleges in all the great towns of the Duchy. Lorenzo de Ricci, the general of the Order at the time of the suppression, was himself a Florentine, and a near relative of the reforming Bishop of Pistoia, to whom he bequeathed his silver crucifix: but the rooting out of the formidable society was a part of the plans of Leopold; their colleges were closed and their property confiscated; their "House of Exercises," in the old fortress of San Miniato, was dismantled, and their few books added to the rich collection of the Magliabecchian Library, and after 220 years they were finally driven out of Tuscany. *The brief of Ganganelli is still the law of the State.* The Jesuits as an order have never been able to obtain admission since, though but lately it was attempted to introduce the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the precursors and outriders (we beg pardon of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart for such a phrase) of the Company of Loyola; and till the laws of Peter Leopold are abolished, they can never legally re-establish themselves in the land where they had signalized both their science and their devotion by the imprisonment of Galileo. The Jesuits at first resisted the Grand-Ducal order, and then had recourse to "pious fraud" in seeking to keep up their society under its new symbol of the Sacred Heart, but at last they were obliged to yield, by either secularizing themselves or going into exile. A few clung to the old walls of their dismantled "Houses," while others acted with the spirit of real patriots, and

"Left their country for their country's good."

This measure was followed by the abolition of the right of sanctuary. Leopold had concluded a Concordat with Pius VI. in 1775, but finding that Rome could turn the most seemingly liberal agreement to her own advantage, he resolved in future "to have nothing to do with Concordats," but to act on his own authority. The sanctuaries were cleared accordingly of the robbers and assassins who had sought the protection of the Church to avoid the penalty of their crimes. The Foro Ecclesiastico, and other privileged courts, were still in existence, but in 1778 the tribunal of the Nunciature was abolished, and then the tribunal of the Holy Office (in 1782.) Even Republican Florence, though adhering to the great Guelphic party, had resisted the interference of the Popes with her internal administration, and it was only in 1560 that for the first time a Papal Nun-

cio held court within her walls. But the Inquisition—and it is well to recall it in these days of re-action—had a prescriptive right of more than 500 years; for, more than five centuries ago, there were adherents of “the pure gospel” in the fair city. The Paulicians or Paterini had a numerous party, but Dominick of Guzman had just headed an exterminating crusade against the Albigenses on the plains of Languedoc, and the dog with the blazing torch—the chosen and appropriate emblem of St Dominick—ere long lighted his fires in Italy. Fra Pietro of Verona, better known in the annals of his order as Pietro Martire, roused the Florentines against the unoffending Paulicians, and the result was not so much a civil war as a massacre. In the Via Guicciardina, opposite the Church of Laura Felicità, on the spot where one of these extraordinary battles was fought against the Paterini, stands a column surmounted by the statue of the terrible Dominican. The knife in his hand marks him out at once as “St. Peter Martyr,” though few perhaps of our English tourists, and fewer still of the occupants of the “Via Guicciardina,” have ever inquired why that statue was erected to the Grand Inquisitor. A few glaring cases of persecution gave Leopold the fitting opportunity of closing the ecclesiastical prisons and burning publicly the instruments of torture. There are, unfortunately, too many ways of making up for the loss of that Spanish enginery, but except in Rome, doomed to all that is exceptional, the Inquisition in the old form exists nowhere in Italy. The abolition of the Foro Ecclesiastico, and the subjection of the clergy to the civil law in common with other members of the State, and a few other measures of lesser importance, completed the defence which Leopold was so long constructing against Papal encroachment. The Siccardi laws in Piedmont, and the clerical censures on Santa Rosa, may give some idea of the value which Rome attaches to the Foro Ecclesiastico.

The internal reforms of the Church which Ricci carried out in his own diocese, and which Leopold resolved to introduce generally, were of too short duration to produce any very marked effect on the clergy or the people. Holding the opinions of the Jansenists, or at least the four points of the Gallican Church, Ricci denied of course the Papal infallibility, and maintained the right of bishops to hold synods in their own dioceses. He styled himself, in his pastoral letter convoking the famous synod of Pistoia (1786), “bishop by the grace of God,” omitting the usual ad-

dendum “and of the Holy See:” he treated the Limbo of infants as “a Pelagian fable,” and Indulgences as a superstition: he advocated the use of only one altar in the church, the celebration of mass in the vulgar tongue, and the unveiling of images that were superstitiously venerated. These reforms, and the rigid discipline exercised on the friars, whose conduct was far from being edifying, excited the whole country against the “heretic” bishop. The synod of Pistoia was eminently successful, but the council of Florence, convoked the year following, came to quite an opposite conclusion on the “fifty-seven points,” which Leopold, with the minuteness of a Sacristan, had submitted for discussion. A riot was excited in Prato, in Ricci’s own diocese, against the innovations, the ostensible object of the uproar being to protect the altar of the cintola, or girdle of the Virgin Mary. The “riot of the Madonnas” was only part of a great scheme, and the unfortunate bishop was obliged to seek refuge elsewhere. For a time he was protected by the Grand Duke, but when Leopold assumed the purple of the Cæsars, on the death of the Emperor Joseph in 1780, the re-action could no longer be controlled. The demolished altars were rebuilt, the images veiled again, the companies re-established, the synod of Pistoia was condemned by the Pope, the bishop weakly recanted, though, like Galileo, he did not change his mind, and after years of persecution, and even imprisonment, “the Reformer of Catholicism in Tuscany” died broken-hearted at his villa of Rignano.

The work of Peter Leopold thus remained unfinished, “like the Florence churches,” and hence the partial success of his system. It is true the times were unpropitious, and the people opposed to the “berlicche berlocche” of their philosophic ruler. His own agents at times, and we might say very generally, favored in secret the public disaffection. The only sincere reformer in the council of Regency, appointed on his removal to Vienna, was the senator Francesco Gianni, who in a few months was obliged to seek refuge, like Ricci, from the popular violence. Pompeo Neri, the jurist Rucellai, the auditor and authority on all ecclesiastical questions, and Angelo Tavanti, his oracle on finance, had all died before Leopold’s removal. The Jesuit Summating, Leopold’s confessor—for with strange inconsistency he chose a confessor from the society he had suppressed—was a principal agent in the reaction, especially in all matters connected with the

Church. But besides, the whole system of Leopoldine reform, admirable as it was, and far in advance of anything that modern Italy had yet obtained, had been forced despotically on an unprepared and reluctant people; and when the directing hand had ceased to guide it, it stopped at once. The people had not risen to the mark of the legislator, and the laws had descended from the elevation of a philosophic despotism, instead of springing spontaneously from the advancing civilization of a nation. Leopold had given no constitution, and had not always filled up the void made by his abolition of the laws of his Medicean predecessors. It is true he had a constitution, *in petto*—a kind of Scotch Presbyterian regime for the government of the States by municipal councils, provincial councils, and a general assembly meeting annually, with the Grand-Duke for moderator. But that constitution "imagined by Peter Leopold" was never granted, and even Gianni's memoir, which has preserved the outline, was not published till long after the death of the prince. This singular memoir, written in 1805, remained as a dreary remembrance of an opportunity that had been allowed to pass, and as a protest against a return to the old Sanfedism.

The first years of FERDINAND III. were unpropitious. France was beginning to heave to the earthquake; and Italian princes felt the ground beneath them trembling. For fifteen years Ferdinand was an exile, and Florence had her courts of Bourbons and of French. Old Forsyth remarked in his day that the French occupation was the great epoch from which everything was reckoned—"avanti i Francesi"—"nei tempi dei Francesi"—"dopo i Francesi." The French have certainly the merit of inaugurating a new era in Italy. The new impulse given to education and science, the great public works undertaken, the French system of taxation, the Code Napoleon, the suppression of convents, and the new regulation of the Church, were far in advance of the old miserable compound of priestcraft and despotism that constituted Italian government. Fossombroni presented to Napoleon a memoir in behalf of Tuscany, such as no other estate of the Peninsula could have presented, but for a time all Italy was constrained to succumb to "les idées Napoléoniennes." The French rule has left one or two traces on the Tuscan statute-book; but in the Restoration of 1805, though there were imperialists and liberals, the Leopoldine party prevailed, and Ferdinand III. preserved, though not in its integrity, the

system of his father; and again when Leopold II., "now happily reigning," as the Court Almanac says, succeeded in 1824, he began his reign with an eulogy of his "immortal grandfather." And, first of all, the praise of preserving the traditional policy of the house of Lorraine, in the Grand-Ducal States, is due to the great Tuscan statesman of the day—that Victor Fossombroni whose monument, a masterpiece of Bartolini, stands in Santa Croce among the tombs of the great Florentines; but a new liberalism was springing up in the universities, and among the more enlightened classes of the community, which required something more than a system stereotyped for nearly half a century; and among the higher ranks of the citizens there were men who advocated *progress*, that the government might keep pace with the growing civilization of the country.

It would be unfair to measure the aristocratic liberals of Tuscany, such as the Marquis Gino Capponi, or Cosimo Ridolfi, with our English Whigs, or with the conservative statesmen of a country that has had its parliament for centuries. Florence, first of all, and afterwards Tuscany, had been jealous of their national independence; but the citizens had scarcely ever enjoyed a fair measure of civil liberty, and even Fossombroni, who defended the first so manfully, but very imperfectly comprehended the second. The whole habits of a people cannot be new-modelled in a day, and we do the constitutional party in Italy injustice when we test their measures by the perfection of that slow growth of centuries which is the glory of our British civilization. And then we must take into account the element of the Papacy from which the Reformation happily delivered us. We were ready enough to sing "Io Pean," when Mazzini gave law from the Capitol, instead of the Pope from the Vatican, and certainly so far the change was for the better; but the slow work of rooting out the deeply seated superstition of a Romanized population had still to begin. It was no great change on the mere materialism of worship when the Bambino of the Ara Coeli, the little miraculous wooden doctor of the Franciscans of the Capitol, made his rounds in the triumphal chariot of Leo XII., and the devout Romans of the republic of 1849, shouted, "Viva il Bambino democratico!" or when Guerrazzi taught his applauding Livornesi that Christ was the highest model of a democrat. Standing between despotism on the one hand, and popular superstition or wild extravagance on the other, the Italian Liberals of the mode-

rate party, like Count Balbo and Massimo d'Azeglio in Piedmont, or Gino Capponi in Tuscany, had no easy position to maintain against the two extremes; and though we believe that *their* system will never accomplish the moral regeneration of Italy, till it has reached a higher point than their party has yet aimed at, we would not on that account let loose the tide of French democracy, or inundate the Peninsula with the gospel of Lamennais.

But side by side with the moderate reformers rose the young Liberals of the universities, Guerrazzi, Salvagnoli, and Forti of Pescia, impatient of the slow and timid movements of the elders of their party. With these were associated the like-minded of the other states, such as Tommaseo, Leopardi, and Pietro Giordani, who had sought the freer atmosphere of Tuscany, or had been driven to seek it by the iron rule that prevailed elsewhere. The "Autologia" of Florence was their "Edinburgh Review," giving utterance as boldly as it dared to the new ideas, till the Government most imprudently silenced the ablest scientific and literary journal of Italy. Besides these, Tuscany had its poetic Liberalism, the grand dramas of Niccolini, and the exquisite satires of Giusti. But the man who was destined to occupy the most prominent position was F. D. Guerrazzi, whose trial for high treason is now attracting so large a share of public attention in the Peninsula. The history of that Leghorn lawyer has been written in part at least by himself, and that little volume of "Memorie" addressed to Mazzini in 1849, notwithstanding its ridiculous pomposity, we think most valuable for its picture of the Italian democrat; we should like to dwell on that curious autobiography, tracing the gradual development of the "greater part of the family of mortal sins" in the character of the hopeful youth, till he became a student of Pisa, and saw Lord Byron, and read his poetry, for this makes one great epoch in the history. The wandering "Childe Harold" was then in Pisa—in popular estimation a spirit of evil in human form on some dark and mysterious errand to the children of men—but in the eyes of the wondering student, the very Apollo of the Vatican. Byron henceforth became "his master and his model." Banished for a time from the uni-

versity for too keen an appetite for politics, and in after life closely watched by the police as a restless conspirator brooding dark schemes and plotting nobody knew what—dodged by the *gens d'armes*, for the paternal government *temporibus illis* kept a keen look out upon its subjects, and most kindly wished "every man quiet and peaceful with a wife and at least four children"—imprisoned once or twice on mere suspicion, and liberated again without knowing why or wherefore—and then banished again to Portoferraio, where he planned his romance on the Siege of Florence. Guerrazzi, in short, had laid up "capital" to be turned to account when opportunity should offer. His romance especially was a fierce defiance of the powers that were in those days; he "wrote a book because he could not fight a battle," and here is his picture of his own romance,—

"I thought it charity to ply all the tortments used by the ancient tyrants and by the holy office, and to invent others still more atrocious to excite the sensibility of this land fallen into miserable lethargy; I wounded it and poured into the wounds brimstone and burning pitch; I galvanized it, and God only knows the trembling anxiety with which I saw it open its closed eyes and move its livid lips. . . I chose the part of Prometheus and wished to animate the statue, even though the vulture shall prey upon my vitals for ever."—(*Memorie*, pp. 94, 95.)

A taste for the tremendous—*le gout des émotions*—was sure to be gratified by that patriotic romance, and even the Queen Mab could hardly match the wild profanity of those which preceded or followed. A whirlwind to move the waters of the Lake Alphatites—a blessing or a curse from heaven, it mattered little which, if Italy should live—and if not,—

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!"

Such were the grand ideas of that school of Romanticism by which a new era was to be brought in. And are these the men who are to dry the tears of the Niobe of nations? Are these the prophets of the future? To the credit of Mazzini we do not hold him accountable for the wild excesses of his party: there is a sublimity in his faith in the destinies of Italy that raises him above the mere reverses or the successes of the moment—a poetry, a sentimentalism that refine and elevate the prophet of the "Republic one and indivisible"—an earnestness and devotion in his Pantheistic creed that set him far apart from the grosser materialists. But

* This monthly review appeared first in 1821, and ceased in 1832. Among the contributors, besides those named above, were Ridolfi, Capponi, Inghirami, and Romagnosi.

let the truth be freely told of all, and certainly the extremes in the Italian struggle were Despotism and Priestcraft on the one hand, with Democracy and Pantheism on the other.

We do not set forth Guerrazzi as a type of the Tuscan Liberal, though his book procured him such incredible popularity, that Gualterio speaks of it as marking an epoch in the history of the revolutionary movement. (*Rivolgimenti*, vol. ii. p. 52.) In fact Guerrazzi partakes more of the nature of the Sicilian or the Corsican* than of the refined and gentle Tuscan. The national character in the land of painting and of song has been softened down almost to effeminacy, and is sadly wanting in vigor and independence. In the Florentine, acute, polished, and graceful—true son of “la gentile Firenze”—the heroism of the old Republican has died away. He can raise a cenotaph to Dante, but “Dante sleeps afar” beside the pine trees of Ravenna, and his native city wants even the ashes of the stern old Ghibelline. That single city—the judgment is Mariotti’s—has given birth to more great men than all the rest of the peninsula, but the tombs of Santa Croce are a poor defence against the brute force of the Austrian.

The “paternal Government” of Leopold II., guided by Fossombroni, and afterwards by Don Neri Corsini, was occupied at first with the material improvement of the State. Infant schools, normal schools, the education of the deaf and dumb, savings banks, and the draining of the Maremme, were quite enough for a ministerial programme. Education was the mania, and it is but fair to mention Raphael Lambruschini, nephew of the old illiberal Cardinal, as foremost in the work. Reforms of law and railways came later, but for a time Tuscany was turned into a kind of large academy. A grand *festa*, the meeting of the scientific congress at Pisa, the inauguration of a statue to Galileo, a magnificent discourse from Rossini, and a thousand other things, and Tuscany was quiet under her mild absolutism. The affairs of Rimini disturbed the frontiers

a little in 1845, but “the manifesto of Rimini” was corrected and modified at Pisa, in the rooms of Montanelli, a professor of the university, and Renzi was allowed to pass through Tuscany when flying from the *sbirri* of old Pope Gregory. It is true when the Grand-Duke visited Rome in 1841, Gregory XVI. extorted some kind of promise that he would repeal at least some of the Leopoldine laws; but the minister, Don Neri Corsini, refused to sign any act that would mar the work of Peter Leopold, or change the traditional policy of the Palazzo Vecchio; and the Pope, in his allocution read in the next consistory of Cardinals, made bitter reference to the disappointment of his hopes, and to the slippery Grand-Ducal faith:—“*Sed celsissimus illi Dux quas nobis promisit non tenuit!*” (*Gualterio*, ii. 71.) Such promises were considered “more honored in the breach than the observance;” and in those days Massimo d’Azeglio printed in Florence his fearful exposure of the Papal Government. But on the death of Don Neri Corsini, in 1845, when the Paver and Baldasseroni ministry came into power, a policy of approximation to Rome and Austria began. Even in 1846, when Rome suddenly became liberal, Tuscany was retrograding, and the Government seemed to have passed into the hands of the police at the Palazzo Non-Finito. The elements of a revolution were gathering on every side, but Leopold II. was blissfully unconscious: “il n’avait rien su, rien vu, rien prévu.” It was not, however, the time precisely for concentrating all power in the person of the Grand-Duke. The enlightened Liberals of Florence—the Baron Ricasoli, the Marquis Gino, Capponi, Cosimo Ridolfi, the advocate Salvagnoli, and others, had the courage to warn the Government of the impossibility of turning back the spirit of an enlightened age to the theories of the later Medici. In Pisa, Montanelli, mild, dreamy, and fantastic, now Mazzinian and democratic, and again Giobertian and theocratic, changing with every new idea that roused his fancy, was exercising a paramount influence on the youth of the University, and Guerrazzi was supreme in Leghorn. There was no liberty of association, of speech, of the press, and it was only by papers clandestinely printed that the wants and demands of the people were made known. And these demands of the Tuscan Liberals were eminently moderate; the leaders of the movement in Florence were men of the highest education and character; the Pisan professor was of too pliant material to

* We give as an illustration the epitaph to his father’s memory which Guerrazzi inscribed on the tablet under the portico of the church at Montenero:—

Hic intus
Francisci Guerratii
incontes cineres
Expectant postremum Dei judicium
Sine pavore.

His father he describes as a man of no religious profession.

be much dreaded—wood perhaps for the manufacture of a Mercury, but certainly not the block out of which to carve a Brutus. The Government at last gave way,* and granted Liberty of the Press, (May 1847.)

We have no intention of telling over again the old story of the Revolution. It was the same thing everywhere—the press, the civic guard, a constitution, Custozza, Novara, and the reaction. But two matters are important at present—the political career of that remarkable man whose trial in the Florence courts is now exciting an almost exclusive attention in Italy, and the claims of Tuscany generally on the gratitude and good faith of the Grand-Duke. After one or two liberal measures in 1847, the Marquis Cosimo Ridolfi became minister, and Tuscany kept pace in reform with the best of Italy. A constitution was solemnly granted in February 15, 1848; then came the war and the cabinet of Gino Capponi. The Pisan students, with Montanelli at their head, had fought valiantly at Curtatone, where Montanelli had been wounded, and borne as a prisoner to the citadel of Mantua. The news of his death had been spread at home, and funeral honors decreed him, but having returned afterwards by an exchange of prisoners, his popularity was unbounded. But the Mazzinian agitation had begun, “the war of kings had ended,” and Italy must henceforth trust to “the war of the people.” A certain democratic orator, wonderfully gifted in his way—Padre Gavazzi may perhaps remember the name—reached Leghorn, declaimed, and was arrested; an uproar followed, and, finally, in September, the insurrection of Leghorn. To quiet the insurgent city Montanelli was appointed governor, and managed his affairs so well that in a month he had ousted the ministry, and, in company with Guerrazzi, was in the cabinet at Florence, with war and the constituent for his programme. The “Apostolic Pilgrim” of Gaeta, however, anathema-

tized the constituent, and the poor Grand-Duke, filled with spiritual terrors, consulted the Pope on his new position. The answer may be easily imagined, and the Grand-Duke himself, attached to the old paternal absolutism, had never liked the new ideas, and, following the pontifical example, fled to Gaeta.

The ministry resigned, and the scene that followed was a stirring one. In the Piazza of the old Florentine Signory—the scene of so many a drama, under the Loggia of Oragna, where the priors of the Republic had given way to the hired guards of the Medici, and where the Perseus of Cellini still stands sword in hand, holding up the head of the Medusa—the Circoli held their noisy meeting to decide on the affairs of State. They elected a Provisional Government, and appointed Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Mazzini ministers. We dare say the scene was quite as fine as any old Guelphic or Ghibelline triumph in the annals of Florence, but it lacks the halo of antiquity to make it imposing. Cæsar Augustus, in a fashionable Parisian costume, or Dante dressed *à la mode*, would be sadly reduced in our imagination. We suppose, judged by the standard of our modern civilization, even the godlike kings who fought at Troy would be about on a par with as many chiefs of American Indians fighting for a handsome squaw. Had the thing happened in our days, it would have been settled diplomatically by a *chargé d'affaires*; even Lord Palmerston would not have thought it necessary to send round the Channel fleet to the mouth of the Scamander, to put an end to a quarrel so disreputable, and the whole *matériel* of Homer's deathless Epic would have been condensed into a column of the *Times*. It is a comfort to think that these modern scenes will become grander as they get older.

The triumvirate—the Republic proclaimed at Leghorn—the decisive defeat at Novara—Guerrazzi dictator, and Montanelli sent to Paris—a dispute with Mazzini on the *unification* or fusion of Tuscany with Rome—a counter revolution in favor of the Grand-Duke—Guerrazzi in opposition, and at last sulkily giving in—the Grand-Duke recalled, and Guerrazzi imprisoned—Leghorn bombarded by the Austrians—the Grand-Duke's return in the uniform of an Austrian general—the reaction, imprisonments, and a trial *three years after*—such is the modern history of Tuscany.

But there are matters of more importance connected with this reaction than the trial of Guerrazzi and his associates, and which de-

* Gualterio has devoted a whole chapter to Mr. Cobden's visit to Italy at this time. In Tuscany, he native ground of the Free Trade principles, the Academy of the Georgofili inscribed his name on their Album, where the name of Sir Robert Peel had been inscribed before. The ministers Paver and Baldasseroni took part in the public homage to the Free Trade agitator. When Cobden rose to give thanks for this honor, he certainly touched a point peculiarly suitable to the time:—“We succeeded,” he said, “because a great minister had comprehended the duty of changing his opinion, and what is more honorable for him, had the courage to confess it.” The eyes of the academicians were turned to Paver and Baldasseroni. (*Gualterio*, vol. v. p. 446.)

mand the attention of the European governments.

And *first* of these is the threatened absorption of Tuscany into the Austrian empire. It would be tedious to follow the persevering attempts of Austria to make Tuscany a mere fief of the empire, or to appeal to the long list of treaties that establish its independence, from the Quadruple Alliance of 1718 down to the Treaty of Vienna in 1815, for the diplomacy of the Tuscan succession would fill a volume. But especially since the rival claims of Austria and Spain were adjusted by the treaties of 1765, (for we do not speak of the cession of Lorraine to France,) the preserving of the distinct independence of Tuscany, and its separation from Austria, has been the unvarying policy of the younger or Italian branch of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine. Leopold I. maintained it firmly against the emperor Joseph, and when he himself was Kaiser, he adhered most scrupulously to his former policy. After the general overturn of the continental governments, and in the re-organization of 1815, Tuscany was fortunate in having such men as Fossombroni and Don Neri Corsini to defend its ancient rights "against all deadly;" and if treaties are of any value, the 100th article of the Treaty of Vienna put the independence of Tuscany under the safeguard of the great powers of Europe. Yet even this did not prevent new attempts of the Imperial Cabinet on the autonomy of the weaker State, and especially in 1824, on the death of Ferdinand III., the Austrian minister at Florence was directed to concert with the heir of the Crown the terms of the proclamation announcing his accession, and thus, to maintain the appearance of feudal rights in the Grand-Duchy, Count Bombelles went accordingly to the Arch-Duke Leopold, but was received instead by Fossombroni, *as minister of the new sovereign*. The Ambassador, disconcerted by this reception, announced that he was sent to the Arch-Duke Leopold, but Fossombroni replied that he was authorized by His Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand-Duke Leopold II., to receive any communication made to him as Secretary of State. The Austrian diplomatist was *not* in fact received by the heir of the Crown, and the next morning, the same proclamation that announced the death of Ferdinand, announced also the accession of Leopold II.

Since the restoration of 1849, in direct opposition to the policy of a century, and to the spirit, at least, of the general law of Europe, as established by the Treaty of Vi-

enna, Tuscany has been a garrison of Austrian troops. Let it be remembered that the forcing of the *constituent* on a Constitutional Sovereign was the work of a noisy minority—that the democratic ministry and the dictatorship fell in less than six months after their formation, and that the Grand Duke was recalled by the acclamation of the people: and on what plea was that convention between the cabinets of Florence and Vienna for the occupation of Tuscany by Austrian troops signed in the April of 1850? The Tuscan Court would perhaps have preferred a restoration by force to the spontaneous movement of the people: certainly Rome and Naples would have considered it more *à la mode*: but when Leghorn had yielded to the troops of Baron d'Aspre, and the overwhelming majority of the Tuscans desired to settle down under the constitutional regime, on what plea is a land professedly independent still trodden down by the feet of the Austrian soldiery? Is the spirit of the treaties of 1815 to be violated, that Austria may sit like an incubus on the Italian peninsula, and that the heir of the "Holy Roman Empire" may not only abolish the wise and tolerant laws of the Emperor Joseph in the Empire itself, but also enable the scarlet despotism of the seven hills to remove the ancient landmarks which the legislature had set up in Italy itself against its exorbitant pretensions? Austria is thus consolidating her power in unfortunate Italy, and every where in favor of despotism and priestcraft: and the only plea that can be urged is this, that the restored governments of 1849 have become so *intolerable* that they cannot exist without the protection of the Austrian bayonets. England cannot look on carelessly, and that commercial treaty which the Cabinet of Vienna (if the rumor be true) is attempting to force on prostrate Tuscany, may yet teach her that her own interests are concerned in demanding that the Austrian troops should be withdrawn from a kingdom which the general law of Europe has recognized as independent. Something has been already done in this way when the able diplomatist now at Florence retrieved the singularly mismanaged Mather business, but *that* was a slight matter to the English interests that will be involved, if Tuscany be virtually absorbed by Austria.

Again, the whole Leopoldine legislation is in danger of being overthrown, and civilized Tuscany reduced to the model of Naples and the Pontifical States. We shall not waste time in noticing the miserable intrigues of

the agents of the Papal Camerilla to induce the weak and superstitious Leopold II. to undo the whole work of the former princes of his house. We have sketched as fully as our space would permit the Leopoldine system under which Tuscany had prospered for a century: but we may allude again to its three great principles according to the definition of the Tuscan jurists. 1st, Laicity of the State, *i. e.*, its independence of Papal control. 2d, Equality of all in face of the law; and, 3d, Economic liberty. Or let us state these principles more fully, so as to convey a more adequate idea of a system that is connected with the whole civil life of the people, that comes home to their bosoms and business, and touches their interests every hour. The neutrality and distinct political independence of the State: liberty of conscience: civil emancipation of the Jews, and subjects not Catholic: a mild criminal code with public trial of the accused: equality of taxation, and the abolition of municipal immunities: the nomination of bishops by the State, and the Exequatur as a defence against Romish aggression: the suppression of the *Foro Ecclesiastico*, of the Inquisition, and of the Jesuits: the mortmain laws and abolition of entails: the regulation of conventual discipline: municipal liberties, and a constitution "looming in the future." Such is the system that in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in a kingdom civilized beyond any in Italy, is in danger of being abolished that Tuscany may swarm with monks and friars as in the palmy days of Cosmo de Medici.

It is right to state that the agents in these intrigues are Lucchese. That little Duchy of Lucca, incorporated with Tuscany in 1847 on the death of Maria Louisa of Parma, had not partaken of the Leopoldine reforms: and has now furnished agents, of whose character the less we say the better, to do the work of the not very scrupulous Court of Rome. The abolition of the laws emancipating the Jews, entire priestly control in the matter of education, and the free action of the Church according to the old regime, were the first matters proposed: and even at present the Jewish liberties have been curtailed by the abolition of the constitution: schools and teachers have been entirely subjected to the control of the clergy by the late law on education, and by the concordat of April 1851, the Church has made the first grand step towards resuming all its former privileges. The Concordat was professedly a mere instalment, and yet it establishes

the complete freedom of the clergy in their ministry, and the publications relating thereto, and in their communications with the Holy See. Bishops were left at full liberty henceforth to commit the Lent preachings and missions generally to whomsoever they pleased: and, besides, the censorship of books treating *ex professo* of religious matters, and the authority of prohibiting to the faithful the reading of any book whatsoever, were committed to the four Archbishops of Florence, Pisa, Lucan, and Siena, the sixteen bishops, and their enlightened, liberal, and tolerant clergy. The subject of marriage belonged of course to the canon law. And the fifteen articles of this Concordat of the 25th of April were agreed on and signed by Cardinal Antonelli, and the minister Baldasseroni, at the very time when Piedmont, having passed the Siccardi Laws, was preparing to erect the very bulwarks that Tuscany had thrown down. The first great step then has already been made towards the abolition of the whole system of Peter Leopold: the ultimate aim, from which the Papal Court has never for one moment deviated since the days of Pius VI., being to re-establish the old mortmains, the ecclesiastical immunities, the Inquisition, and the Jesuits! A comprehensive programme this for 1852! To the honor even of the Baldasseroni and Lauducci ministry, be it said, that they have hitherto resisted these last proposals, and the Lucchese agent of the Papacy has been dismissed for the time from the Cabinet; but unless the representatives of such great powers as are still free interfere to protect the sacred rights of a whole people, or another revolution shake the central seat of continental despotism, Tuscany is now too feeble to defend the laws to which her sovereign was sworn.

The third point which we notice is the entire abolition of the constitution of February 15th, 1848. It is needless now to appeal to the oath of the Prince, or to the solemn promise given verbally by Leopold II. to the Tuscan deputies at Gaeta, and afterwards repeated in the proclamation of the 1st of May 1849, to preserve and to develop the constitutional regime he had instituted. The great example of political immorality had been already given by Pius IX. Austria, too, has set aside without compunction the constitution of the 4th of March, and, unfortunately, examples are but too abundant; and yet we are justified in citing the case of Tuscany as the most glaring. We exclude France, of course, which as becomes an ori-

ginal, independent, and free-thinking nation, never condescends to follow any stereotyped course or ecclesiastical canon for making oaths and breaking them. In Italy, however, there is a plain, ordinary, Macadamized road, by which reactionary princes invariably travel. But let it be remembered that what Tuscany sought was not Democracy, (we except the few now under process, and their adherents,) but constitutional government. The Medici themselves had not abolished the old "Council of Two Hundred," and "Senate of Forty," which represented the popular element; and the first Leopold, had the times been propitious, would have extended that representation to the whole State. Before the reforms of 1848, during a hundred and ten years, the Austrian Grand-Dukes and the French had introduced and promoted a new civilization, and it cannot be said of the Tuscan people that they are now unfit for constitutional government. They are educated and intelligent, temperate and moderate: they have been accustomed to municipal forms, and they have a history and traditions of greatness, and a name imperishable in the annals of Italy; and with all these claims, their cities must be guarded by foreign soldiers who cannot speak their language, and their every movement watched by spies and the police. That system of spies and informers, above all, tends to corrupt and de-

moralize, and by none of the Italian dynasties has it been plied more perseveringly than by the princes of Lorraine. Even Leopold I. spent enormous sums on spies; it was a taste of his family, and his Austrian mother kept spies on him; and it is notorious that Leopold II., who keeps his subjects under such infamous *surveillance*, is himself watched on behalf of Austria. There is no free press—no liberty of speech—suspicion and distrust prevail; and cases are but too well known in which the priest has divulged the secret of the confessional, the wife "informed" upon her husband, and the father on his child. And through the ever-watchful police, imprisonments take place, and cases are gravely tried on the most ridiculous pretences. We shall merely cite one such case. A confectioner of Siena had prepared in the materials of his "calling" a figure of Italy, and adorned it with the three national colors—a fine thing for children to look at in the cook-shop window! The confectioner was cited before the tribunals, and "the great gingerbread case" became famous among the lawyers of Siena. There was no law, however, on the statute-book that made a parti-colored cake offensive to the Grand-Duke, "his crown and dignity;" and the confectioner, triumphantly acquitted, was allowed henceforth to work out his politics in pastry.

From Hegg's Instructor.

NOTES ON PIANOFORTES.

BY SIGISMOND THALBERG.

It is necessary, in the first place, to notice the fact that music, though perhaps, of all the fine arts, the first in the order of cultivation in every country, has been certainly the very slowest in its development. In all its sister arts we look for the finest productions to the past, and in some cases to very remote periods of European civilization, while the great productions in music belong, as it were, to the present time, and are nearly all in-

cluded in the last seventy or eighty years, certainly in the last century. For ages, even amongst the most cultivated and polished people, music was confined almost wholly to melody, and its execution was bounded by the natural powers of the human voice, slightly and artistically cultivated; and to instruments, most of which were exceedingly imperfect. But the pleasure from music even then was derived from a complication

of separate effects; from the quality of the tone, from intonation or variation in the degrees of gravity and acuteness, from modulation, or the departure from and return to the principal key, from rhythm, or divisions into equal groups, from the modes of expression—*staccato* and *legato*, *forte* and *piano*, &c. And from the various movements appropriate to different feelings, from the solemn *adagio* to the merry *presto*, this complication of the elements of pleasure was increased by the employment of instruments in accompaniment to song, at first in unison with the voice, which gradually led to counterpoint, which in its turn immensely increased and varied the effects of music, caused the science to be far more studied, induced numerous experiments in musical acoustics, and gave a new and more elevated character to musical compositions. New instruments were invented, and old ones improved. Accompaniments began to be composed to vary and heighten the effect of the melody, by using different figures of intonation, and orchestral effects were produced by appropriating different instruments to particular purposes. Then harmony, properly so called, began to be cultivated, or the flow of different melodies in harmonic agreement. At length came the great masters—as Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c.—who gave an entirely new intellectual and real artistic character to music, by employing in their compositions subjects appropriate to the character intended in the particular piece, and breathing the different elements of musical pleasure in a methodical and artistic manner.

These great composers thus elevated music to a level with its sister arts, and made the pleasure to be derived from it, like that from painting, complicated and refined, requiring a certain education in the hearer, as in the observer, to be able to understand and appreciate its higher productions; so that we may now include music with the other fine arts, in so far that the uncultivated taste feels only this or that element of pleasure, while the cultivated taste appreciates all the elements employed, and reaps the full enjoyment of the most beautiful productions of art.

In this progress of the art, composers found all the aid they desired for the composition of melody in the truth and flexibility of the voice and the violin; but, for their orchestral and concerted pieces, they could not keep in their studios bands of musicians. To meet this exigency, they employed spi-

nettes, clavichords, and harpsichords, and afterwards pianofortes, which, though feeble instruments of no great compass, answered this purpose so well, as to become universally adopted by composers. This use of this class of instruments led to the peculiar capabilities of the pianoforte being thoroughly studied and appreciated; and the composers repaid their obligation to the instrument by writing for it many of the very finest productions in music, and by practising the execution of these productions to such an extent, as to be able to bring them before the public with the greatest *éclat*. The importance which the instrument had thus gained, led from time to time to its improvement and enlargement, and this again to still finer compositions being produced for it, and to the adaptation for the pianoforte of all the best orchestral compositions; so that the advance of the art, and the improvement of the piano, have had a mutual effect upon each other, until it is now beyond all question the first of musical instruments, both to the profession and to the cultivated classes of society.

More than three centuries back there were in use two kinds of small instruments with key-boards; the clavichord, of a square shape, having strings of catgut, which were vibrated by bits of hard leather about a quarter of an inch long projecting from the side, and at the upper end of the jack, which was operated on immediately by the inner end of the key; and the clavichord, of nearly the same form as the present grand piano, having strings, which were vibrated by plectrums of quill or hard leather. These limited instruments, with others of kindred forms, such as virginals, spinettes and harpsichords, continued in use, with very slight improvements, for two hundred years, until the beginning of the last century, when in 1716, Marius presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris a clavecin, whose strings were vibrated with hammers instead of plectrums. This was a very great step, wholly changing the quality and character of the tone of the instrument, and making it in reality a new and different one; in fact the embryo piano. Two years after, Christoforo, at Florence, introduced some further improvements in the instrument, and produced what has generally been considered the first piano. But the new inventions, although immeasurably superior to their predecessors, had great difficulties to contend with, and were a half century in fighting their way into any considerable degree of favor. However, in 1760, Zumpe in England, and Silbermann in Ger-

many, had established small manufactories of the piano, and it was successfully competing with its more established rivals, as is sufficiently shown by its having been adopted and used by Haydn, who left sixty sonatas composed expressly for it. Gluck also adopted the piano, and we have seen the instrument on which he composed his *Armida* and other works, made for him by Johannes Pohlman in 1772. It is but 4½ feet in length and 2 feet in width, with a small sounding-board at the end, the wire of the strings being little more than threads, and the hammers consisting of a few plies of leather over the end of a horizontal jack working on a hinge. The instrument, compared with a fine piano of the present day, is utterly insignificant and useless, and it is difficult to conceive how it could have been used for the purposes it certainly served, till we reflect upon the importance to the composer of having at instant command any description of orchestral effect.

About this time Sebastian Erard made the first pianos in France; in the following year Stodart patented in London a combination of the harpsichord and grand piano; and, in 1783, Broadwood took out a patent in relation to the piano. From this period pianoforte makers rapidly increased in every part of Europe, especially in Germany, England, and France, showing how broad-spread became the estimation of the instrument. Since 1786, up to the present moment, hardly a year has passed without the appearance in England alone of patents for real or imaginary improvements, countless experiments being made, most of them totally empirical and unimportant, but some, especially in the last thirty years, truly scientific, resulting in the enlargement and improvement which we now find.

In 1786, Gieb took out a patent for what is called the grasshopper action, which is still in use for square pianos, in the dampers of which improvements were patented in 1794 and 1798 by Southwell. In 1800, Sebastian Erard, to whose genius the pianoforte is so much indebted, patented the upward bearing of the strings, which was a very great and scientific improvement, now almost universally adopted. In 1810, Thom and Allen patented compensation metallic tubes, which were adopted by Stodart in the grand piano. These tubes, firmly fixed at one end, were made moveable in a slide at the other, to allow them to contract and expand with changes of temperature. They had not the

slightest compensating effect as intended,* but they were very effective for bracing, and certainly gave much greater strength to the frame. In 1821, Pierre Erard brought his first repetition action, and, in 1824, patented a complete system of metal-bracing for the grand piano, by bars firmly fixed at both ends to plates and abutments of metal, and employed a number of thicknesses of oak glued together in a mould to form the bent side, thus obtaining such increased strength of frame as to permit thicker wire to be used in stringing, from which he discarded brass altogether, and employed steel strings throughout the scale, which was followed, in 1827, by a new repetition action. Broadwood, Collard, Kirkman, Stewart, Wornum, and a few other makers, have likewise contributed in various degrees at different times to the progress of the instrument.

During the first years of this century, two systems chiefly prevailed with regard to the grand piano, the older one followed by the London makers, known as the English system, and the newer one in Germany, called the Vienna system. The difference was principally in the action, that of the English being the common grand action, the origin of which is unfortunately unknown; and that of Vienna, a new action invented, it is said, at Augsburg, by an organ-builder. The old grand action gave a more powerful blow, and produced a fuller and finer tone, while the lightness of touch of the Vienna action afforded far greater facilities of expression, and caused it, therefore, to be adopted by most of the eminent pianists of the time. This is not at all to be wondered at, when we consider the immense importance of the action of the piano, in bringing out the elements of expression which are peculiar to the instrument. Between the mind of the player that conceives, and the string that expresses by its sound the conception, there is a double mechanical action, one belonging to the player in his fingers and wrists, the other to the piano in the parts which put the strings in motion. No two piano players touch the instrument alike—that is, no two players have the same mechanical action in their fingers, or produce the same tones; and the difference in the style and degrees of excellence of pianists is more owing to this than to any other cause. It is, therefore, self-evident, that that part of the piano which

* And yet for that very purpose they continue to be used by many celebrated makers up to the present time.
—Reporter.

continues the action of the fingers, and completes the connection between the mind of the player and the strings of the instrument, should have a delicacy and a power answering as near as possible to those of the hand of the player. Every difference in the action of the piano will give a corresponding difference in tone and expression; and hence this part of the instrument has at all times been justly considered of paramount importance, not only by the great professional pianists, but by the highly-cultivated amateur player. Now, however, we have an action, the invention of the late Sebastian Erard, which gives a more powerful blow than the old grand action, and a far more rapid and delicate effect than the old Vienna action—thus combining the advantages of both systems.

To give an idea of the degree of perfection attained at the present day in the construction of the piano, we will describe one of the grand pianos in the Exhibition.* This instrument is $5\frac{1}{4}$ feet in length, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in its greatest width; its frame is of enormous strength, compared with the instruments of former times, being heavily braced with wood below the strings, having a complete system of metallic bracing above the strings, firmly abutted, and consisting of longitudinal bars led into metal at each end, and having the curved side formed of a number of separate pieces glued together in a mould to insure durability and fixedness of form. Its sounding-board extends to the frame on all sides, except the space left for the action. The strings are made entirely of steel, and of wire so thick, that the tension necessary to bring them to the proper pitch produces an aggregate strain equal to at least twelve tons weight, while they are passed through studs drilled into the metal-wrest plank, thus giving the strings an upbearing position, which prevents the slightest displacement of the point of contact by any force of the hammers; and the system of placing the strings on the instrument, determined by accurate acoustic experiments, caused them to be struck by the hammer at the precise nodical point which produces the freest and clearest tone. The compass is extended to seven octaves from A to A. The action of this piano is described by Dr. Lardner, in a work just published on mechanics, as a 'beautiful example of complex leverage in the mechanism which connects the key and hammer. In this instrument the object is to

convey, from the point where the finger acts upon the key to that at which the hammer acts upon the string, all the delicacy of action of the finger; so that the piano may participate, to a certain extent, in that sensibility of touch which is observable in the harp, and which is the consequence of the finger acting immediately on the string in that instrument without the intervention of any other mechanism.' The power of this instrument depending on the quantity of matter brought into vibration, the resonance, or the perfection of that vibration, depending on the correct proportions of its parts, and the accuracy of intonation depending on the nature of the bridging, the proportions of the strings, and their arrangement with regard to the blow of the hammer, are all most admirable; while the action depending on the peculiar mechanism employed far surpasses everything else of the kind, for it enables the player to communicate to the strings all that the finest formed and most skilful hand can express, and becomes, as it were, a part of himself, reflecting every shade of his feelings, from the most powerful to the softest and most delicate sounds. This action is, indeed, so perfect, particularly in its power of delicate repetition, that if any note is missed in execution upon it, it is the fault of the player and not of the instrument. Many persons have a very meagre notion of the power of expression possessed by the pianoforte. The fact is, however, that it really possesses almost all those elements of expression which belong to any other instrument, and several which are peculiar to itself, from the circumstance of the various parts of music adapted to the instrument being brought out by the same hand and same feeling. An immense difference of volume of tone and of effect is produced by the manner of touching the keys and by the use of the pedals, especially upon an instrument of great power, fine quality of tone, and delicate mechanism in the action.

The manufacture of the piano as a branch of trade is of very great importance, from the superior character of the principal workmen, and the vast numbers employed, directly and indirectly, in connection with it. In all the cities of the civilized world, there are numerous makers of this instrument, with immense numbers of workmen; and in most secondary towns throughout Europe there are small makers; while the increase of the number of pianos, compared with the population, is every year more rapid, a circumstance which is not observed with regard to

* Mr. Erard's, in the British Department.

other musical instruments. This is corroborated by the fact that some years ago, pianoforte music constituted only a very modest portion of a music-seller's stock; whereas now it fills more than three-quarters of his shelves, and makes his chief business. The number of teachers is something wonderful: many are reduced ladies, who find in this exercise of their acquirements the most available means of support. Every professional pianist has often had occasion to exercise his kindly and generous feelings in recommending and assisting accomplished women, whose helpless families would otherwise have been utterly destitute.

The social importance of the piano is beyond all question far greater than that of any other instrument of music. One of the most marked changes in the habits of society, as civilization advances, is with respect to the character of its amusements. Formerly,

nearly all such amusements were away from home and in public; now, with the more educated portion of society, the greater part is at home, and within the family circle—music on the piano contributing the principal portion of it. In the more fashionable circles of cities, private concerts increase year by year, and in them the piano is the principal feature. Many a man, engaged in commercial and other active pursuits, finds the chief charm of his drawing-room in the intellectual enjoyment afforded by the piano.

In many parts of Europe this instrument is the greatest solace of the studious and solitary. Even steam and sailing vessels for passengers on long voyages are now obliged, by the fixed habits of society, to be furnished with pianofortes, thus transferring to the ocean itself something of the character of home enjoyments.

From the British Quarterly Review.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.*

AMONG the Chinese, the "middle kingdom," as it is called, has a history stretching back to a period long anterior to the day when Adam was created. Its first man (and therefore, of course, the first man,) was named Pawn-hoo, who was also (we should suppose with very trifling difficulty) the ruler of the world. Arrayed in a kingly vesture of verdant leaves, with horns like the branching antlers of a noble stag, and teeth like the protruding defences of a sturdy boar; of superhuman stature, and super-Chinese sagacity, his reign was the reign of a beneficent sovereign, who blended with the pomps of his primeval royalty the utilities of navigation. He taught men how to hew a passage through the stony hills, and told them many of the deep and sacred mysteries of earth and heaven. The brightness of his glory is partially obscured by the thick mists of thousands of intervening ages; yet how great must that glory have been which has

in any degree survived such countless possibilities of oblivion!

Pawn-hoo was succeeded by the imperial dynasties of heaven, earth, and man. The first embraced a period of 18,000 years, and the reigns of thirteen brethren. The second, the same length of time, distributed among eleven brethren. The third extended through the mighty space of 45,000 years, and the rule of nine brethren. The thirteen blessed the world by their meditation and self-purifying inactivity, the eleven by calculations of times and seasons, and the nine by the details of government and offices of State. During their supremacy, moreover, was accomplished perhaps the most important of all discoveries, for "males and females originated food and drink."

This is the purely fabulous of Chinese history; regarded as such by their own literati. These persons and achievements are alike the inventions of a comparatively modern date, "when the stream of time rolled back." After a very strange fashion did the people in whose imagination they had birth make use of the license granted to

* *China during the War and since the Peace.* By Sir John F. Davis, Bart., F.R.S., &c. In two volumes. London. Longman & Co. 1852.

antiquity: "ut miscendo humana divinis, primordia urbium augustiora faciat." These creations are *intensely* foreign to us. They have not truth enough to be good fictions; they are not sufficiently like men and men's doings to resemble anything with which men can sympathize. The very names of these primeval heroes and demigods are strangely repulsive. The uncouth sounds of a barbarous monosyllabic language seem to impart their own unattractiveness to the legends with which they are associated; and we shudder to think what must have become of the sweetly flowing verses of Homer and of Hesiod if they had been compelled to struggle through the incumbrances of so unharmonious a vocabulary. Yet even these fables have their value. The character of a people is in its tradition of the olden times. The war-god was the glorious author of the Roman state, and the career of the Roman people was the march of a nation of heroes to the conquest of the world. Love, 'the subduer of gods and men,' was among the very earliest of Greek divinities, and Wisdom and the Graces were not slow to follow; and the career of Greece was one of intelligence and civilization; hers was the love of fatherland, the power of eloquence, the song of bards, the miracles of sculpture, the masterpieces of history, the genius of philosophy, the dominion of beauty in everything. And no people less stagnant than the Chinese could have invented so do-nothing a mythology as their own. The passion for extended sway would have been hopeful, for it would have been energetic; the varieties of an exuberant fancy would have been full of promise, for they would have been the evidence of mental activity; but 18,000 *invented* years exhausted by the reigns of thirteen brethren, 'who were wholly abstracted and inactive,' is—*Chinese*.

The immediately subsequent history of the Celestial Empire is scarcely more credible than the purely fabulous portion of its annals. A share of the common stock of necessary human knowledge is allotted as a discovery to the reign of each successive sovereign, through many centuries; and with this exception, and a sprinkling of slightly varied wars, and rumors of wars, we learn nothing more from the record of these times than after as much wakefulness as was befitting an exalted Chinaman: "Chow-wow slept with his fathers, and Chaou-waou, his son, reigned in his stead."

We must mention, however, as a further exception, the account of the Chinese deluge,

which we regard as a very decided evidence to the truth of the Scripture narrative of the deluge of Noah. Here the very stupidity of the people is in our favor. They could never have invented such a catastrophe. There is no great similarity in the details of this stupendous occurrence. The causes are not the same; the effects are not the same; the ruin and the rescue are equally unlike the Bible narrative, as are also the means of escape. But we regard this as of very minor importance. The Chinese are characteristically imitative, not inventive; and they have been notoriously isolated from all connection with other nations. When they have made any attempt at invention, the result has been widely different from what we find in any other connection. Yet here, as everywhere else, we have a tradition of a terrific deluge overwhelming in utter destruction the vast majority of the human race. It was an event beset with the improbable; strictly impossible, except by the intervention of an unexampled miracle. In the Bible record we are taught to regard the expectation of it, even according to the language of Jehovah himself, as the sublimest achievement of the faith of Noah. We believe that it would never have been the legend of China if it were not there as a distorted relic of old and authenticated tradition; and we regard this tradition, not as a proof in itself, but as one of a long series of proofs of that awful visitation which swept away the corrupt nations that first peopled the earth, and made Noah the second father of the human family.

The beginning of Chinese history is with Confucius. Of the time before him we only *know* what he has handed down to us. He is, indeed, the restorer of the past. His wisdom is that of the ancient sages. He found society degenerated; and it was his ambition to strengthen the foundations of order and virtue, to inculcate forgotten principles of obedience and moderation, and to urge the importance of that outward decorum, and those external proprieties, which were, in his view, the best, and almost complete expression of the virtue which dwells within.

Nor did he labor in vain. More than two thousand years have passed since the age of Confucius; but he has never ceased to live, nor ceased to rule; people, nobles, and emperors of China, to this hour, submit to his undisputed authority. The rites of the state religion, the etiquette of the court, the principles of Chinese philosophy and politics, the style of Chinese literati are the creations or

the restorations of Confucius. If you seek his monument, take your stand among the millions of that eastern people and look around. Since his time, Plato and Aristotle have been born, have enunciated their measures of truth, have received, alternately, worship and contempt, and have ceased, more than indirectly, to have power among men. The power of old Rome has risen from obscurity, has achieved the conquest of the world, and yielded up its trophies into the hands of nations that had grown out of nothingness to be mightier still. But Confucius, and the people who are his offspring, are unchanged by time and fate; and this vulnerable philosophy and feeble race, have remained unaltered, while about it strength and grandeur have everywhere fallen into decay. Among his own nation he stands alone, as a giant among a nation of pigmies—well-nigh the only *man* amongst them. His successors lean upon him, grow by his stature, abide in his strength as twining plants all their feebleness to some stately monarch of the forest. If he be not great, how contemptible must be the generations that have come after him.

He was a tall, well-proportioned man, with remarkably high forehead, and generally commanding appearance. He could boast an illustrious ancestry, and his father had held high office in the state. His boyhood, we are informed, gave promise of the intellectual greatness of his riper years. The ordinary amusements of children had no attraction for him; and at the age of fifteen, he had made himself familiar with the ancient records engraven on bamboo. He sought knowledge because of its practical value, and endeavored to make his own wisdom subservient to the well-being of the state. With growing fame and increasing merit, he became the faithful, though then unheeded counsellor of kings, and the teacher of 3000 admiring disciples. His rigid morality was distasteful, however, in an age of general depravity, and even his life was sometimes endangered by the violence of his enemies. But his dignified courage and sage precepts were his safeguard; and having more than completed his threescore years and ten, he passed peacefully from the world which he had so earnestly labored to benefit, regretting only that he had seen so little fruit of his sincere and patriotic efforts.

It is characteristic of the Confucian philosophy that man is regarded scarcely at all with respect to his own individual greatness, responsibilities or destiny. He is merely one of a vast community, and for that community

he must live. Self-culture, indeed, is enjoined, but only that the individual may be better fitted to minister to the general good. The child lives for the father, the elder for the younger, the subject for the sovereign, and the sovereign for the sake of a sublime law of order. That impalpable abstract—society—is to be perfected irrespective of the happiness of the living members composing that society, except so far as their happiness may depend upon the universal order. May not the diamond used in polishing another diamond be itself deserving of the utmost care of the lapidary? Is there nothing for man to achieve in utter loneliness and apart from every sort of connection with his fellow-men? To such questions we find no answer. There is but a dim consciousness of individual importance and individual destiny; and the principle of 'self-love' is annihilated, lest it should degenerate into selfishness.

Another peculiarity, manifesting itself also through the whole of Chinese society, is the subserviency of the inward to the outward—the preference of propriety of conduct to rectitude of motive—of politeness to sincerity—of ceremony to truth. It is not that the value of sound principle is wholly unrecognized; but the end of life is action; the end of education is right and becoming action. And what is this but obedience to the laws—just dealing, a recognition of the rights of others, a regard to the amenities of life? If this, then, be the end, those inner virtues which are the means for its attainment are of less importance than itself, may be indeed *supposed* or dispensed with, whenever the great object is attained. The value of such an ethics is very much in proportion to its being unnecessary. A good man may very safely be trusted without it, and a bad man will be reformed by it only into a hypocrite. Confucius, indeed, admits the value of sound principles, but with distinct reference to their importance as a security for uniformly right action. The outward, ceremonial, ritual, occupies the place of highest honor.

It would be an injustice to this philosopher, however, to leave in any sort of doubt his own sincerity. He had ever, it would seem, some dim notion of a deep meaning in those religious rites of his country which he did so much to restore. Hence he regarded them with reverence. With the modesty of a true sage he forebore to intrude unduly into these holy mysteries, but the insight he had obtained, or believed himself to have obtained, into their real significance, gave fervor to his zeal and depth to his piety. It is

well, too, to notice the amount of truth there is in his system of ethics, so far as scattered apothegms may be considered such. If outward propriety be nothing without the sincerity of true virtue, that virtue will be under just suspicion which is not full of good fruits. Obedience to wise laws, submission to rightful authority, the discharge of the duties of parents, children, neighbors, may indicate other things than virtuous principle; but this last will never exist in a state approaching in any degree to perfection without its fitting manifestation in right action. It is refreshing also to meet with a philosophy of unselfishness, even though in that very characteristic may be one of its chief defects. Nothing can be plainer than that we are intended to love ourselves. The 'public affections or passions' (to use Butler's phraseology) do not less indicate that we are to 'live unto ourselves,' by tending to private advantage, than the 'private affections or passions' indicate that we are to live 'not unto ourselves,' by their tendency to promote public and general advantage. But we know which argument men have found it the easiest and the most pleasant to admit. It is a nobler thing to seek our own happiness in ministering to the well-being of others, than to care for the well-being of others only in so far as we can secure it by taking care of our own. It is a mean thing to regard nothing in virtue but its usefulness. What is there, indeed, of virtuousness at all in *mere utility*? What were a patriotism that should not be strong to suffer, which should not feel as we are taught to feel in our schoolboy days, that

'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori?'

And looking to the future of the Chinese, we have in the social bearing of the Confucian philosophy an encouraging augury for the success of a better faith among them. Shall not this people hail with interest a doctrine which shall be the divine confirmation, and rectification, of the teachings of their own honored sage? 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,'—'look not every man to his own things, but every man also to things of others,'—'none of us liveth to himself.'

The philosophy of Confucius is almost entirely practical. He was a state officer and a state reformer, and his teachings are what might be expected from such a man. He has united, however, with this sort of instruction much misty speculation about the origin of the world. Our space will not admit of an examination of these theories,

excepting when we come to consider their bearing upon the Chinese religions. Indeed, on this subject men have in all ages and countries involved themselves in very similar absurdities, and it could scarcely be otherwise. They have amused themselves with dreamy notions as to the operation of some all-producing law, and very generally confounded production with re-production. Link after link they have added to the great chain, but where shall be the first link, how forged, how suspended? The Chinese have personified the 'no-further.' 'Existence must begin from non-existence' (strange comment on the axiom 'ex nihilo nihil fit'); 'therefore the T'ae-keih produced the two figures.' T'ae-keih is the designation of what cannot be designated; it is impossible to give any name to it. We consider the fact that all existences have a terminus, and we call this the grand terminus. (*Notions of the Chinese*, &c. p. 18.) In its strange difference from all human speculation on this subject, we should recognize the divine origin of the sublime announcement—'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' In this *God* we believe by a necessity of our nature, because every lesson of experience has confirmed the assurance of our instinct that for every effect there must be a cause; because it is impossible to be convinced that 'existence can begin from non-existence.'

We have dwelt thus at length on the philosopher of the Chinese, not only as being the most remarkable man that has appeared amongst that people, but because all China is in him. If we understand him, we understand Chinese character, and government, and religion; for they are his work, heretofore, and still. The knowledge of his writings has been deemed essential to state promotion, and the literati are the aristocracy and the influential men of the empire.

Our space will not admit even of a brief abstract of Chinese history. Notwithstanding the union of the middle kingdom, its stereotyped institutions, its unchanging literature, its unprogressive semi-civilization, its despotic government, its millions of soldiers, its prodigious wall, and much else in which it has been hitherto unalterable, it has been often rent almost asunder by wide-spread rebellion; dynasty has succeeded to dynasty; other races have had their turn of supremacy; the celestial armies have experienced defeat as well as gloried in conquest. Still, the great nation is the same; it has absorbed its conquerors; they have been moreover of kindred races and similar civilization. Chinese,

Mongols, Tartars, each in their turn supreme and subordinate, but still it is change without progress—movement without advance.

One of the most obvious causes of this stagnation has been the jealous exclusion of foreigners. Excepting when closely allied by affinity of race and proximity of territory, or seeking friendly intercourse by a servile condescension to the haughty and overbearing commands of the 'son of heaven,' all strangers have been regarded as ignorant and uncivilized barbarians, for the sages belong to China, and, of course, there are no other sages. Isolated from other countries to a large extent by natural boundaries, the celestial empire has been deemed the Middle Kingdom, the centre of the whole earth—destined by Providence to be the seat of universal dominion and unquestioned supremacy. Hence all attempts at intercourse on terms of equality have been treated as intolerable presumption; wars have been called rebellion, and foreign enemies regarded as traitors. The satisfaction with which the emperor regards his own power and position is incomparably ludicrous. No one upon earth is so convinced that 'he can call spirits from the vasty deep,' nor so completely unconscious of the difference between commanding and being obeyed. The great monarch forebore to decree it, or England itself would long ago have been destroyed, and the people of England have gone far down in the scale of abjectness. There could have been no difficulty at all in such achievements. The Chinese forces could have marched 'directly through the Russian territory' to this contemptible corner of the world, and have swept us from the face of the earth. If such a plan had been rejected, we might have been attacked by water. The imperial forces might have been ferried over in stupendous junks; the valiant Ghor-kas, and the invincible Cochinchinese, would have aided in this holy warfare, and our poor dot of land might have been blown to pieces, or flung by handfuls into our own seas. A few years ago, our days were well-nigh numbered; edicts of extermination had gone forth against us; the Ghor-kas, 'whose territory borders upon London,' had conspired with heaven's armies to visit us with utter destruction; but when these fearful plagues were being poured out upon us, we seemed to die so hard, and so slowly, that the imperial heart relented, pitied our many disasters, paid our doctors' bills, and opened the best ports of the empire to our barbarian commerce.

War and defeat were the only likely instruments for the regeneration of China. Of these fearful remedies we have a very sincere horror. We admit the truth of the prophet's language—"every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood"—and we know that famine and pestilence follow in the track of war, sweeping away those whom the sword of the conqueror may have spared.

But there is much that we regard as far worse even than all this. We deem it far worse that a whole people should be ground down for century after century by an unrelenting despotism. That all progress should be forbidden—that the intercourse of daily life should be rendered insecure by the pervading presence of a strong-armed tyranny—that offices of state should be "honorable graves"—that liberty of conscience should be but the liberty to incur the loss of life;—what is this but *war* in its worst—because in its most slowly-killing form; less hated only because more disguised than the open hostilities and palpable slaughter of the field of conflict. Peace is one of the latest fruits of a mature civilization—and it is among one of the mysteries of Providence that it can be the fruit of nothing else. It seems to be by a law of the Divine government that good shall come to us not only *after* evil, but *out of it*; and that order and harmony shall be the children of their opposites; and "we build the tombs of" heroes who have led armies to victory—not only because they have acquitted themselves as patriots, but because they have been, though indirectly, among the most powerful of God's instruments for promoting "peace on earth and good will to men."

Of the origin of our war with China we shall say nothing. It has been a great benefit to the empire, however it may have arisen. That the Chinese authorities had themselves connived at the illicit practices which they professed to hold in such abhorrence, is beyond denial, whether such connivance was our justification or not. Nor do we hold exactly the views which have found favor in some quarters on the sale of opium, considered simply as a branch of trade. A shopkeeper is not responsible for the abuse of the articles he may think proper to vend, *so long as they have a use*. A man may strangle himself with the most innocent hosiery; gorge himself to death with the finest wheaten bread; poison himself with the best-intentioned medicines, even though they be "life pills," or "pills of health." Are

we then to go without stockings, to eschew the baker, and to be visited with shudderings of horror when

"We do remember an apothecary?"

Opium has its uses—over and above the particular service it renders to the government of India. That an opium-smoker shortens his life, debilitates his constitution, enfeebles his mind, and directly or indirectly does violence to his conscience, and destroys his moral power, we do not pretend to dispute. But a man is not obliged to *smoke* opium because he has it in his possession; and opium vendors do not sell the drug only to be "puffed on the premises." If we are to enter upon the moral and spiritual tendencies of the abstemious, moderate, excessive, use of every article of commerce, we may undo, and even reverse, our free-trade policy to-morrow, and shut up every shop within the four seas. And how noble a virtue would that be which should be but another name for the impossibility of vice! How flattering a triumph over his foolish and wicked propensities that a debilitated Chinaman should forbear the seductive pipe when he can get nothing to put into it! We must remember, too, that the extensive use of opium in China is the indirect effect, in a great measure, of the foolishly restrictive policy of the empire. Most lamentable, however, are the effects of this prevalent evil. The increase of the population through the whole empire is perceptibly lessened by the use of this terrible poison. The misery of those who have become enslaved by the potent drug is beyond all conception. Their utter prostration of body, their shattered nerves, their frightful alternations of dreamy rapture and deepest mental agony, must have been a part of the experience of any one who would approximate to the understanding of them. Here is room, and to spare, for a display of the zeal of some of our teetotal agencies.

A very serio-comic business was the war with China. We shall return to it, and to Sir John Davis's book as the best authority on the subject. We cannot, however, completely understand it without a closer consideration of Chinese manners and customs, and of the forms and details of government among this extraordinary people.

The great virtue of the Chinese is filial affection, or rather (for here, as elsewhere, we have the outward for the inward) the conduct supposed to be befitting children. Into this all other excellences may be re-

solved. The governor of a province is its father, and the emperor is the benign parent of all his subjects. Hence, obedience to the law is the expression of becoming filial feelings, and the Chinese empire is rather a family than a state. It is scarcely needful to say that these mutual relationships of parent and child have been mistaken from beginning to end, and have degenerated into the connection between master and slave. A parent has power over his child, simply because such power is a necessary condition to the discharge of his duties. As the duties vary, so also does the authority. In its earliest years, a man must support entirely the offspring which God has given him. Having been the human author of its existence, he is bound to supply its wants, and to take care that it is put into possession of the means requisite to secure its happiness, and enable it to accomplish its obvious mission. Body and mind must alike be carefully watched, and becomingly educated. In the earliest period of childhood, from the importance of his own duties, and the complete immaturity of the child, the authority of the parent must be absolute. But when the babe has become a man—when he can direct his own course, and provide for his own necessities—much more when he has himself become the head of a new family, and the father of a new generation—obedience changes into respect, and submission assumes the character and the form of the compliance of a grateful affection. In China there is nothing of all this recognized. The relation between father and son is such as may come to interfere very materially with that between the son and the grandson; while ridiculous ceremonies, frequent prostrations, slavish obedience, stringent laws, and severe penalties, distort affection into caricature, and cannot but engender a most offensive hypocrisy.

The paternity of the Chinese government is simply another name for the right claimed by the emperor to do to all his subjects as seemeth right in his own eyes. His authority is a pure and absolute despotism. Fine, degradation, bastinado, imprisonment, exile, torture, decapitation, are all among the wholesome chastisements placed at his disposal, and not sparingly employed. He is subjected practically to no constitutional check whatsoever. The members of the court of censors, though nominally invested with the right to reprove the son of heaven, are either wholly corrupt, or completely disregarded, or put to death when their fidelity

is especially unpalatable. It is undutiful to be wiser or holier than their august parent, and their offences are visited upon them with becoming severity.

A paternal government can never be more than a mere euphemism for an autocracy. It can be harmless only when the supreme power happens to be vested in a man of extraordinary wisdom, and energy, and true patriotism, but it cannot guarantee the existence of such a man, still less a succession of such men. Under it all security of person and property must be subject to innumerable accidents. It is the product of a very low stage of civilization, for the tendency of advancing knowledge and general intellectual progress is to diminish the importance of *individuals*, and to subordinate their influence to that of society. It is founded, moreover, on a great political fiction; for a state is in very few and unimportant respects merely a larger family. Family relations are of nature and necessity, political relations are of expediency and compact. The administrators of a government are simply representatives of the people, whether hereditarily so, or by election at short intervals. They are to do just what they are told; and this not for their own emolument, but for the good of the commonwealth. Indeed, questions of suffrage, universal or otherwise, are not now so much questions as to the people's rights, but as to the best mode of ascertaining what the people *really* desire. A father, so far as he rules at all, rules *jure divino*, and according to his mere discretion. A prince governs at the request of his subjects, either expressed frequently (as in elective monarchies), or in the original constitution which successive generations have accepted—and for him, according to their own notions of it, "*salus populi suprema lex*."

We make these remarks, obvious enough though they may be, because in some quarters the filial piety, and parental government, of the Chinese have received very absurd laudation. We regard them both as mere "shams," and somewhat *dangerous* misnomers. They are based upon mistake, and productive of not a little inconvenience and suffering.

While the emperor is wholly absolute, he is compelled, by the mere impossibility of doing otherwise, to delegate some part of his authority to others. The supreme direction of affairs is entrusted to the "inner court"—a sort of cabinet council, completely subservient to the wishes and control of the au-

toocrat. The complicated business of so extensive a dominion is divided among a number of supreme tribunals—viz.: the board of ranks and dignities, the board of revenue, the board of penal law, the board of public works, and the military board. The names of these will almost sufficiently indicate the nature of their respective duties, though certainly many of their functions would never be considered by Englishmen as forming any part of the business of civil government. In connection with these superior courts are a vast number of subordinate offices and inferior tribunals, ramifying through the whole empire, and having the management of the details of state business. It is the province of a totally separate department to preserve a faithful register of the imperial household—births, deaths, official dignities, and the like; and even to administer the punishments which may, under certain circumstances, have been deemed necessary. The most promising (theoretically) of all the Chinese institutions is the board of public censors. To their animadversions every individual in the empire is subject, not even excepting the monarch himself. "Their persons are sacred, that they may have no evil to apprehend in consequence of disclosing unpalatable but salutary truths." This inviolability, however, has not always preserved them from the gentle chastisement of decapitation. They have secret emissaries throughout the country, and one of their number is present to watch and report the proceedings of all the supreme tribunals. They scrutinize the conduct of provincial governors, and recommend reward and degradation according to their discretion. They superintend, however, the only hopeful department of public service, and, by a dignified use of their immense and constitutional powers, they might teach some salutary lessons even to the autocrat himself.

There is thus a system of constant espionage carried on through the whole empire. Each public officer is watched by some other, whose business it is to make a truthful report to the autocrat. *He* is to settle all disputes; and by a very frequent change of ministers, provincial governors, and state functionaries in general, together with the ceremonial necessities for their very frequent journeys to Peking, the emperor may be supposed to be in possession of a tolerably accurate acquaintance with all the affairs of his vast dominion. This, at any rate, has been obviously the intention of so complicated a series of arrangements; yet it has been a

singularly complete failure. The *etiquette* of the court has neutralized all this vigilance, and the only result of what appears so promising, has been a universal hypocrisy, that can be matched nowhere else on the face of the whole earth—a facility and intensity of *lying*, which may bid defiance to all competition—with bribery, extortion, and a despicable meanness beyond all power of expression. The formalities of the palace, its bodily prostration and affected humiliations, are alone sufficient to extinguish in the nobles every spark of honest manliness; and the loathsome and contemptible hypocrisies of Peking have spread throughout the whole of the celestial territories—have degraded the entire people into whited sepulchres—and have reacted most mischievously upon the character and interests of the supreme ruler himself.

Another piece of most disastrous impolicy in the Chinese government consists in its notion as to the responsibility of rulers to their superior. An unsuccessful general, and the governor of a turbulent province, have no resource but suicide. They have to account to their great master for all the evils which have for any reason been connected with their administration, and success alone can vindicate their honor, ensure their reward, or save them from degradation and punishment. That the servants of a state should be responsible for their actions, is reasonable enough in itself, but they must have, to some extent, discretionary powers, or obedience to the letter of the command of a superior will often be more ruinous than rebellion itself. The great marvel in the steady aim of William Tell was in the fact that the apple he pierced so skilfully was on the head of his own son; and though a man may have more cause for carefulness, he will scarcely be in a better position to serve his country when he knows that every unavoidable error will be deemed a crime, and that even the slightest inadvertency may cost him his life. On such conditions, individual genius will be one of the most dangerous of possessions; and a new mode of attack must be fatal, for who would be responsible for a new mode of defence? It has been well for China that nature herself has undertaken to defend this "central kingdom;" and she has indeed been far more deeply indebted for her continuance to her mountain and ocean boundaries, than to the bravery of her soldiers, the skill of her military commanders, or the civil policy of her emperors.

The people themselves are of the sort to

be formed by such a system of government. Perhaps their great characteristic is hypocrisy—an abundance of politeness, which is as hollow as it is profuse. They have made considerable progress in the manual arts, but are wholly destitute of inventive genius. Their paintings display a superior skill in colors, but are absurd in point of perspective; their astronomy has been praised far beyond its merits; their medicine, being founded upon a most ridiculous theory of the component elements of the human body, is much likelier to kill than to cure; and anatomy is unknown. The Chinese are necessarily industrious, for the immense population of the empire renders it absolutely necessary to stretch its resources to the utmost; but they are a filthy race, and for all purposes of ablation afflicted with a terrible hydrophobia. Their women are degraded, as in all semi-civilized countries, being merely required for the purposes of labor and reproduction. Marriage is regulated entirely by law. The contract is made by the parents, without the slightest regard to the wishes of the parties concerned, and the bridegroom is simply the highest bidder. Divorce is not difficult, as it may be obtained even on the ground of the wife's *loquacity*; and sterility, as it defeats the object of the union, will easily secure a separation. The private conduct of a Chinaman is under a constant surveillance, and the punishment of his offences of the most summary description. Still, the people are by no means without capacity, or incapable of civilization. Their contact with European intelligence, and the influence of the Christian religion, must have results which cannot fail to become perceptible. We dare not attempt to predict their future. Even now, there are signs of movement, however slow and reluctant. Apart from such influences, their condition is not only rude, but rendered contemptible by the excess of their arrogance, by the degree in which their ignorance and pride go together. Their complicated government, their aristocracy of learning, and the high-sounding names given by them to their various institutions, are, for the most part, a mere delusion, for the good is neutralized by a thousand abuses, and upon everything there is written, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

The late war brought out abundant illustrations of the peculiarities of Chinese character, and of those mistakes as to constitutional policy which we have to some extent pointed out. In this department the work of Sir J. F. Davis is of very special value.

The first volume is in fact a *Chinese* history of their own struggle with England, "founded on native documents, not intended for our information, but captured, or otherwise collected, during the war:" and a precious collection of monstrous fictions and crude speculations has thus been put together. Considered as a narration of the real course of hostilities, they constitute a complete example of the boundless powers of mendacity which are native to a Chinaman; they form one of the strangest exhibitions of the union of assumption with ignorance that has ever come under our notice. Our marvel is, that this people could possibly have attained, even by all their carefully guarded isolation, to a condition of such utter stupidity; that no mere accident should ever have enlightened their darkness, and forced some ray of intelligence upon them. Perhaps our pride is somewhat offended by being thus quietly ignored! We had thought that the name of England was known and honored, perhaps even feared, through every region of the earth.

"Qui gurgis aut quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? Quæve Britannicæ
Non decoloravere cædes?
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?"

We had dreamed that the names of England's heroes had become household words in almost every land, and that, like the illustrious defenders of Ilium, they could never have found a people among whom they should have been strangers.

"Quis genus Æneadam, quis Trojæ nesciat urbem,

Virtutesque, virosque, aut tanti incendia belli?"

Alas! how grievous has been our error! Our neighbors the Chinamen have discovered that we are barbarians, and they mean to put an end to us so soon as they have a little spare time!

We give one quotation from the very beginning of the first volume of Sir J. F. Davis's *Chinese history*, as a fair sample of the

sagacious documents above referred to, and as illustrative of some of our foregoing remarks:—

"The governor of the opposite province of Chekeang gave this account of the fall of Ting-hae, the capital of Chusan, to his sovereign:— On arriving at Chin-hae (which commands the entrance of the Ning-po-kion,) I had an interview with the admiral, and learned that the second in command had been wounded in an engagement with the English rebels, and several of our vessels sunk. On the capture of the town of Ting-hae, neither the magistrate nor registrar would surrender to the enemy, but throw themselves into the water and were drowned. My surprise and horror were great on receiving this intelligence; viewing the important position occupied by Chusan, and its short distance from the main. I directed a number of men to watch the approaches of Ching-hae, and gave orders to sink vessels in the channels, drive stakes into the river, and close the entrance with a chain. While thus engaged, I learned that the enemy had arrived in larger force, and among the vessels were some with three tiers of guns, and others with wheels at the sides, moving as swift as the wind. Our force cannot cope with the barbarians in number, and must therefore keep on the defensive, wearying them out. When the great army is assembled, we shall take measures to seize them alive. . . . The vice-admiral had been advised to withdraw into Ting-hae (abandoning his vessels), but he persisted in remaining outside. As the city was lost when above 1000 disposable troops remained, he will be arrested until your majesty's pleasure is known. The magistrate and registrar who drowned themselves rather than submit, are deserving of all praise, and as soon as their families are discovered, they will be duly considered."—(*China during War*, &c. Vol. i. pp. 4—6.)

As an explanation of the suicide of these miserable officials (we have offered one of our own above). Sir J. Davis remarks, in a note, that this practice is considered as an honorable solution of a difficulty, and that "the Japanese officers, when reduced to extremities, disembowel themselves"—one of the most painful deaths that could be devised: "mais il faut mourir selon les règles."

A FULL-LENGTH OF "THE DUKE."—"The integrity and purity of his patriotism; his unflinching devotion to what he believed to be his duty; his utter freedom from every taint of selfishness, meanness, or trickery; his simplicity of purpose, and his indomitable energy in execution; the sterling good sense of his head, and the manly honesty of

his heart, are genuine English qualities of practical value in every station of life, and in the exercise of which his countrymen, as long as the race endures, will see their best model in him, whom we, by a half sportive but most significant epithet, have learned to call 'the Iron Duke.'"

From Dickens's *Household Words*.

MY FORTUNE.

A GREAT many years ago—two-and-twenty years to-night—I well remember what a cold, wet night it was, with a thick sleet driving against the windows, and a melancholy, moaning wind creeping through the leafless branches. It had been quite a sad winter time to us at home—the only sad one I had ever known, for it was just two or three weeks after the accident had happened that first laid me on my couch, and only a few days before, my father had told me that I should never be able to rise from it any more. It had been a heavy blow to us all.

We sat together in the drawing-room all the long evening, my father, and my mother, and I—my sister Kate had gone the day before to some friends of ours in the country. One gets so soon used to misfortunes and disappointments when just a little time has passed; but, at the first, they are often so hard to bear, and I think that never, at any time, did I feel such sorrow at the thought that I must be an invalid my whole life as I did that night. I was only a girl—not fifteen yet: and at that age we are so full of bright dreams about the future, looking forward with such clear, joyous hopefulness to the world that is just beginning to open before us, stretching out our hands so eagerly to the golden light that we think we see in the far distance. It was so hard to have the bright view shut out for ever, to have the bright dreams fade away, to have all the hopes that to me had made the thought of life so beautiful, torn from me for ever in one moment.

I had borne the knowledge of it all quite calmly at first; it was only now that I thought I really felt and knew all that I was losing. But, thank God, my life has not been what in my faithlessness I thought, that night, it would be; thank God, that the whole bitterness of those few hours' thought has never come to me, as it did then, again.

Early in the evening my father had been reading to us aloud; but since he ceased, no word hath been spoken in the room. He had been writing for the last two hours; my mother, sitting by the fire, was reading. The

whole house was silent; and from without, the only sounds that came to us were the wind howling through the trees, and the cold rain dashing on the windows—both cheerless sounds enough to hear. It was indeed a night for melancholy thoughts; and to one ill and weak as I was then, perhaps it was to be forgiven that, thinking of the future and the past, looking back upon the happy days that were gone, and forward to where the sunless clouds hung so heavily, I should scarcely be able to press back the tears that tried to blind me.

For when we are very young we shrink so from feeling prison-bound; we pray so earnestly, that if sorrow must come to us, it may rather burst in sudden storm upon us, and, passing away, leave the blue sky clear again, than that our whole life should be wrapped up in a cold gray shroud, through which no deep sorrow can ever pierce into our hearts—no deep joy ever come to gladden us.

And in that gray shroud I thought that my life was to lie hidden and withered; and now, while as yet it was only closing over me—while with passionate resistance I would still have struggled to tear it back, I felt that my hands were bound.

A little thing will sometimes serve to divert our thoughts even when they very much engross us; and so it was that night that I was suddenly startled out of the midst of my reverie by two loud, sharp knocks upon the street door—a sound certainly by no means uncommon. And perhaps, if nothing more had followed, I might have fallen again into my former thoughts; but, as I lay for a few moments listening, the door was opened, and then there followed such strange hurried exclamations—half of surprise, half of alarm—mingled with such apparently irresistible bursts of laughter, that my first dull interest began rapidly to change into a far more active feeling.

"My love, what's that?" asked my father, without looking up.

"I can't imagine!" my mother answered, in a puzzled tone, laying down her book.

Just at this moment we heard a quick step running up the stairs, and all our eyes with one accord turned to the door, which in two or three minutes was burst open, and to our extreme amazement, in rushed our servant Ann with a little half-naked child in her arms. Yes, that little creature standing on the step, was the only thing to be seen when she had opened the door.

"Upon my word this is going too far," my father exclaimed, angrily, when we had heard Ann's story. "It isn't two months since the same trick was played in town. Ann, call Tom, to get a lantern immediately, and follow me. We must make a search; though indeed it's hopeless to think of catching any one on such a night as this. Whoever has done it is out of reach by this time. My dear," he turned round as he was hurrying from the room, "don't do anything with the child until I come back; I'm afraid she's ill," and he closed the door.

I shall never forget what a poor little object it was. It had scarcely an atom of clothing on it—just a torn old frock that would hardly hang together, and its poor little white shoulders and arms were all bare, and wet with the heavy rain. Her pretty fair hair was wet too, but her face was what attracted and astonished me most, for in spite of the bitter coldness of the night, it was glowing like fire, with a spot of the brightest scarlet on each cheek, and her large blue eyes so unnaturally bright that it was quite painful to look at them. Yet such a sweet face it was!

My mother made her kneel beside me on my couch, and we talked to her, and kissed her, and taking off the old wet frock, wrapped my mother's shawl around her; but all the time, and though she was certainly more than two years old, she remained as perfectly unmoved as though she had been a little statue, only those great bright eyes were fixed upon my face, until I began to get absolutely frightened at her.

In about twenty minutes my father returned from his useless search.

"We can do nothing more to-night," he said, in a tone of considerable vexation, as he joined us again. "Poor child, she's very feverish indeed; why, exposure on such a night is enough to kill her. My love, you must put her to bed; there's no help for it, and I'll see what I can do for her. But really it's a little too much to expect that all the sick children of the neighborhood are not only to be cured for nothing, but to be housed too, by the physician." And my father

left the room to change his wet garments, in no very contented state of mind.

My mother put out her hands to lift the child from my side, and then for the first time a moaning sound broke from her, and leaning forward she caught my dress with her little hands, and held it tight, half crying, as if she feared to go away. I pressed her to me, and clasped my arms around her. I could not help it—and she let me do it, and laid down her head upon my bosom, the dear child! with that plaintive moaning sound again. I was almost weeping myself—half with pity, half with love—for I loved her so much already, as we love all things that cling to us, all things that—weaker than ourselves—appeal to us for protection. And so, for I could not bear that against her will she should be made to leave me, still keeping her in my arms, I had the couch wheeled into my bedroom: and there, in Kate's bed we laid her, poor little weary suffering thing.

It would be too long to tell you all about her illness, for she was ill for many weeks; how patient she was; how anxious we all were for her; how, in spite of a few cross words at first, my kind father tended her with as much care as ever he bestowed upon his wealthiest patient; how my dear mother sat up night after night with her, as though she had been her own child; how the little thing crept so into all our hearts, that when at last one evening my father pronounced her out of danger, even his voice was broken with emotion, and we were fairly crying—both my mother and I.

Nor will I trouble you with an account of all the fruitless search that was made to discover who she was or where she came from, but one thing I must mention, because it perplexed us very much, and added to our difficulty in deciding how to dispose of her. It was this: that we began to suspect—what at first had never entered our heads—that she had been stolen, and was not a poor woman's child. It was her own dim recollections of past things that gave rise to this supposition, but the fever had so confused all things in her poor little head that we never could reach any certainty upon the subject.

Well, the end of it all was that we could not part from her, for we had all grown to love her so well already, and we knew that if we sent her away from us, the only place that would receive her was the workhouse. So it was quite settled at last that she should stay with us, and because she had taken to me so much from the first, they pronounced,

laughing, that she should be my child; and I was so happy.

I called her Fortune—Fortune Wildred we baptized her—that, should she never find her own surname, she might at least have some proper claim to ours. Of course she must have had a Christian name before; indeed she said she remembered it, and declared that it was Willie; but, Willie seemed so odd a name to give a little girl, that we agreed it would not do, and then I chose Fortune.

My little Fortune—she was so dear to me, and she loved me too so well! Young as I was, our relation to each other became in many things like that of mother and child. It was strange that, of her own accord, from the first she called me Aunt Dina. And I so soon grew accustomed to the title, and so soon too fell quite naturally into calling her my child, for though yet but a girl in years, I was becoming a woman very quickly, as I should think must often be the case with those who have their destiny in life fixed as early as mine was, for I had no other outward change to look forward to as most girls have, and all my business was to settle down and be content.

My life, I often think, might have been lonely and sad without my child, but with her I was very happy. It was as if I lived again in her, for all the hopes and wishes that my illness had crushed came into life again, but not for myself now. It was for her that I dreamed, and hoped, and thought,—for the little bright-eyed child who loved to lie beside me, with her white arms round my neck, and her soft cheek pressed on mine; who loved—Heaven bless her—to be with me always; who never was so happy as when, even for hours, we two would be left alone together, and, with the perfect confidence that only children have, she would talk to me of all things that came in her mind, gladdening my very heart with the loving things she said. They all loved her, but none as I did, for she loved none of them so well. They used to say that I should spoil her, but I never did; she was not made to be spoiled, my little Fortune, my sunny, bright-haired child!

She was my pupil for the first few years, and such dear lessons they were that we used to have together,—dear to both of us, though most to me. She was so good and gentle, so sorry if she ever grieved me, so eager to be good and be forgiven again—as though my heart did not forgive her always, even before she asked it—so loving always.

She never wearied of being with me—the kind child—not even when, as happened sometimes, I was too ill to bear her childish merriment, and she would have to sit quietly in my room, and lower her sweet clear voice when she spoke to me, for she would hang upon my neck then too, and whisper to me how she loved me. Ah, I never shall forget it all,—I never shall forget how good my little Fortune was to me.

I may as well mention here, that soon after it was settled she should stay with us, we had a little miniature portrait of her taken, which I have worn ever since as a locket round my neck. We did this on the chance that it might possibly serve on some future day as a means of identifying her. Here is the little picture now; it is so like her, as I have seen her a thousand times, with her sunny veil of curls around her.

The years went on, and brought some changes with them—one change which was very sad—my mother's death. It came upon us suddenly, at a time when we were least thinking of sorrow, for when her short illness began we were preparing for my sister Kate's marriage. It was long before the gloom and grief that her loss threw upon our little household passed away, for she was dearly loved amongst us, and had been a most noble and true-hearted woman.

When Kate had been married about a year, my father withdrew from practice, and, to be near her, we removed to Derbyshire, and he, and I, and Fortune, kept house there, in a quiet cheerful way together. And so the years went on until my child was about seventeen.

In this new part of the country we had not many neighbors with whom we were intimate, but there was one family, who, since our first coming, had shown us much kindness. Their name was Beresford, and they consisted of a father and mother, and one son who was at college. They were wealthy people, with a good deal of property in the county. When we first knew them I had not been without a suspicion—I almost think it was a hope—that Arthur Beresford and my Fortune might one day fall in love with one another; but it was not to be, for as they grew up, I saw that there was no thought of more than a common friendly love between them; and, indeed, boys of one-and-twenty are generally occupied with other things than falling in love, and girls of seventeen, I think, generally suppose that one-and-twenty is too young for them to have anything to do with, as no doubt it very often is. So they remained good friends, and nothing more.

I remember well Arthur Beresford's return from college two or three months before he came of age, and how, on the day after—a bright June morning it was—he burst into our drawing-room, with the gay exclamation, "Here I am, Aunt Dinah, and free for the next four months!" and coming up to me, took both my hands in his, and looked so gay, and so happy, and so handsome, that it did me good only to look at him. He was in very high spirits indeed, for not only had he gained his freedom as he called it, but he had succeeded in bringing back with him his cousin, Nevill Erlington, a fellow and tutor at Oxford, who had done him, so he said, such services during his career there, that had it not been for him he should never have been the happy fellow he was there, which, whether it was as true as he thought it or not, I liked the boy for saying and thinking.

And one or two days afterwards, Nevill Erlington came with Mr. Beresford and Arthur to call on us. He was six or seven years older than Arthur, and neither so lively nor so handsome, but he had a firm, broad, thoughtful brow and deep lustrous eyes, and a voice so deep, and rich, and soft, that it was like the sound of music to hear him speak. I liked him from the first—we all did—and it was not long before he became an almost daily visitor at our house, coming sometimes alone, on the excuse—I knew it was but an excuse—of bringing us books, or news, or some such thing, but more often with one or other of the Beresfords. Indeed, after a little time, I know that I, for one, fell quite into a habit of missing him if ever a day passed without his coming, for his quiet, gentle presence had in it a great charm to me, and he had fallen so kindly and naturally into my ways, that I had felt, almost from the first day, that he was not a stranger but a friend.

Nor was I the only one who watched for his daily visits, or felt lonely when he did not come. My dear child seldom spoke much of him when he was away: even when he was with us she was often very quiet, but I knew soon that in both their hearts a deep, true love was growing up, and that my darling would one day be Nevill's wife. And he deserved her, and she him. Timid as she was now, I knew that it would not always be so: I knew that, presently, when all was understood between them, her present reserve would pass away, and my Fortune, as she really was, with her bright, sunny gaiety, with her graceful, hoping woman's nature, with her deeply-loving, faithful heart, would

stand beside him, to illumine and to brighten his whole life. Such happy days those were while these two young hearts were drawing to each other—happy to them and me, though over my joy there was still one little cloud.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were the only persons amongst our new friends to whom I had told my Fortune's story. I did not feel that it was a thing I needed to tell to every one; but now I was anxious that Nevill should know it, and felt uneasy as day after day passed, and kept him still in ignorance. But indeed I was perplexed what to do, for he and I were almost never alone, and in the state in which matters were yet between him and Fortune, it would have been premature and even indelicate to ask Mrs. Beresford to interfere. There was only one opportunity I had for speaking to him, and that I lost. I remember that day well. My father and Fortune had gone after dinner to my sister Kate's, expecting to be back in an hour, and when the hour had nearly elapsed Nevill came in alone, bringing a request that they would return with him to spend the evening at the Beresfords. I thought they would soon be in, so he willingly agreed to wait; and sitting beside me at the open window he presently began—it was the first time he had ever done so—to talk of Fortune. It was strange; without a word of preparation or introduction, he spoke of her as only one who loved her could speak. For a moment I was startled; then I fell into his tone, and I too talked of my child as I could have done to few but him. There was no explanation between us, but each read the other's heart fully and perfectly. And yet, not even then did I tell him Fortune's story. I longed to do it—it was on my lips again and again—but I was expecting her return with my father every moment, and I feared to be interrupted when I had once begun. So the time went past, and I was vexed with myself when it was gone, that my tale was still untold.

Though it was after sunset when they came in, Nevill persuaded them still to accompany him back. I remember well his warm though silent farewell to me that night. I remember, too, when they were all away, how long I lay and thought in the summer twilight. I ought to have been glad, and I was glad, but yet some low sad voice, that I thought I had hushed to silence years ago for ever, would awake in my heart again, making me break the beauty of that summer evening with my rebellious tears. It was

only for a little time, for I, who had been so happy, what right had I to weep because *some* hopes had died? I pressed my tears back, praying to be forgiven, and soon the soft stillness of the night calmed me, and I thought again of my dear child, and eagerly and hopefully as ever I had done when I was young, I dreamed bright dreams for her future life. When I was young! I was but nine-and-twenty now, yet how far back my youth seemed! Strange; there was scarcely two years between me and Nevill, yet how every one—how he, how I myself—looked on me as old compared with him.

It was late when they came home that night, and I thought my darling looked sad—I had thought so once or twice of late. She slept in a room opening from mine; and always came the last thing to say good night to me. To-night when she came, I was grieved, for she looked as if she had been weeping. She stood beside my couch—the light from behind that streamed through the opened door falling on her bright, unbound hair, and also herself looking so pure and beautiful—my own Fortune! I kept her a few minutes by me, for I longed to cheer her; but she did not seem to care much to talk. I said something about Nevill, and she asked if he had been long here before they came.

"About an hour," I said.

"Ah, I am glad," she answered. "I was afraid my poor Aunty had been alone the whole night. It was kind of him."

"Yes, he is always kind, dear," I said.

Which she did not answer, but smiled gently to herself, and stood in silence, with my hand in hers; then suddenly she frightened me, for quickly stooping down she laid her head upon my shoulder, and I felt her sobbing. At first she would not tell me why she wept, but whispered through her tears that it would grieve me; that I should think she was ungrateful—I, who had been so good to her, and loved her so well always. But when I pressed her earnestly, it came at last. It was because through the wide world she knew not where to seek for a father or a mother; because to the very name she bore she had no claim; because to all but us, she said, her life had ever been a deceit, and was so still; because she felt so humbled before those she loved, knowing that she had no right they should be true to her whose first step had been a falsehood to them.

She told me this, pouring it out rapidly—passionately; and I understood it all, and far more than she told me. Alas! I might have guessed it all before.

I comforted her as I could. I told her that her first grief she must bear still—hopefully, if she could; that for the rest she should not sorrow any longer, for all whose love she cared for should know what her history was. I told her to have courage, and I thanked her earnestly, and truly, for how she had spoken to me then; and presently, weeping still, but happier and full of love, my darling left me—left me to weep, because a grief I should have known would come had fallen on me.

I said that the Beresfords were landed proprietors, and Arthur was their only son; so his coming of age was to be a great day. Of course, I very seldom moved from home; but it had long been a promise that on this occasion we were to spend a week with them, and the time was now close at hand; indeed it was on the second day, I think, after I had had this talk with my child, that our visit was to begin. So, early on that day we went.

I have not mentioned that, for the last fortnight, besides Nevill, the Beresfords had had other visitors with them—a brother of Mrs. Beresford's—a Colonel Haughton, with his wife and their two children, a little boy and girl. They had just returned from India, where, indeed, Mrs. Haughton had lived many years. She was in delicate health, and did not go out much, so that she was as yet almost a stranger to me; but the little I had seen of her, and all that Fortune had told me about her, pleased me so much that I was not at all sorry for this opportunity of knowing more of her. There was something graceful and winning in her manner, indeed, that prepossessed most people in her favor, and there was much, both of beauty and refinement, in her face.

It was the day after we came, and a kind of preliminary excitement was through the house, for the next morning was to usher in Arthur's birthday; and to-day Mrs. Beresford was giving a large children's party, expressly in honor of little Agnes and Henry Haughton. I think we had every child for six or seven miles round assembled together; and there had been music and dancing, and a ceaseless peal of merry voices all through the long summer evening, and everybody looked gay and happy, and all went well, for not a few of the elder ones had turned themselves into children too for the time to aid them in their games.

It was growing late, and even the lightest feet began to long for a little rest, when from one large group that had gathered together, there came a loud call to play at

forfeits; and, in two or three moments, all were busy gathering pretty things together to pour into Fortune's lap; and then they merrily began the game, and laughed and clapped their hands with delight as each holder of a forfeit was proclaimed.

The most uproarious laughter had just been excited by Nevill's performance of some penalty allotted to him; and then I recollect well how he came, looking very happy, to kneel at Fortune's feet and deliver the next sentence. She held up a little ring; and, when she asked the usual question, what the possessor of it was to do, he answered gaily.

"To give us his autobiography."

There was a pause for a moment, while they waited for Fortune to declare whose the forfeit was, but she did not speak, for the ring was hers. Nevill had risen from his knees, and seeing it, he exclaimed laughing, for he knew it,

"What, Miss Wildred, has this fallen to your lot?"

She looked up hurriedly from him to me, and said, "Aunt Dinah," quickly, as if to ask me to speak. But, before I had opened my lips, Mrs. Beresford came forward, and said kindly,

"Nevill, I think it will be hardly fair to press this forfeit. We can't expect young ladies to be willing to declare their autobiographies in public, you know."

I interrupted Nevill and answered,

"But if you will take my account of Fortune's life instead of calling on her for her own, I think I can answer for her willingness to let you hear it. Shall it be so, Mr. Erlington?"

But he was eager that it should be passed over, was even vexed that any word had been said about it at all. I understood his delicacy well, and thanked him for it in my heart, but I knew what my child's wish was, so I would not do what he asked me, but promised that when the children were away the story should be told; and then the game went on.

It was past ten o'clock when they gathered round me to hear my child's history. There was no one there but the Beresfords, and the Haughtons, and Nevill, and ourselves. I saw that my poor child was agitated, but I would not have her either know that I guessed she was so, or that I shared her agitation, so I took out my knitting, and began working away very quietly as I talked, just glancing up now and then into one or other of my hearers' faces—into Nevill's

oftenest, because there was that in the earnest look he fixed on me which seemed to ask it more than the rest.

There was not really very much to tell, and I had gone on without interruption nearly to the end, and was just telling them how I called her Fortune because we thought the name she said she had so strange, when, as I said the word "Willie," a sudden cry rang through the room.

It fell upon my heart with a strange terror, and in an instant every eye was turned to whence it came.

Pale as death, her figure eagerly bent forward, her hand grasping Fortune's shoulder, Mrs. Haughton sat. From my child's cheek too all color had fled; motionless, like two marble figures, they fronted one another; their eyes fixed on each other's faces, with a wild hope, a wild doubt in each; it lasted but a moment, then both, as by one impulse, rose. Mrs. Haughton stretched out her hands. "Mother!" burst from Fortune's lips. There was a passionate sob, and they were wrapped in one another's arms.

I saw like one in a dream—not feeling, not understanding, not believing. A giddiness came over me; a sudden dimness before my eyes; a feeling of deadly sickness, as we feel when we are fainting. There began to be a buzz of voices, but I could distinguish nothing clearly until I heard my own name spoken.

"Dinah," my father was saying hurriedly, "you have that little portrait—give it to me."

I roused myself by a great effort, and taking the locket from my bosom, put it in his hand. Another moment, and there was a second cry; but this time it was a cry only of joy.

"Yes, yes!" I heard Mrs. Haughton passionately saying, in a voice all broken with emotion. "I knew it, I knew it! It is my child—my Willie—my little Willie!" and she pressed the portrait to her lips, and looked on it as even I had scarcely ever done.

Ah! I needed no other proofs. I needed nothing more than that one look to tell me I had lost my child.

Mrs. Haughton had sunk upon her seat again, and my darling was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hand, and weeping. They spoke no more; they nor any one: then, when a minute or two had passed, Colonel Haughton raised my child kindly from the ground, and placing her mother's hand again in hers, led them silently together from the room.

I closed my eyes and turned away, but still

the tears would force their way through the closed lids upon my cheek. And, as I wept, feeling—that night I could not help it—so lonely and so sad, a warm, firm clasp came gently and closed upon my hand. It was Nevill who was standing by my side, and as I felt that friendly pressure, and met the look that was bent upon me, I knew that there was one at least who, rejoicing in my Fortune's joy, could yet feel sympathy for me.

It was not long before Colonel Haughton came back, and from him we learnt all that there was to tell. Mrs. Haughton, when very young, had married a Captain Moreton and accompanied him to India, where my child was born, and called after her mother Wilhelmina. But she was delicate, and the doctors said that the Indian climate would kill her: so, before she was two years old, they were forced to send her home to England, to relations in the north. An English servant was sent in charge of her, and both were committed to the care of an intimate friend of theirs who was returning to England in the same vessel; but the lady died during the passage, and neither of child nor nurse were there ever more any tidings heard, except the solitary fact—which the captain proved—that they did arrive in England. It was fifteen years ago. The woman had money with her belonging to Mrs. Haughton, as well as the whole of the child's wardrobe; quite enough to tempt her to dishonesty.

And such was the history of my Fortune's birth.

I went away as soon as I could to my room, and lay there waiting for my child; for I knew that she would come. The moonlight streamed in brightly and softly, and the shadow of the trees without the window came and waved upon my couch, rocking gently to and fro, with a low music, like a song of rest. It stilled my heart, that quiet sound; and lying there alone, I prayed that I might have strength to rejoice, and not to mourn at all, and then after a long time I grew quite calm, and waited quietly.

My darling came at last, but not alone. Her mother entered the room with her, and they came together, hand in hand, up to my couch, and stood beside me with the moonlight falling on them, and shining on my child's white dress, as if it was a robe of silver. We spoke little, but from Mrs. Haughton's lips there fell a few most gentle, earnest, loving words, which sank into my heart and gladdened me; and then she left me with my child, alone.

My darling clung around my neck and wept, and, calmer now myself, I poured out all my love upon her, and soothed her as I could, and then we talked together, and she told me all her joy. And there were some words that she said that night that I have never since forgotten, nor ever will forget—words that have cheered me often since—that live in my heart now, beautiful, distinct, and clear as when she spoke them first. God bless her—my own child!

Brightly as ever the sun rose upon an August morning, did his first rays beam through our windows to welcome Arthur's birthday. There was nothing but joy throughout the house, and happy faces welcoming each other, and gay voices, and merry laughter making the roof ring. There are a few days in our lives which stand out from all others we have ever known; days on which it seems to us as if the flood of sunlight round us is gilded with so bright a glory, that even the commonest things on which it falls glow with a beauty we never felt before; days on which the fresh breeze passing over us, and sweeping through the green leaves overhead, whispers ever to us to cast all sorrow from our hearts, for that in the great world around us there is infinite joy, and happiness, and love. Such a day was this; and bright and beautiful, with the blue, clear sky, with the golden sunbeams, with the light, laughing wind, it rises in my memory now, a day never to be forgotten.

I was not very strong, and in the afternoon I had my couch moved into one of the quiet rooms, and lay there resting, with only the distant sound of gay voices reaching me now and then, and everything else quite still. I had not seen much of my child during the morning, but I knew that she was happy, so I was quite content. And indeed I too, myself, was very happy, for the sunlight seemed to have pierced into my heart, and I felt so grateful, and so willing that all should be as it was.

I had lain there alone about half an hour, when I heard steps upon the garden walk without. The head of my couch was turned from the window, so I could not easily see who it was, but in a few moments they came near, and Fortune and Nevill entered the room by the low, open window.

"I was longing to see my child," I said softly, and with a few loving words she bent her head down over me, kissing me quickly many times.

Nevill stood by her side, and smiling, asked:—

"Will you not give me a welcome too?"

I said warmly, for I am sure I felt it,
 "You know that you are always welcome."

He pressed my hand; and after a moment's pause, half seriously and half gaily, he went on—

"Aunt Dinah, I have come to ask a boon—the greatest boon I ever asked of any one. Will you grant it, do you think?"

I looked at him earnestly, wondering, hoping, doubting; but I could not speak, nor did he wait long for an answer; but bending his head low,

"Will you give me," he said—and the exquisite tenderness of his rich voice is with me still—"Will you give me your Fortune to be evermore *my* Fortune, and my wife?"

I glanced from him to her. I saw his beaming smile as he stood by her, and her glowing cheek and downcast eyes, and then I *knew* that it was true, and tried to speak. But they were broken, weeping, most imperfect words, saying—I well know so faintly and so ill—the deep joy that was in my heart; and yet they understood me, and, whispering "God bless you!" Nevill stooped and kissed my brow, and my darling pressed me in her arms, and gazing in my face with her bright tearful eyes, I saw in their blue depths a whole new world of happiness.

A few more words will tell you all the rest. My child was very young, and Nevill had little beside his fellowship to depend upon, and that of course his marriage would deprive him of. So it was settled that they should wait a year or two before they married; and at the close of the autumn they parted, Nevill—who had been some time ordained—to go to a curacy near London, and Fortune, with her mother, to relations further north.

It was to me a very sad winter, for I was lonely without my child, but I looked forward hopefully, and every one was very kind. And in the spring an unexpected happiness befell us, for a living near us, in Mr. Beresford's gift, became vacant suddenly, and before it was quite summer again, Nevill was established as the new rector there. And then my darling and he were married. There is a little child with dark blue eyes and golden hair, who often makes a sunshine in my room; whose merry laughter thrills my heart, whose low sweet songs I love to hear, as nestled by my side she sings to me. They call her Dinah, and I know she is my darling's little girl; but when I look upon her face, I can forget that twenty years have passed away, and still believe she is my little Fortune, come back to be a child again.

[From Fraser's Magazine.

THOMAS MOORE.*

THE work named below has been awaited with considerable interest by all classes of the reading public. The excitement felt on the subject, too, has been somewhat enhanced by the recent efforts of Lord John Russell at Leeds. While men of the younger generations, who have only known his lordship as a politician and a debater—as the leader of a party and as a minister—have been somewhat surprised at the noble lord's familiarity with literature in general, and his perfect acquaintance with the English and Italian poets in particular—those who have observed his career for a quarter of a century, and

who have had occasional opportunities of coming into contact with the member for the City of London, are perfectly aware that Lord John Russell is an accomplished and lettered man, with an intense and hearty relish for literature, who has read much and has travelled much, and who seizes with avidity every opportunity which leisure affords him to commune with the poets, historians, and memoir writers of this and other countries. Though the hitherto published works of Lord John Russell do not place him in a very high position either as author or thinker, yet he has, even in these earlier productions, evinced a taste, a judgment, a discrimination, and a varied reading, which well qualify him to be an editor or biogra-

* *Memoir, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

pher; so that men somewhat advanced in life, who remember his earlier efforts, were prepared to admit, long before these volumes appeared, that the noble editor was competent to perform his task creditably, whether busily employed or comparatively idle—whether in or out of office. The fall of the Whig leader from power has with some hallowed his literary efforts, while others, neither admiring his principles nor his politics, and yet prepared to receive him on this, the neutral ground of letters, with no unfriendly or hostile prejudices. It is true that the poet Moore resembled but little in character or disposition the Whig leader, for the one was lively, garrulous, and joyous, and the other is reserved and thoughtful; but literary and social friendships are as often formed from contrasts as from similitudes—from difference and opposition as from community of tastes.

No two men could be more unlike than Goldsmith and Johnson, than Johnson and Boswell, than Swift and Pope, than Moore and Byron, or than Byron and Scott, yet they were all linked together in the friendliest feeling. In the case of Moore and Lord John Russell, there was, indeed, a long acquaintance of five-and-thirty years, a similarity of political opinions and literary tastes, great deference for the politician and party-man, on the one side,* and great respect and admiration for the abilities and character of the poet on the other; so that however difference of rank, of education, of years, and of pursuits may have occasionally separated the parties, there were yet two points of contact between them very noticeable. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that in the will of Thomas Moore, written a quarter of a century ago,—namely, in 1828,—the poet confided to his valued

friend, Lord John Russell (having first obtained his lordship's promise to undertake the service,) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals he might leave behind him, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which might make a provision for his wife and family, then consisting of three or four children. Notwithstanding the number of years that have elapsed since this promise was made, and that every one of the children have prematurely died in succession, Lord John considers that the obligation to fulfil his plighted word is not the less sacred.

The papers left to him consist of a memoir of Moore's life, written by himself, beginning from his birth, but only extending to 1799, when he had attained his twenty-first year, and not, as Lord John says, "when he was not twenty." There are also comprised a journal begun in 1818, and extending to the years 1846 and 1847, letters to and from various correspondents, but more especially to his mother, for whom Moore undoubtedly entertained the fondest and most devoted filial affection. The editor has first given the memoir; secondly, about 400 letters, which extend from 1800 to 1818, and with respect to which there is neither memoir nor journal. Following the letters is a short account of the duel with Jeffrey; written by Mr. Moore himself, and then comes the journal, certainly the most interesting production of the whole—a journal which has been carefully kept till the period of the poet's illness.

The editor tells us in the preface, and we have no doubt he tells us truly, that he has felt the embarrassment which all under similar circumstances must experience who have a similar task to perform. It is not, indeed, easy to choose between the inconvenience of overloading a work on the one hand with what may appear trivial letters and anecdotes, and the danger of what Lord John Russell calls, "losing the individual likeness by softening or obliterating details." But the editor in the present instance has elected to be full and copious, or, as some would say, minute, rather than to be bald, insufficient, and unsatisfying; and everybody will say that he has wisely elected. The world is eagerly curious to know every particular about men and women of genius, and no works are more popular or more voraciously devoured by the reading public than personal memoirs or autobiography: Lord

* The feelings of Moore for Lord John Russell are well known. When the latter meditated retirement from Parliament, in 1821 or 1822, Moore thus addressed him:—

What! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name,—

Thou, born of a Russell,—whose instinct to run
The accustomed career of thy sires, is the same
As the eagle's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamped with a seal,
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set,
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the weal
Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command!

Clarendon's life, by himself, is much more popular, much more generally perused than his wonderful history. The diary and correspondence of Evelyn, extending from his childhood nearly to his death, is the most popular—perhaps the only popular portion of his works. The autobiography and journal of Gibbon is far more read than his marvellous history: The confessions of Rousseau, written by himself, and containing great part of his inner life and true character and history—the *Dix Années d'Exil* of Madame de Staël, have each a more personal and flesh-and-blood interest than even the eloquent *Nouvelle Héloïse* or the matchless *Corinne*. The autobiographical memoirs of Holcroft are far more read than the *Tales of the Castle*, or the *Road to Ruin*; and the memoirs of Gifford, prefixed to the translation of Juvenal, have obtained a celebrity and popularity which neither the translation itself nor the *Baviad* or *Mæviad* have ever attained. We cling, therefore, to the opinion, that of eminent or distinguished people too many details cannot be given. Who would wish one word in the too short memoirs of Madame Roland abridged, or a single line in the simple and charming memoirs of Marmontel to be blotted out? Applying this theory to Moore, we hold with Lord John Russell that he was one of those men whose genius was so remarkable, that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life and the lesser traits of his character. We agree with the editor in thinking that one is more interested by the voluminous life of a celebrated man than one would have been by a more general and compendious biography. Thus, as Lord John states, the lives of Walter Scott and Madame de Genlis (a strange conjunction of names does the noble lord fall on) derive much of their interest from profuse details. We are anxious to know what the one, a man of consummate sense and genius, but withal, plain, sober, and inartificial, thought, said, and did under a certain combination of circumstances. Nor are we less anxious to know the interior and inner life and character, in so far as we can at all learn it, (whether interpreting her declarations by the rule of contraries or otherwise,) of that most contemptible of all self-seekers and intriguers, Madame de Genlis, who nevertheless wrote one good book,—*Mademoiselle de Clermont*.

It is also true, as Lord John Russell states, that the greatest masters of fiction—and he might add, of history, too—introduced small circumstances and homely remarks, in order

to give life and probability to stories which would otherwise strike the imagination as absurd and inconceivable. Let any one refer to Thucydides' *History of the Plague of Athens*, Boccaccio's *History of the Plague of Florence*, or Defoe's *History* (an imaginative work) *of the Plague of London*, and he will find this remark strictly true. It is well observed by Lord John, that Dante brings before us a tailor, threading a needle, and the crowds which pass over a well-known bridge, in order to carry his readers with him on his strange and incredible journey. This attention to minute circumstances, as the ex-Premier notes, gives a hue of reality even to those wondrous and fanciful fictions, and makes Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver, better known to us than Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare.

There is a remark in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, which is perfectly true: "Let it be granted to me," says he, "that Scott belonged to the class of first-rate men, and I may very safely ask, who would be sorry to possess a biography of any such man of a former time, in full and in honest detail?"

Lord John may be therefore perfectly sure of not encountering any blame for overloading his work with details, for every one is anxious, to use the words of Lockhart in reference to his father-in-law, to have every full and honest detail concerning Moore.

The second difficulty to which Lord John Russell adverts, it is very evident, presses on him more seriously. He does not wish to amuse the world with stories and remarks which are not harmless. Some of the transactions and conversations related in Moore's journal are of such recent occurrence that it is difficult, as his editor remarks, to avoid giving pain by the publication of his papers. The times of George IV. and William IV. cannot be displayed with the same openness and freedom as the times of Charles II., Queen Anne, or George I. These considerations, therefore, he gives us to understand, have weighed with Lord John Russell, and he leaves us to infer that he has exercised a discretion—we dare say a very proper and prudent discretion—in for the present omitting or retrenching some details.

But while Lord John, as a gentleman and a man of feeling, is desirous of giving no pang to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected, he has endeavored to preserve, and we are bound to say he has succeeded in preserving, the interest of letters and of a diary, written with great freedom and familiarity. We do not

mean to say that Moore would have written anything venomous, false or malignant touching any human being. The kindness and generousness of his nature, and the general benevolence of his heart and disposition, would have induced him to put the best aspect and construction on everything. But we may observe, in passing, that the unrestrained conversation of the most benevolent and kindly people in society, if freely published till a species of literary statute of limitations has run out by efflux of time, would be, not merely mischievous, but quite unendurable.

The best account of Moore's life, as his editor truly says, is represented in his own memoir, letters, and diary. The most engaging, as well as the most powerful passions of Moore, it is truly said in the preface, were his domestic affections. One who knew him well and esteemed him highly—a countrywoman of his own—Miss Godfrey, the sister of the Dowager Marchioness of Donegal, says sagaciously of him in a letter, "You have contrived, God knows how, amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone, and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all." It is greatly to the poet's credit that twice every week during his whole life (excepting his absence in America and Bermuda) he wrote to his mother in Dublin. If he had nothing else to announce, his letters conveyed the repeated assurance of his devotion and attachment. 'His expressions,' says his editor, in a most creditable sentence, 'are in my estimation more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit.' They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world. Nor is his true, deep, touching, unchanging affection for his wife less remarkable. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person, says Lord John Russell, received from him the homage of a lover. Whatever sights he might behold—whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere—he always returned to his home with fresh delight; of this the letters and journal now before us bear honorable testimony. Nor were the affections of Moore as a father less deep and genuine. The death of his daughter Barbara, called after Lady Donegal, her godmother, deeply affected him; and frequently, years and years after her

decease, he made a pilgrimage to her grave at Hornsey. His remaining daughter and two sons died at a later period. One of these sons had entered the army, and though the editor casts a veil over the subject, it is well known that the conduct of this young man was such as to give his father very great pain and affliction. Young Moore launched into extravagance neither justified by his position nor his fortune: he resorted to the bill system, the bane of so many young officers, and this circumstance cast a gloom over the latter years of his father's life, which was never entirely dispelled.

From the memoir of himself, begun many years since, but which he labelled, in 1833, "never, I fear to be completed," we learn that of his ancestors on the paternal side the poet knew little or nothing. His uncle, Garrett Moore, was the only member of his father's family with whom he was ever personally acquainted. When Moore became somewhat known, there turned up, indeed, as is always the case in Ireland, a numerous shoal of Kerry cousins, who were eager to advance their claims to relationship with him, and who were anxious to avail themselves, in their respective lines, of his patronage and influence. But Tom was shrewd and sensible enough to appreciate properly these parasitical self-seekers, and to keep them at a proper distance. With the family of his mother he was better acquainted. The father of his mother, or, as he calls him, his old gouty grandfather, Tom Codd, lived in the Corn Market, Wexford, and besides being engaged in the provision trade, had something to do with weaving. In 1778, Anastatia, the eldest daughter of this Tom Codd, became the wife of John Moore, and in 1779 Tom Moore came into this world of woe and misery. The son and heir of this happy couple says that his mother could not have been more than eighteen, if so old, at the time of her marriage, while his father was considerably her senior. To this fact we can ourselves bear testimony, for having in our early boyhood seen both parties, we then judged, and probably not incorrectly, that there was a difference of at least a dozen years in their respective ages. The father of the poet appeared at that period fully 74 or 75, while from the agile step and erect person of the mother, we should say that the lively little woman was about 62. Previous to his marriage, *i. e.*, in 1777, Moore states that his father kept a small wine-store in Johnson's court, Grafton street; but on referring to a Dublin almanack of that year,

we find Johnson's court described as off East Clarendon street, not off Grafton street. On his marriage, however, having received some little money with his wife, John Moore took the house, 12 Aungier street, then a second-rate street of business, and in this house the poet was born on the 28th of May, 1779. The name of the father, as grocer and occupying this house, appears in the *Dublin Almanack* of 1780 and 1781. At a very early age, Moore was sent to a school, kept by a man of the name of Malone.

This wild odd fellow, who wore a cocked hat, used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public houses, and was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon. When Moore was not quite four years old, his mother taught him to recite some verses which had appeared against Grattan, reflecting severely upon the conduct of the Irish Parliament. His mother subsequently told him he used to repeat with peculiar energy:—

Pay down his price he'll wheel about,
And laugh like Grattan at the nation.

As soon as the little fellow was old enough to encounter the crowd of a large school, it was determined that he should be sent to the best then in Dublin, which the poet calls "the grammar-school of the well known Samuel Whyte." But they who would suppose that "grammar-school" had the same significance in Ireland as in England would be egregiously mistaken. In Wilson's *Dublin Directory* for 1780, we find Mr. Whyte described thus:—"Whyte, Samuel, Master of the Seminary for English Grammar and Geography, 75 Grafton-street." It is curious that about a quarter of a century before little Moore was entered at this school, namely, in 1758, Richard Brinsley Sheridan had been under Whyte's care, and had been pronounced by him to be a "most incorrigible dunce." So far from being ashamed of this mistake, the worthy schoolmaster had the good sense to mention the circumstance as an instance of the difficulty and rashness of forming any judgment of the future capacity of children. To the drama and all connected with it Mr. Whyte had been through his whole life warmly devoted, having lived all his life in habits of intimacy with the family of Brinsley Sheridan, as well as with most of the ornaments of the Dublin stage. Besides teaching and training the young actors, he took frequently a part in the *dramatis personæ* himself, and either the prologue or epilogue was generally furnished

by his pen. Whyte's connection with theatrical people was rather against his success in his profession, as many parents were apprehensive he might inspire a theatrical taste into his pupils. "As for me," says Moore, "it was thought hardly possible that I could escape being made an actor, and my poor mother, who was sanguinely speculating on the speedy removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, and had destined me to the Bar, was frequently doomed to hear prognostics of my devotion of myself to the profession of the stage." Among the most intimate friends of the schoolmaster, were the Rev. Joseph Lefanu and his wife, the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mrs. Lefanu was strangely smitten with the love of acting, had played the part of Jane Shore at Lady Borrowes' private theatre, Kildare-street, with considerable success, when Tommy Moore, being then about eleven years of age, recited the epilogue. On this occasion it was that the little fellow first saw his name in print, in the playbill, and was more than enough proud of it.

The commencement of Tommy's career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. His first "versicle," as he calls it, was written on a toy, very fashionable about the year 1780 or 1790, called in French a *bandalore*, and in English a quiz. What this toy was we have no means of knowing, as the word *bandalore* is not to be found in any French dictionary in our possession, and we have at least forty at hand, beginning with the *Dictionnaires de Menage et de Travaux*, and ending with the *Dictionnaire Classique de la Langue Française*, published by Baudouin within the last twenty years. Moore states that he is enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign from a circumstance stated to him by Lord Plunkett:—"I remember," said Lord Plunkett, "being on a committee of the Irish House of Commons in 1790, with Captain Wellesley, or Wesley, then one of the aide-de-camps of the Lord Lieutenant, and it is remarkable enough Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes the whole time of the sitting of the committee." In this statement there must be some mistake, and Lord Plunkett did not display his accustomed accuracy. For in the Parliament which met at Dublin on the 21st of January, and ended the 5th of April, 1790, though the Hon. Wm. Wesley Pole (afterwards Lord

Maryborough) sat for the borough of Trim, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald sat for the borough of Athy, Captain, or Major, Arthur Wesley was not elected a member. In the Parliament, however, which met on the 20th of January and ended the 5th of May, 1791, he was a member for the borough of Trim, as another celebrated character, Arthur O'Connor, was member for the borough of Philipstown; but unfortunately for the accuracy of the statement, Lord Plunkett was not in the Irish Parliament either in 1790 or 1791, though we believe it is quite true that the Duke of Wellington was an aide-de-camp during a portion of the second viceroyalty of the first Marquis of Buckingham, somewhere about 1789 and 1790, and during a portion also of the viceroyalty of John Fane, Earl of Westmoreland, between 1790 and 1794. We have ourselves known two officers, one the brother of a peer, and the other who was subsequently created a peer, who served with the Hon. Arthur Wesley as aide-de-camp during this period, and the concurrent testimony of both was that a less promising or a less gifted or brilliant man than the Captain of those by-gone days was not to be found in the British service, or the less likely to rise to high command in his own profession. Moore truly states that Luttrell, who died a couple of years ago, who was about two years older than the Duke, who was intimate with all the leading men of 1790 (as indeed he was intimate with all the leading men for considerably more than half a century afterwards), used to state in the face of all the Duke's glory that which he had remarked more than half a century before, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face—"Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* certainly will not." We have ourselves often heard remarks openly made to this purport by Luttrell in one of the first clubs of London, and the views of that very acute and accomplished observer have been also maintained by an Irish county member who held office in Ireland before, and in England after, the Union, and by an independent Irish gentleman who sat in the Irish Parliament just before the Union, and subsequently in the English Parliament to the period of the passing of the Reform Bill. Luttrell, Lord Plunkett, and the two very able and accomplished county members we allude to were all mistaken in their estimate of the man, as indeed was the elder and more accomplished and scholarly brother of Captain Wesley, afterwards Marquis of Wellesley, who never entertained a very high opinion of his brother

till the period of his own Governor-Generalship of India.

To return, however, to Tommy Moore. All this while his youth was a happy one. His mother examined him daily in all his studies, and even when she came home from evening parties used to wake Tom up and make him repeat his lessons, a task which he cheerfully entered on. On one occasion, when the little fellow was treated with some injustice at a public examination, at which the parents of the boys were present, the indomitable mother stood forward for her son, exclaimed against the injustice, and saw Tommy righted. The first public efforts of young Moore were in acting and rhyming. It is necessary, however, that some account should be given of his beginnings in music, the only art for which in his own opinion he was born with any natural love, for his poetry, he asserts, sprung out of his deep feeling for music. While yet quite a child an old lumbering harpsichord was thrown on the hands of his father by some bankrupt customer, and on this he received his first lessons from a youth employed in the service of a tuner. Much progress was not made, for Tommy and his companion chiefly occupied themselves in vaulting over the chairs and tables. It was soon, however, discovered that he had an agreeable voice and taste for singing, and this talent was frequently called into play to enliven the suppers and tea parties of which his mother was fond. In the summer theatricals, too, his singing of the songs of Patrick, in the *Poor Soldier*, particularly of the duet with Norah, into which he threw a feeling beyond his years, was received, he says, with too encouraging applause.

The Irish act of the 33d George III., which passed in 1793, swept away those disqualifications which excluded persons of the Roman Catholic faith from the university and the bar, left Tommy's mother free to indulge her long-cherished wishes of bringing him up to the profession of the law. He was accordingly placed under the care of the Latin usher at Whyte's, old Donovan, and was prepared to enter the university in 1794. The year before his entry, he enjoyed the pleasure of first seeing his verses in print in the *Anthologia Hibernica*. The tutor under whom Moore was placed in Trinity College, was the Rev. Mr. Burrowes, a man not merely of classical acquirements, but renowned for wit and humor. This worthy divine, besides being the author of many papers in the *Transactions* of the Royal

Academy, was celebrated as the author of a flash song, called 'The night before Larry was stretched' (i. e. hanged). In the examination of the first year, Moore gained a premium and a certificate, but here the brief career of his college honors terminated. Of the college fellows with whom he came in contact, Moore does not appear to have formed a high opinion. The Greek lecturer, he says, was Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, a man much beyond his compeers, both in learning and taste. This description fully agrees with the general opinions both within and without the university. Magee was not less celebrated as a classic than as a scientific scholar and a divine. Mr. Percival pronounced him the ablest divine in the Protestant church. On the shameless way in which the fellows contrived to evade the statute of the university which expressly forbade their marrying, the little poet is very explicit. 'The wife of my tutor,' says he, 'went about with him in society by the name of Mrs. Grierson, she being the daughter of Grierson, the king's printer. Magee's wife was called Mrs. Moulson, and so on.'

In the second year of his college course, Moore wrote a masque, which was personated by his sister and a Miss Sally Masterson. We remember having met this Sally Masterson in London, in the spring of 1832. She was then called Selina, Countess of Masterson, having adopted the rank of countess on being made a *chanoinesse* of the order of St. Anne of Bavaria. This lady had a small estate at Martinique, whither she proceeded in 1833 or 1834, and where, we are informed, she still lives, in a green old age, doing a world of good among the slaves. About this period, Tommy complains how unfairly a dull monk of Trinity dealt by him. The delinquent was Prior—fat Tom Prior, as he was called—who was Senior Fellow, Catechist and King's Professor of Greek, when we knew something more of Dublin University than we profess to know now. Tom Prior, though an exceedingly dull and heavy, was yet a good-natured man, compared with some of his associates.

The political ferment that was abroad about this period soon found its way within the walls of the university. A youth destined to act a melancholy but ever-memorable part in the troubled scenes that were approaching, had begun to attract the attention both of his fellow students and the college authorities. This was Robert Emmet, whose brilliant successes in his college studies, and more especially in the scientific portion

of them, had crowned his career with all the honors of his course.

Of the Debating Society which was held within the walls of the College, Moore became, in 1796 or 1797, a member. In this society the powers of oratory displayed were beginning to excite universal attention. When Moore became a member of the society, he found Emmet in full fame, not only for his scientific attainments, but for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners. Besides the Debating Society, there was another society for the higher classes of students, called the Historical Society, established on the ruins of one bearing the name, which had been put down some years before by the fellows, but continued to hold its sittings *outside* the walls. Of this latter, Moore truly states the late Chief Justice Bushe was one of the most eloquent, though not, as he intimates, one of the most turbulent members. There was in truth nothing turbulent in Bushe's nature. We have ourselves frequently seen the MS. journals of the Historical Society, and in them we find that Mr. Charles Kendall Bushe, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, closed the session in a speech from the chair on the 26th of October, 1785, equally brilliant and effective. The gifted speaker must have been very young at this period, for he was not called to the bar till eight years afterwards. Moore speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful effect of Emmet's eloquence in the small society. He states that he forgets whether he ever ventured on any oratorical effort. We are enabled, on the authority of one who was a member of the society all through Moore's college career, to state that he did not. On one occasion, however, he was so excited by a discourse of Emmet's, that at its close he started up, enthusiastically exclaiming, "I'll sing the prose of Robert." It is impossible now to form any idea of the feverish excitement of the public mind both in the university and in Dublin, in 1797. One of the oldest college acquaintances and friends of Thomas Moore, Edward Hudson, was one of the committee seized at Oliver Bond's, in 1798. Hudson was a remarkably fine and handsome young man, full of zeal and ardor for everything connected with the fine arts. He drew with much taste, was passionately devoted to Irish music, and had with great industry collected and transcribed all the most beautiful airs, and used to play them on the flute.

In his eighteenth year Moore stood for a

vacant scholarship; well knowing, however, that it would be labor in vain. "For though," says he, "I were to come furnished with the learning of an Erasmus, I should still, being like Erasmus a Roman Catholic, have been shut out from all chance of the prize."

In the course of 1797 the little poet was admitted a member of the Historical Society, in which the most distinguished and eloquent among the supporters of power were a young man named Sargeant, and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick. On the popular side, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet. So exciting and powerful were his speeches deemed, that the Board sent among the members of the society a man of advanced standing in the university named Geraghty. This Geraghty—a fact which Moore omits to state—had been then three years at the bar, to which he was called in 1794; and his efforts at the Historical Society, in opposition to young Emmet, were rewarded with the especial patronage of Lord Clare, the Chancellor. He was dull, but a well-read man, who continued to practise his profession till 1850, when, we have heard, he died at the advanced age of eighty-two. He was the author of a pamphlet on the *State of Ireland and on the Union*. In the autumn of 1797 the newspaper called the *Press* was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. Drennan, and Dr. Macnevin. We have now the *Press* before us, and we agree with Moore in thinking that it was not distinguished by any great display of literary talent. Moore praises the letters written by the elder Emmet under the signature of Montanus, as being the only compositions claiming notice for literary as well as political merit. We have recently looked through these letters, amounting to ten in number, and we confess we can find in them no merits, either political or literary. Anything more vicious than the style, or more broken than the metaphors, it has seldom been our fortune to meet.

At the end of 1797, Burrowes having left the college on a living, Tommy was placed under a lay fellow of the name of Phipps, a warmhearted person who strenuously and confidentially recommended him to avoid being seen so much in public with Robert Emmet. There was now little time for caution or deliberation. The plot was soon after discovered, and one of the first scenes the curtain rose upon was that formidable inquisition held within the walls of the college by, to use the very words of Moore, that bitterest of all Orange politicians, the Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon.

An inquiry, on oath, took place, and Moore candidly admits that the facts that came out in the course of the evidence but too much justified the inquisitorial proceeding. There were a few among the number of the incriminated whose total absence from the scene, as well as the dead silence that daily followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the transactions to be inquired into.

These were Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two Corbets. Of the two latter Moore gives no account, but we may state that after they had been expelled the University, both of them entered the French service. One of them we well knew as Colonel Corbet, aide-de-camp to General Maison in the Morea in 1827 or 1828, subsequently as General Corbet, commanding the Correze under Louis Philippe in 1834 or 1835, and afterwards as General Corbet in London in 1838, when he came over with Soult to witness the coronation of her Majesty. Corbet, the elder, of whom we speak, was a very distinguished officer, was a good linguist and geographer, and had been employed on the staff during the wars of the Empire. In the inquisitorial proceedings to which we refer, Moore himself was examined among others.

At the table sat Chancellor Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, and by his side the notorious Paddy Duigenan, immortalized by Grattan:

'The oath was proffered to me,' says the poet. 'I have an objection, my lord,' said I, in a clear, firm voice, 'I have an objection to taking this oath.' 'What's your objection, sir?' the Chancellor asked sternly. 'I have no fear, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might affect others; and I must say that I despise that person's character who would be led under any circumstances to criminate his associates.' This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day, and, as I learned afterwards, was so felt. 'How old are you, sir?' I told him my age, between seventeen and eighteen, though looking, I dare say, not more than fourteen or fifteen. He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him in an under voice. 'We cannot,' he resumed, again looking towards me, 'We cannot allow any person to remain in our University who would refuse to take this oath.' 'I shall then, my lord,' I replied, 'take the oath; still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have described.' 'We do not sit here to argue with you, sir,' he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witness-chair.

The questions were then put. 'Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?' 'No, my lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the

purchase of arms and ammunition?' 'No, my lord.' [How could he, if he never belonged to any of the societies, as he had stated in his first answer?] 'Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassinations?' 'Oh, no, my lord.' Lord Clare then said, 'When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance in taking the oath?' To this Moore answered, that he had already stated his chief reasons, in addition to which this was the first oath he had ever taken; 'he thought the hesitation natural.' Whitley Stokes, a fellow of the House, a man of liberal politics, totally opposed to these inquisitorial proceedings, turned round to his neighbor and said, 'That's the best answer that has been given yet.*' Moore was now dismissed without any further questioning. His young friends crowded round him with hearty congratulations, not so much on his acquittal as on the manner he had acquitted himself.

During the outbreak of the rebellion in May, 1798, Moore was confined to his room with illness, and when he recovered started for London to serve his terms as a Templar. By the way, however, he tells us of many of his college companions, and among others of Hugh Thornton Macklin, a very distinguished scholar and member of the Historical Society. Macklin, however, was a great boaster. Being asked once on the eve of a great public examination whether he was well-prepared in conic sections, 'Prepared,' he exclaimed, 'I could whistle them.' A quarter of a century after this time, we ourselves well remember Macklin robust, good-humored, and popular, with a flushed scorbutic face and empty bag, pacing the hall of the Dublin Four Courts. By some he was called 'Delicate Hue' (Hugh) in allusion to his carbuncled countenance. By others of the members of the N. E. Bar he was called *Fieri Facias*, a name said to be invented for him by clever and gouty Joe Rollestone, one of the leaders of his circuit, whom Hugh had christened Counsellor Rolingstone, because of his gyrations moral and political. Both Hugh Thornton and Joe Rollestone are now gathered to their fathers. A pair of pleasanter compa-

nions it were difficult to encounter in the shades of evening. We remember making a journey from Rotterdam to the Hague, and an excursion to Schiedam, with Rollestone, in August, 1827, who was then near 70, and a more lively, agreeable, and delightful companion it was impossible to meet. There never was a vacancy in the representation of T.C.D. that Macklin did not *threaten* to stand for it. But we believe he never came to the poll but once.

In 1798 or 99, Moore took his degree of A.B., and left the University. Sometime in 1799 he became acquainted with the Grierasons, who enjoyed the valuable situation of King's printer, and who lived in good style, and also with Joe Atkinson, the lively and popular secretary of the Ordnance Board, and the author of several dramatic pieces, as *Mutual Deception*, *Match for a Widow*, *Killarney*, or *Love in a blaze*, &c. He also became acquainted with Sir George Shee, then holding an official station in Dublin, and at his house he was asked to meet Lord Clare.

The first lodging which Tom Moore rented in London, as a Templar, was 44, George-street, Portman square, where he paid the magnificent sum of 6s. per week. This neighborhood was then the resort of poor French emigrants. In his first visit to London, Moore, through one of his friends, Dr. Hume, arranged for the publication of *Anacreon*, with Stockdale, of Piccadilly. It was on his second visit to England that he became acquainted, through Joe Atkinson, with Lord Moira, and was invited to pay a visit to Donnington-Park, on his way to London. One of the most vivid of his early English recollections is of Lord Mornington, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighting him to his bed-room. Here the memoirs end.

We now come to the letters, which extend from 1793 to 1818. The greater number of these are to his mother, and display a tenderness and filial love beyond all praise. Early in 1800, he wrote to his mother that he had submitted his *Anacreon* to Dr. Lawrence, that he had got Mrs. Fitzherbert's, the Duke of Bedford's, and the Marquis of Lansdowne's names as subscribers. In May, he had got the Prince's name (afterwards George IV.), with a permission to dedicate *Anacreon* to his highness. In July, 1800, he writes to his mother that he was waiting in town to be introduced to the Prince, and that he had, a few evenings before, met Prince William (afterwards William IV.) at 'a very elegant

* John Whitley Stokes, of whom mention is here made, was a man of the highest attainments in classics, in science, and in law, in which he graduated. He was the father of the very eminent physician now practising in Merriion-Square, and to whom the writer of this review is deeply indebted for professional skill and attention bestowed on a relative.

party' at Lady Dering's. In August, his wishes were realized in being introduced to the Prince, and he describes him to his mother, as 'a man of very fascinating manners.' When I was presented to him, writes Tommy, he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities, and when I thanked him for the honor he did me in permitting the dedication of *Anacreon*, he stopped me, and said the honor was entirely his in being allowed to put his name to a work of such merit.

On Monday, January 4, 1802, he writes to his mother that he had arrived in town from Donnington (Lord Moira's seat), "with Curran, who had kept him in an uninterrupted fit of laughter all the way." This tallies with all we have ever heard of that wonderful orator and celebrated conversationalist, of whom Byron said, that he could draw tears and excite laughter almost in the same breath.

In September, 1803, through the interest of Lord Moira, Moore obtained the place of register at Bermuda; and in that very month he set sail from Portsmouth. In November he arrived at Norfolk, in Virginia; at Bermuda, his destination, in January, 1804. He very soon found it was not worth his while to remain there. So many prize courts had been established, that Bermuda had but few causes referred to it; and even a Spanish war, the poet stated, would make his income by no means worth staying for. He returned home through the States, and passed through New York in 1804. He says, writing "to my dearest mother," "The oddest things I have yet seen are young Bonaparte and his bride." This was Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, Marshal of France! Prince of the Blood! President of the servile Senate of M. L. N. Bonaparte, lately Governor of the Invalides, and now ready to do, say, or suffer anything for prompt payment by his putative nephew, out of the moneys of the French people. Of all the worthless schemers of the Corsican clique of Bonapartes, this Jerome is unquestionably the most mean. The bride of whom Moore speaks was Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, an American lady whom Jerome, then a lieutenant, or *capitaine de Vaisseau*, repudiated at the request of his brother. In May, 1804, Tommy was at Baltimore, on his way to England; in June, at Philadelphia; in July, at Chippewa, in Upper Canada and Niagara; in August, at Quebec; and in November, 1804, at Plymouth, in the dear old country, after a passage of twenty-eight days, crying out with joy, on paper, to his

"darling mother," that he was again on English ground. Tommy, it is plain, from his letters, his "epistles and odes," as well as his conversation, did not like the Americans. On his arrival in London, he took up his abode at 27, Bury street, St. James's, whence to his mother, to Miss Godfrey, to Lady Donegal, and many others, both male and female, he addressed numerous "missives," beaming with that playfulness and affection so congenial to his nature. In January, 1805, we find him writing to his mother, that he worked as hard as a Scalliger all the mornings, and that a dinner now and again with Lady Donegal or Mrs. Tighe was all the excess in which he allowed himself to indulge. In September of the same year, we find Lord Moira accepting the dedication of the *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*, published by Carpenter, of Bond street. The greater portion of these was written during his fourteen months' absence from Europe. It was in the power of the noble Earl to whom these poems were dedicated to render the poet a service in 1806. Lord Moira, who was then Master-General of the Ordnance, appointed John Moore, the father of Thomas, to the barrackmastership of Dublin. Moore himself was promised an Irish commissionership, but this, it need not be stated, he never obtained. Previously to his going to America, in 1803, he was half inclined to accept the place of Laureate, though every one he consulted, except Croker, (afterwards Secretary of the Admiralty) advised him to reject it. It was not, however, till he had received a letter from his father that he felt quite decided to reject the offer.

We now come upon the particulars of his hostile meeting with Jeffrey, in 1806. This hostile meeting took its rise from an attack which the *Edinburgh Review* contained on his *Odes and Epistles*. When Moore first read the article, at the inn at Worthing, though his Irish blood was a good deal roused, the idea of seriously noticing the attack did not occur to him till some time after. His first application, when he came to town, was to Woolriche, to act as his friend, whose answer implied delay and deliberation. He next applied to Hume, who without hesitation agreed to be the bearer of the message. The note which he sent, Moore thus describes:—

"Of the short note which I sent, the first few lines have long escaped my memory; but after adverting to some assertion contained in the article accusing me, if I recollect right, of a deliberate intention to corrupt the minds of my readers,

I thus proceeded :—To this I beg leave to answer, you are a liar!—yes, sir, a liar! And I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance, in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt, for your own satisfaction, that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine."

When it is considered that this note was written nearly half a century ago, and by a young Irishman and a poet to boot, numbering only twenty-seven summers, people will be disposed to excuse its vulgarity and intemperance. There was of course but one kind of answer to such a cartel. Hume was referred by Jeffrey to his friend Mr. Francis Horner, afterwards the celebrated M.P. and Bullion Committee reporter, and the meeting was fixed for the following morning, at Chalk Farm. William Spencer promised to provide Moore with pistols, for Hume was possessed of no such implements, and Moore scarcely knew their use. "Tommy" states that he forgets where he dined the day before the duel, but in the evening, at all events, he was engaged in the task of finding powder and bullets. It was agreed that the combatant was not to sleep at home, and as Hume was not the man, says Tommy, to furnish a friend with an extra pair of clean sheets, I quietly took the sheets off my own bed, and huddling them up as well as I could, took them away with me in the coach to Hume. Strange episode, for many a man has been convicted of robbing his furnished lodgings for taking the sheets off the bed, not with a view to enable him to fight a duel, but to raise the wind at the sign of the three balls. Matters are thus subsequently described :—

"Horner retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together. All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We of course had bowed to each other on meeting, but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, 'What a beautiful morning it is.' 'Yes,' I answered, with a smile, 'a morning made for better purposes.' To which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings, and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations, upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said when he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading."

An instant afterwards, two Bow Street officers made their appearance, and the parties

were conveyed, crest-fallen, to Bow Street. It may not be unnecessary to state here that Moore and Jeffrey subsequently became the best friends, and that Tommy was afterwards a distinguished contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*.

In April, 1807, Moore writes to Lady Donegal that he is determined on being called to the Irish Bar in the following year, but this intention he never fulfilled.

On the 25th March, 1811, Moore was married at St. Martin's Church, London, to Miss Dyke, a lady who we believe had been previously on the stage. In allusion to his marriage, he says, in a letter to his mother in May, 1811, "I breakfast with Lady Donegal on Monday, and dine to meet her at Rogers's on Tuesday; and there is a person to be of both parties, whom you little dream of, but whom I shall introduce to your notice next week." Within twenty months after his marriage, and in his thirty-third year, we find him writing to Power, the musical publisher, saying, "If you can only let me have three or four pounds by return of post, you will oblige me. I would not have made this hasty and importunate demand on you, but I have foolishly let myself run dry without trying my other resources, and I have been the week past literally without one sixpence." Again he writes to Power a short time afterwards,—“Your contribution of 10*l.* came very seasonably, and was just sufficient to release me from my turtle-eating confinement, and pay a month's house expenses at home.” In the same month and year, dating from Kegworth to Power, he says,—“Many thanks for your *truly eloquent letter*”—a letter which contained money.

The second volume opens with the letters from 1814 to 1818, when the correspondence closes. The greater number of these letters are to his mother and to Power, the musical publisher. To Power he sometimes ends his communication with a transcript of a whole song, which he had written since his last communication, and which the latter forwarded in course to Sir John Stevenson. Thus, in page 12 we find the whole of the air, “When first the fount of life was flowing.”

In the summer of 1814 we find him living at Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne. Here he was pleased and gratified, as we learn from a letter to his mother, by the offer of Admiral Douglas, who had just been named admiral on the Jamaica station, to appoint him to the secretaryship. He had not seen Douglas, whom he had known at the Bermudas in 1804, more than twice in eight or nine years. The

salary was something under 500*l.* a year, but the perquisites, even in peace, were considerable, and in case of war it was a sure fortune. It is a singular proof of the loveable and attaching character of Moore that this offer should have been made after so long an interval of separation between the parties, accompanied too as it was with the use of a fine house and 100 acres of land, both attached to the admiral's office. Nor was it only friends and acquaintances who were thus kind to him. From the Strutts, of Derby, "who had fine piano-fortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and who, to crown all, were right true Jacobins after Moore's own heart," his wife received presents of "rings, fans, and bronze candlesticks," and great social kindness, the more to be appreciated as some of the family were distinguished by literary tastes. For instance, Moore found one of them, a pretty, natural girl of sixteen, a classic and a poetess, reading the sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoiled by it.

After the duel that was to have been with Jeffrey, and which was prevented by the police, neither party entertained any animosity towards the other. As the would-be combatants had a number of common friends, and agreed together in politics, civil and kindly speeches made by Jeffrey of Moore and by Moore of Jeffrey were repeated by those with whom both came into constant intercourse. All these reciprocal though indirect civilities ended in a letter from Jeffrey to Rogers requesting the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* to use his influence to induce his friend Moore, and "I hope," added Jeffrey, "mine also," to write in the *Blue and Buff*. It ended in Moore's becoming a regular contributor, and one of his first articles was on the Fathers.

Among all the friends to whom Moore addressed his letters, there were no two who took a livelier or a sincerer interest in his welfare than the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal and her sister Miss Godfrey. To Lady Donegal herself, celebrated as painter, as musician, and accomplished in all feminine graces and literary accomplishments, he dedicated the first of the second volume of the *Melodies* in a prefatory letter, penned with taste, feeling, and knowledge of the science of music. This was in 1810, and five years afterwards, namely, on the 30th March, 1815, we find Lady Donegal writing to him from Tunbridge Wells, and using the privilege of an old friend, "to warn him that Ireland was not a safe residence for him in any way—(Lady

Donegal meant politically safe)—and "I cannot let you go," said his fair correspondent, "without intruding my wise caution upon you." "You will be in the society of some whose heads and hearts are too wrong to have any influence with you, but their very society will do you harm. Be as guarded as in your nature, for the Irish Democrats—if you choose I will call them opposition—are a dangerous, unprincipled set as ever existed. I am satisfied that you should go as far in your politics as Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grenville, but I will never give my consent to your going one step beyond them." To this Moore answered as follows:

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, April 10, 1815.

If there is anything in the world that I have been detesting and despising more than another for this long time past, it has been those very Dublin politicians whom you so fear I should associate with. I do not think a good cause was ever ruined by a more bigoted, brawling, and disgusting set of demagogues; and, though it be the religion of my fathers, I must say that much of this vile, vulgar spirit is to be traced to that wretched faith which is again polluting Europe with Jesuitism and inquisitions, and which, of all the humbugs that have stultified mankind, is the most narrow-minded and mischievous; so much for the danger of my joining Messrs. O'Connell, O'Donnel, &c.

These are manly sentiments, and very creditable to the good sense and discrimination of Moore. In fact there was no man less of a demagogue, or more prudent in his political and private conduct than the little poet. Fastidious in his tastes, gifted with rare good sense and equal moderation, Moore, when in his teens, escaped the perils of the Rebellion of 1798, and it was not likely that, at the mature age of thirty-five, he would put his position in England at stake by joining the Catholic Board of that coarse and unscrupulous demagogue, the late Daniel O'Connell.

In 1816, *Lallah Rookh*, for the sale of which Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, had personally negotiated at the price of 3000*l.*, was ready for publication. As the year, however, was one of great distress and very unfavorable to publishers, Moore most handsomely wrote to the Longmans, to leave them at liberty to postpone, or modify the bargain, or even to relinquish it altogether. Considering the years he had spent in the work, as Lord John Russell remarks, and the value of 3000*l.* to his family and to himself, this conduct was really magnanimous. But Mr. Longman was too liberal a man to take ad-

vantage of such generosity. The poem appeared in May, 1817, with a dedication to Mr. Rogers.

In 1817, Moore wrote to his publisher, Power, that his father had lost his situation. "This," he said, "is a heavy blow to me, as I shall have to support them for the remainder of their lives." This admirable and exemplary son was in a measure relieved from this necessity. A few days after the letter to Power, Moore learned that his father had got half-pay, which was a considerable relief from what he expected. 'Between ourselves,' he writes to Power, 'he never could have got it, had I not myself written to Lord Mulgrave on the subject.'

At the time when Moore was making this resolve to support his family, he being then a married man with a young family, and in his thirty-seventh year, he wrote to Power thus,—'Could you, in the course of a week or ten days, muster me a few pounds (five or six), as I am almost without a shilling.' Such admirable filial piety requires no comment.

In May, 1817, he had most pressing solicitations from the opposition to undertake the superintendence of a new paper, called the *Guardian*. This he declined, and wisely declined. To edit a daily journal is the task of Sisypheus, was well said by Marmontel. Men who sell their flesh and blood to party in this line are ill rewarded for their pains.

In July, 1817, Moore set out to Paris, in company with his friend Rogers. In 1818, he first heard of a calamity which had befallen him. His deputy at Bermuda had made free with the proceeds of a ship and cargo deposited in his hands, and Moore was called on by a monition from Doctors' Commons to be accountable for it. The glorious little fellow, however, was not cast down by the prospect. 'As it is not by my own misdeeds I shall suffer,' he wrote to Power, 'there will be nothing in it to embitter my conscience.' When Jeffrey heard of his misfortune in respect to the Bermuda business, he wrote to him, in 1818, thus,—

I have heard of your misfortunes, and of the noble way you bear them. It is very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your service, which you may repay when you please, and as much more which I can advance upon any reasonable security of payment in seven years. Perhaps it is very unpardonable in me to say this, but upon my word, I would not make you the offer if I did not feel that I would accept it without scruple from you. At all events, don't be angry with me, and don't send me a letter beginning Sir.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. II.

When one reads these effusions of the eminent men of letters, one is proud of belonging to or having any connection with a profession illustrated by such noble, such exalted natures.

A few days after he received this letter from Jeffrey he set out for Dublin, where his visit excited the greatest enthusiasm, and where a grand public dinner was given to him, Lord Charlemont being in the chair. The speaking at this dinner was of a very superior order, and Moore very happily distinguished himself in more than one post-prandial address, a species of oratory in which it is peculiarly difficult to excel, yet in which the poet Moore, from the nature of his talent and the geniality of his cordial and kindly disposition, was supremely felicitous.

The letters, many of which are without a full date, disclose the exceeding sweetness and tenderness of his disposition, the cordiality, warmth, and kindness of his heart, and the goodness of his nature. To Dalton, who held the situation of Surveyor, or land-waiter, in the Irish Customs, who was an exquisite musician and singer, and who married the daughter of Sir John Stevenson (afterwards Lady Beestive,) he almost always writes—"My dearest Dalton;" and he exhibits as much anxiety about him when ill and suffering as though he had been his brother or his son.

The diary, which commences in 1818, and runs to 212 pages, is, we really think, the most interesting part of the volumes. In it Moore records his daily impressions truthfully, vividly, and without affectation. Under the date of the 13th of September, 1818, we find the amiable poet proceeding, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Scully, to visit the grave of his daughter Barbara, at Hornsey, and calling on his way at Perry's, who lived near Tavistock Square, in a house subsequently, we believe, occupied by Sir John Romilly. In a note to this entry to the journal, we find that Scully, Moore's brother-in-law, was delighted with the beauty of the house and library, and that they agreed how gratifying it was, in these times of servility and apostasy, to see one man prospering on the side of independence and consistency.

In the 9th of September, 1818, when Moore was diurnally making entries in this journal, he was also daily working at his *Life of Sheridan*, and ever and anon we find racy stories of the scampishness and reckless want of principle of Sheridan: Thus, under the date of the 26th of October, 1818, we learn that Sheridan persuaded the Linleys to

part with their shares in Drury Lane for annuities, which were never paid: he in this manner got the disposal of everything, even the sale of private boxes, into his own hands. The trickery of this man in money-matters was extraordinary, but people seemed to acquit him of any low, premeditated design in these various shifts and contrivances.

In October, 1818, Moore mentions Mrs. Merryweather, a sister of Captain Lockyer, R. N., a neighbor of his at Sloperton, singing in very good style; and also in Henry Hall Joy, another neighbor, a barrister, who every man who wears a wig, and who is of fifteen years' standing at the bar, well remembers. Moore speaks of Joy as a good fellow, but a coxcomb rather (he might have added very much of a coxcomb, both in dress and manners,) and as constant a quoter as Dr. Pangloss. In fact, like the eternal Mr. Penn, a quarter of a century ago (who was said to have been *the Penn that never mended*,) Horace was never out of Joy's mouth, whether you met him at Caen Wood, or breakfasted or dined with him in those splendidly-furnished chambers in Paper-buildings, which Joy's father—an American merchant and loyalist, of Irish origin—purchased from Samuel Rogers, poet and banker, somewhere about 1804 or 1805.

Under the date of the 8th of January, 1819, we find what Moore calls a good thing of Madame de Stael about the Duke of Wellington. Necker's daughter said, "there never was a great man made out of such small materials." Just following this anecdote, we find a *mot* wrongly attributed to Kelly, the Irish barrister, stated by Moore to be his god-father. The *mot* was of Jack Parsons, brother to the Earl of Rosse, and not Kelly. Leonard Macnally, an Irish Old Bailey-barrister, of no very good repute, and who was really a paid agent of the government, had a son a scampish jail attorney, called Leonard Macnally, junior, who was once rifled by a highwayman. On the following day, his father, limping through the hall of the Four Courts, met Jack Parsons, a celebrated black-letter lawyer, as well as a man of real wit and humor. "Well, Parsons," said Leonard, "have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No, Leonard," exclaimed Jack, with a most deliberate and drawing lisp, "who did he rob, my dear boy, who did he rob?"

Under date of 31st of January, 1819, we find the following entry:

I called in at Perry's and wrote some lines I had long promised in his splendid copy of *Lallah*

Rookh; the binding of this cost him, I think, 12l. The lines are mere prose, but I wished to state plainly the fact that, it was owing to his interference with the booksellers I got such a magnificent sum for the work.

Under the 4th of May, 1819, we find the following entry:

Dined at Longman's—they are speculating already upon the purchase of poor Perry's paper—and had much talk with me as to whether I should like to be editor, with a share and a salary.

In no part of the journal, as yet published, do we find any allusion to Tommy's own contributions in verse to the *Chronicle*: yet that they were many, brilliant, and highly remunerated, there can be no doubt.

The following passage, 7th of May, 1819, is worth extracting:

Dined at Rogers's, to meet Grattan: company only he, J. Rogers, and his brother and sister. Grattan still very delightful. Spoke of old Sheridan; he used to take the good speeches of other characters for his own. Agreed with me in preferring Burke to all orators. Rogers remarked that Burke had an advantage over others in having reported his own speeches. Another remark of his, when we spoke of Burke's wonderful display of knowledge, that a man who has not much taste often seems to know more than a man whose fastidiousness of taste restrains him from such an exhibition.

The Burns dinner took place on the 5th June, 1819. Moore was present, and spoke wonderfully well, as he ever did after dinner.

At every sentence, he says, I was interrupted by plaudits: my own countrymen never received me with more enthusiasm. *By the bye, there were 350 Scotchmen at the dinner, and the donations of my party made more than a fourth of the subscriptions at the table.*

There are many more extracts which we might make, but here we unwillingly break off.

We must say that Lord John Russell's preface and editorial efforts are erudite, elegant and scholarly; distinguished by correct taste, exquisite tact, and thoroughly good and gentlemanly feeling. The details of Moore's life are given briefly and clearly, and the Whig leader bears honorable testimony to the real goodness of the man.

Moore was nominally a Roman Catholic, and in his declining years he published a work of rather recondite research in defence of the Roman Catholic Church. But withal he frequently attended the parish church of

his village, and had all his children baptized in the religion of the Church of England.

All who knew him must have been persuaded, says Lord John Russell, of his strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longing for life and immortality, and his submission to the will of God, and of his love of his neighbor, his charity, his Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his good will to all men. In his last days he frequently repeated to his wife, "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God." That God is love was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbor as himself, seems to have been the rule of his life.

The critical part of Lord John's remarks will repay perusal.

That there is not merely a good sense and kindliness in the remarks of the editor, but a large and catholic spirit of criticism, accompanied by a delicacy of tact and touch very remarkable, and for which the world at large would not and will not, till these volumes are better known, give Lord John Russell full credit. He has well shown what Moore was as a man, as a poet, as a politician, and as a member of society. As a man he was of a tender and generous nature, not merely like-

ble but loveable; as a politician he was firm and true to his party, but not so blind a partisan as not to be aware of the fatal cliquism and exclusiveness of the Whigs; as a poet he was of a light, graceful, and vivacious fancy, abounding in sparkle and sprightliness, dashed occasionally with a pathos and sensibility unsurpassed by any poet of our day. His collocation of words was exquisitely musical, marked by a measure and fall satisfying, not merely to the ear, but to the sense of the reader.

As a member of society Moore fulfilled all his duties to family and friends in a most exemplary manner, and gained the love and admiration of all those with whom he came into contact. As a lyrical writer, his Melodies, Irish and National, will live as long as poetry and music have sway over the human heart. His singing, or rather his recitation of the airs of his country, was the most perfect thing that can be imagined, and was pronounced by Sir John Stevenson, a man thirty years his senior, and who was distinguished as a composer of operas, concertos, church music, and songs at the period of his birth, to be unrivalled and unique.

From the Westminster Review.

MARY TUDOR.*

If persecution was necessary to give stability to the reformed Church of England, it was no more than retributive justice that the instrument of it should have been the daughter of Catherine of Arragon. The wrongs of that lady were so widely felt, and the Reformation, ill able as it was to afford so far to compromise itself, was so deeply implicated in the history of them, that nothing less than the long list of the Marian victims was sufficient for their expiation; and we may congratulate ourselves that the education and early life of Queen Mary had left her with no other qualities than what were necessary for the part thus assigned to her,

or Cranmer's prayer-book and Articles might have perished with himself; the Church of England, like the Church of France, might have risen out of the confusion of the sixteenth century, a moderate Catholicism; and the course of all European history have been different. According to the loose notions generally prevalent, the fluctuations of belief under the Tudors are to be explained by the variation of opinion in the successive princes, whose dominion is supposed to have been absolute over the souls if not the bodies of their subjects. But no prince of the Tudor, or any other dynasty in England, has been able to do more than incline the scale between parties equally balanced; and so large a majority of the English people went along with the return to Catholicism, the will of the country was so repeatedly and distinctly pronounced for

* England under the Reigns of Edward VI and Mary, with the contemporary History of Europe; illustrated in a Series of Original Letters, never before printed. By Patrick Fraser Tytler. London: 1839.

it, that we must look elsewhere for the explanation of a revolution so remarkable. Incomprehensible as it may seem, it would have been far more easy for Mary to have recovered for the old faith the ground which it had lost, and renewed—at any rate for a period—the lease of its endurance, than it afterwards proved for Elizabeth conclusively to establish the Reformation.

The whole story is so curious, and illustrates, in so remarkable a degree, the danger to which the English may expose themselves by their distaste for speculative change, that it is worth while to examine the nature of the influences which were then at work among them, as closely as the limits of our present essay will permit us.

English Protestantism, in the form of resistance to papal and ecclesiastical encroachment, is as old as the Norman kings; in the Mortmain Act, and the apparently extravagant provisions of the *Præmunire Statute*, we perceive the same spirit growing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and although the splendid victories of Henry the Fifth in France gave temporary success to the more papal policy of the Lancasters, and enabled the Church partially to recover its position, yet the body of the nation went along willingly with Henry the Eighth in following out the traditionary English policy to its national issue, and wiping utterly out the last traces of the authority of the Pope throughout the country. It was a measure as welcome to the clergy as to the laity; for the former were delivered from the intolerable burden of first-fruits, and had no reason to foresee any other consequences; and the latter had always resented the pretensions of an Italian priest to nominate to English offices of so much political importance as the great abbacies and the bishoprics. The suppression of the monasteries, though less popular at the moment, yet was also felt by most serious persons, of whatever creed, to be imperatively called for. The grosser moral disorders have been probably over-estimated by Protestant controversialists, and the rare exceptions too lightly assumed to be the rule. But the evidence which came out on the visitation of them in 1532, singularly resembling, as it does, that lately given in reply to the circulars of the Oxford Commissioners, revealed a systematic breach of vows, non-observance of statutes, and misapplication of funds, which, after exposure, could be neither defended nor tolerated; while the large discovery of sham miracles, sham relics, winking Virgins, and

bowing roods, by which the pockets of believers were relieved of their superfluous contents, very properly and naturally aggravated the general irritation. The Establishments themselves, under the best interpretation of the mode in which they were conducted, had long been of doubtful value. Wolsey, assuredly no enemy of the Catholic Church, had set the example of appropriating their revenues to more useful purposes; and it was supposed and expected, when Henry finally broke them up, that he would go on with Wolsey's schemes, and endow large national foundations for education and charity.

The sole duty of the monks for some time past had been confined to chanting poor souls out of Purgatory; and the monastic theory of Purgatory had become auspicious when it was represented as a place from which there was a legal deliverance through private masses, at per dozen. The deliverance was considered too problematic to be worth the cost; and although the king himself, on the chance that there might possibly be something in it, provided in his last will that six hundred such masses should be said for himself, yet he did not hesitate to deprive his subjects of an advantage which they had no reluctance to lose, if they might exchange it for others of a kind more definite and palpable. Nevertheless, all this implied very little advance in the direction of a reformation of doctrine, as the Protestants understood it. The poor Lollards went to the stake as usual; and Cromwell, when he ventured upon leniency towards them, went to the scaffold. The movement on the continent was ruined in the eyes of the sober English by the Anabaptist exiles, who had, many of them, belonged to John of Leyden's congregation, at Munster; and the language in which they and the foreign Reformation were spoken of, might seem, with a change of a few words, to express the feelings with which sober-minded people now regard the liberals of Germany and France. The exceedingly profligate doctrines attributed to the Anabaptists existed (as in the modern parallel) rather in the terrors of the orthodox than in the poor misbelievers themselves; but there is no doubt that they were a questionable set of fanatics, whose theories were impracticable, if not worthless, and they unhappily conceived themselves to be at liberty to propagate them with the sword of the flesh as well as of the spirit. Thus the dislike in England to speculative change became almost more decided in proportion to

the natural expectation that such a change was likely to take place. *Masses* might be suspected as patent instruments of making money; but it did not follow that the Sacrifice of the Mass should be called in question. Transubstantiation remained an article of faith with all educated persons; and Cranmer, and even Latimer, only ceased to believe it when the death of Henry opened their minds to conviction. Though the scholastic doctrine of Purgatory was overthrown, yet men were still unable to face the appalling alternative, that all who leave their bodies unfit for heaven must remain in hell for ever. Other doctrines of Purgatory might continue to be believed, though the scholastic passed away; and if the monk's masses were no longer thought of any value, yet the saint, whose glorified figure lived in light in the chapel window, still remained to make prevailing intercession. For the marriage of the clergy, the distaste which was long felt for it may be seen in the ecclesiastical titles which survive to the present day as the surnames of families, and which were cast opprobriously on those first "monks," "clerks," "abbots," "priors," "deacons," "archdeacons," and "bishops," who broke their vows, and begot children; and the statute of the Six Articles, cruel as it may seem to be, was no more than the deliberate expression of the English feeling on all these subjects. The executions which took place under it were regarded by the body of the nation as the legitimate penalties of damnable and soul-destroying heterodoxy.

The intention of Henry the Eighth was to sever the English branch of the Catholic Church from the Roman Stem, and to graft it on the life of the nation; perhaps accepting the literal analogy of this metaphor, at any rate expecting it to teach the same doctrine, and enforce the same discipline, unaltered either of them in any essential point, as it had taught and enforced before. The supreme authority in it, which had belonged to the Pope, was to be transferred to the king, and that was all the change. The infallibility, he expected, went along with the position, and the very idea never probably occurred to him, that a heretic might succeed him on the throne. Whether the branch thus severed—severed after it had been attached for a thousand years to its parent tree—would continue to live and thrive, was a problem which only experiment could resolve. He himself, however, never had a misgiving about it; and his security, shared in, as it was, by the nation generally, had at

least the countenance of one man of high ability, Bishop Gardiner. This remarkable minister was, for twenty years, his ablest assistant in the Reformation; and in nominating him at his death among the guardians of his son, Henry expected that, as a matter of course, he would fill the same position, and exercise the same authority, as he had done under himself.

Henry, however, lived long enough to discredit both himself and his work. The spoils of the monasteries, instead of going to found colleges and hospitals, had been squandered in extravagances, or divided among a good-for-nothing aristocracy. It was hard to believe in the infallibility of a man who succeeded so ill in his domestic relations, and who mixed brass with the current silver, when he wanted money. His Church theory had begun to shake, even while he lived. He was no sooner dead than it fell to ruins. Gardiner himself would have been perplexed to discover where the supreme headship resided, with a council composed of such elements as that of Edward the Sixth. The fear which had previously compelled the various members of it to pretend uniformity, was no sooner gone than it was found to be composed of factions in which his voice, at least, would have little chance of being heard. Cranmer had been long married, and hastened to throw off a concealment which had become intolerable. The majority in the council were the noblemen who had already shared largely in the Church plunder, who being anxious for a further slice of spoil so tempting, were disposed to favor whatever doctrine would most readily gratify them; and the majority, with the *Præmunire* Statute in their hands, could silence any opposition from the bishops and clergy. Before the king had been a week dead, Gardiner found himself without power; within a year he was in the Tower, and the Catholic ritual was gone.

The Lords of the Council, to secure the Church lands and to get more, and the reforming Bishops, from real conviction, flung themselves into the track of the Germans; the more the body of the people complained, the more it became necessary to secure the attachment of the extreme Protestants; and the reign of Edward the Sixth presents the unedifying spectacle of a spiritual anarchy deepening day by day; the supreme authority in the hands of a clique of profligate nobles, quarrelling over their plunder, and destroying one another; and each faction, as it rose to power, buying adherents by

fresh and fresh spoliation. First, the lands went, and when there were no more lands the tithes went, to be impropriated by some noble lord or noble lord's dependent. Cramer's liturgy, too, venerable and beautiful as it may now seem at the end of three hundred years, was but a bald exchange for the old ceremonial. Composed in the warmth of his own conversion, it contained expressions which outraged the belief of far the greater number of the people, (the obnoxious passages were afterwards struck out by Elizabeth,) and yet the use of it was made everywhere obligatory. The priests who objected were turned out of their benefices; and because there were no educated men to be found who would, or who could, take their place, the income was seized upon by some hungry squire, and the parish was either left unsupplied, or some poor tradesman or mechanic was thrust upon the place at the lowest conceivable salary.

We can well understand that measures such as these should have been considered too serious to have been undertaken in a minority, and should have caused sufficient dissatisfaction. After changes, too, of so grave a kind, there was naturally with many people a certain earnest looking for of judgment, an expectation that, in some way or other, God would show whether He was pleased with them; and several years of unusual suffering were construed into an expression of His anger. Short harvests brought more than their usual consequences: for the currency had been still further debased; and wages remaining at their old level, with the necessities of life at famine price, there was no longer distress, but positive starvation. We can fancy with what feelings, therefore, at such a time, the poor hungry peasants must have gazed at the walls of the desolated abbeys, all the sins of them forgotten, and only the open table and the warm hearth remembered. Hard landlords at least the monks had never been; and if charity had grown cool with them, cool charity was better than none at all. The silent eloquence of the ruins found a voice too in the unhappy remnants of their old possessors, who wandered, like wretched ghosts, about their wasted homes; ten thousand of them, friars and nuns, turned adrift to beg or die, only by a refinement of cruelty with their vows of chastity continued upon them under penalty of death. Cromwell had assigned them pensions, which Henry had guaranteed; but the world is a hard place for those who have no means to force

their claims. While Henry lived, they were perhaps paid; but in the after reigns, "through the greediness of the officers of the exchequer," their poor pittance never found a way to them; and it was left for Elizabeth to do tardy justice to such few as were alive when she became queen. She indeed had them all sought out, and paid to the last farthing, but years too miserable to be thought of must have intervened; and the sight of them, shivering along the roads and villages, in raggedness and hunger, must have been a bitter and telling protest against the iniquity of the times.

To leave conjecture for fact, we have Lord Paget's evidence that the new Prayer Book was distasteful to eleven-twelfths of the population. The number is perhaps exaggerated, and in these eleven-twelfths there was a considerable fraction for whom it was not too little popish, but too much so. It was determined, at all hazards, to conciliate the latter, and perhaps it was necessary to do so; but it was at the cost of alienating the middle party more hopelessly than ever. The victories of Charles the Fifth naturally were regarded as a signal declaration from Heaven against the doctrinal reformers; and a worse effect of them was to increase the multitudes of Dutch and German fanatics, with whom England was already overrun. The presence of such men at all was sufficiently offensive; and when their leaders were placed in authority at the universities, when Martin Bucer and Peter Martyr were consulted on the services and the Articles, the majority of the English felt much as they would now feel if Louis Blanc were invited to a council of State, or a modern project of church reform submitted to Feuerbach or Ronge. The Reformation was so rapidly discrediting itself, that if Edward had not died, and the policy of the government had remained unchanged, the same rebellions, supported by the same coalition from abroad, which were so formidable to Elizabeth, would in all probability have broken out irresistibly against him, and swept away the very name of Protestant out of the country. But it became evident that there would be no need of any such violent measures. In the spring of 1553, the health of the young king rapidly declined: in the middle of the summer he was on his death-bed. It is the misfortune of all great movements, political and spiritual, that if men of the very highest character are to be found on their side, they have attractions not to be resisted for the most worthless. A man of

this latter sort was unhappily supreme in the council, and was able to inflict one more stain on the Reformation by implicating it in treason. John Knox had long before seen through the Duke of Northumberland; but possessing, as he did, the absolute confidence of Edward, this bad nobleman was able without difficulty to work on the fanaticism of the dying boy, and induce him to tamper with the succession. As a party measure, nothing could have been more infatuated. Extraordinary powers had been granted to Henry the Eighth by parliament, on purpose that the succession should be decisively settled; the wars of the Roses had been too severe a lesson of the consequences of a dispute to require repeating; and since, in consequence of his proceedings with his wives, it was difficult to define which among his children were or were not legitimate, he was empowered to determine by will the order in which they were to succeed him. It was not likely that a measure so gravely considered could be set aside by a private nobleman of questionable character, for his own personal advantage. The few really good men who were in the council, foreseeing the inevitable consequences, implored the king, at the risk of their lives, to abstain from committing both himself and them so fearfully; and although their entreaties were ineffectual, and they themselves, at Edward's order, subscribed the instrument which nominated Lady Jane Grey as queen, yet Northumberland knew well that even by such an act as this, neither Sir William Cecil, nor Sir William Petre, nor Lord Arundel, nor Lord Pembroke, nor Lord Paget, was committed to an approval of the proceeding. They had agreed among themselves, as it appears, to sign their names, but only as witnesses; and Northumberland's after conduct proves that it was no secret even from him.

All was over in nine days. London—the stronghold of Protestantism—declared enthusiastically for Mary. The fleet went over; the troops which Northumberland attempted to gather in the eastern counties deserted in a body. The conspiracy was crushed without a blow, and the duke himself was arrested at Cambridge by Lord Arundel, whom he had left in London. The following conversation is said to have passed between them:—

"For the love of God consider," the duke said, "I have done nothing but with the consent of you, and all the whole council."

"My lord," quoth the Earl of Arundel, "I am sent hither by the Queen's Ma-

jesty, and, in her name, I do arrest you."

"And I obey it," quoth he; "but I beseech you, my lord Arundel, use mercy towards me, knowing the case as it is."

"My lord," quoth the earl, "ye should have sought for mercy sooner: I must do according to my commandment."

If these are the very words which were spoken, they are still but an imperfect evidence of what past; for words bear many meanings, and we do not know the tone in which they were pronounced, but, at any rate, it is impossible to agree with Mr. Tytler, in regarding the scene as one of revolting perfidy. He would have us believe that the council had effected an enthusiastic unanimity, and that, when the failure of the attempt had become evident, it was a race of treachery which should first betray the other. Difficult as it would be, under any circumstances, to believe that four or five statesmen of unblemished character could have stooped to conduct so degrading, it becomes impossible when we remember that Arundel, Petre, Pembroke, and Paget were continued upon the council, and that Cecil was only excluded by his own refusal to serve. If they might have earned a contemptuous pardon by perfidy, they could not have earned confidence; and historians overshoot their mark, when they attempt to explain the obscure actions of men who for any length of time fill important offices of trust and responsibility, by motives to which, in their own basest moments, they could not conceive themselves as yielding. It is certain that the entire council did sign the instrument: it is equally certain that these five members of it signed only at the express command of the dying king,—a command which it might not only have been exceedingly dangerous, but, on quite other grounds, exceedingly difficult to disobey; but the compliance ended with the formal act, and was never believed, by any party concerned, to have extended beyond it.

The conduct of the leading bishops was far more exceptionable. Cranmer was among those who were at first unwilling to subscribe; but he acknowledged that he had yielded at last, not to the king's command, but to the persuasion of the law officers of the Crown. Ridley preached against Mary at Paul's Cross, denounced her as an inveterate papist, and appealed to the fanaticism of the people; and although Hooper and Bradford were actively loyal, yet the dominant Anglicanism was identified in public feeling with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and the party

were forced to share in the odium and the guilt of its two great leaders.

And, as we said, as a question of policy, to say nothing of duty, a more wretched blunder has never been made. Mary's entry into London was a triumphal procession; her devotion to catholicism was notorious, but, even with the Protestant Londoners, loyalty was too sincere a passion to be interfered with by theological intolerance, and it was not till she had forfeited their attachment by her own infatuation that they ceased to feel it for her. She sailed in on the full stream of popularity, surrounded with all the prestige, and invested with all the real power, which a triumph over an unpopular conspiracy is certain to confer; and scarcely any English king or queen was ever more warmly welcomed to the throne than this poor princess, who has left such a name behind her. She herself was only known as a harmless, persecuted devotee, the child of a lady whose cruel injuries had enshrined her in the affection of the people, and their only wish was to offer to the daughter such poor compensation as loyalty and obedience could bestow.

Her first actions as queen, though inevitably displeasing to a part of her subjects, were, on the whole, well calculated to sustain her in the advantage which she had gained. Gardiner, whom she found in the Tower, was made chancellor, the council being composed of the national party in the council of the late king, and the leading Catholic nobility. The only symptom which she showed of a disposition to act independently of them or their advice, was in a letter which she wrote to the emperor for instructions as to how she should best proceed; but the emperor's advice coincided with that of her own ministers in prescribing the utmost circumspection. The immediate and pressing question was the late conspiracy, and if she showed any want of judgment at all, it was in the leniency with which she dealt with it. Charles had been taught in the preceding year by Maurice of Saxony that Providence had not irrevocably decided for the Catholics; that Protestantism was still dangerous enough to require to be proceeded with cautiously; and, by his recommendation, the whole affair was treated as a private treason of Northumberland, for which only he and two others, one of them a man of abandoned character, should suffer. Cranmer, Ridley, and the Duke of Suffolk, had undoubtedly forfeited their lives; and no reasonable person could have complained,

if she had determined to send them to execution. But Cranmer and Suffolk were set at liberty without fine or even reproach, and against Ridley, though he was kept in prison, there was no apparent intention of proceeding. Nor is there anything to object to the steps which she took about the religions. Being a Catholic, she will not be found fault with for permitting the open exercise of a form of belief which was not only her own, but that of at least half her subjects: but nothing further was to be attempted till she had taken the advice of Parliament.

The conduct of the Protestants in the two months which elapsed before it assembled, is a most curious evidence of the temper of the time, and of itself is sufficient to explain many things. They had as yet no reason to complain of persecution, but Popery with them was in real truth a doctrine of devils, and it was little to them to be allowed their own religion, if they were to be prevented from trampling out the other. The fierce annals of the Israelites provided them with ample precedents of what was lawful for saints in dealing with idolaters—and the arms of the Reformed Church militant were by no means those of peaceful and mild persuasion. The revered the vice-chancellor of Cambridge, afterwards bishop and archbishop, preached a seditious sermon, and when called in question for it, drew his dagger in the senate house, and was only held back by two grave doctors of divinity from doing prompt execution with it. Strange scenes took place in the churches, priests and parsons scuffling for the pulpits, and the conqueror taking possession of the conquered citadel with a flourish of rapier and pistol. One priest of Baal was stabbed at the altar, his blood running over the chalice and mixing with the wine; a dagger was hurled at a second, and a musket fired at a third. Elsewhere, the consecrated wafer was seized by a desperate iconoclast and trampled under foot, as he cried, between his teeth, "If thou be the Son of God, save thyself;" and even the mild Archbishop Cranmer, within a few weeks after the remission of his first treason, composed a declaration, which, although it was in fact made public by accident, he acknowledged that he had intended to have fastened against the door of St. Paul's; wherein, after setting out the virtues of Henry and his son in promoting the Reformation, he ascribed the reappearance of the idol of the Mass to the devil, of course in the form of Queen Mary. He excused himself on the plea that the many rumors current about

him, made some public declaration from him necessary. But it would have been more prudent, and perhaps more proper, if he could have waited for the opportunity which would so soon have been afforded him, of declaring himself from his place in Parliament. Mary had nothing to do but to sit still and wait; no amount of political sagacity could have invented a course which it was more desirable for her that her adversaries should follow, than that upon which they now were thrusting themselves. Partially conservative (as the English always are) when in power, they were no sooner in opposition, than no ultra extravagance was too wild for them; and the queen, by the incessant homilies against rashness which poured in upon her from the emperor, the Pope, and her own ministers, was persuaded (irritated as she might naturally be) to continue to submit to provocation, and venture on nothing by her own authority. Only one thing she did, and that was really forced upon her. The pulpits had become political tribunes, or high places from which the opposite clerics cursed each other; and the scandal becoming intolerable, she wisely required her subjects of both beliefs to content themselves for a while with prayer; and abstain, till more quiet times, from such a dangerous amusement.

Having done this, she quietly waited the approach of autumn, when Parliament was to meet. Neither she nor her ministers could foresee the result of the elections; but, in spite of all which Protestant writers have stated, of the means which were used to secure a majority, it does not appear, on examination, that they used any means at all: their policy was, to appear, as far as possible, to submit to the will of the country, and the absence of any evidence of attempts at bribing and intimidating, such as does exist for the elections of the following year, makes it far more than probable, that at first they desired to feel their way, and really to learn the actual temper of the people; on the present occasion a matter of unusual difficulty. On most subjects which divide a nation, it is possible, at least roughly, to conjecture the comparative strength of parties; but on the present, it was impossible, for the singular reason that three-fifths of the nation are described as of no religion at all; that is, neither Catholic nor Protestant, but ready to attach themselves to whichever party promised to be least extravagant.

On the 5th of October, the legislature assembled. We are told that it was violently

purged of its anti-Catholic members, but the records of its proceedings entirely disprove this random charge; and it is no more than an exaggeration of the expulsion of two of the bishops, who, on occasion of the high mass at its opening, were ostentatiously disrespectful, and were ejected in consequence out of the Abbey. Proceeding to business, the House of Commons was desired at once to consider the state of religion, and determine whether there should be any change in the existing Establishment—whether they would leave things as they were; or tolerate both religions; or, if not both, then which, and on what conditions. The discussion lasted eight days. There was no violence, and certainly no precipitancy; and at the close, a commanding majority of two-thirds of the House agreed to repeal every act which had been passed under Edward, to abolish and forbid the use of Cranmer's prayer-book, and to restore the ritual unaltered, which had been in use in the last year of Henry the Eighth. Nothing could be more decisive. It was a grave and calm declaration that the country had tried doctrinal Protestantism, and did not like it. The protest against Rome was retained and re-affirmed; but, in all other respects, England was declared to be again a Catholic country, on the terms on which Henry and Gardiner had desired to establish it. And so distinctly this appears to us to have been the general desire at the time through England, that if Mary could only have brought herself to be contented with what she had achieved, if she could have felt that she was the queen of a great nation, as well as the restorer of the belief in Transubstantiation, and bridled in her eagerness with ever so little human understanding, the game was fairly in her hands. The crisis was of that rare kind when the after history of centuries may be seen to depend on the conduct of a single person; and it rested with her to change the entire current of the fortunes of Europe.

Happily for all of us, Mary was without the faculty to understand her opportunity. There was no reason which could be expressed in word why Henry's Anglo-Catholicism should be a delusion. It is not easy to say (to keep to the usual illustration) why an aged branch cut from a tree should be unable to live independently; but so it is with the branch, and so it is with the State Church. Henry had affirmed *one* doctrine as supreme head: Edward had affirmed the opposite by the same authority; and now Mary, the third to whom it descended, declared in virtue of

it, that it was usurped altogether, and desired to give it back to its proper owner. So decisive a *reductio ad absurdum* was enough even for Gardiner. When he found himself unable to prevail upon the queen, he gave up his project conclusively, and left her to carry out her own schemes undisturbed any further, although knowing too well what a price she would have to pay for them.

These schemes, however, she was wise enough to keep from the knowledge of the Parliament. She accepted what they gave, and would not frighten them by touching on dangerous questions, as long as she had further work for them.

The religious revolution being completed, they proceeded next to repeal the act by which Mary was declared illegitimate, with some unfairness laying the blame of the separation of Henry from her mother on Archbishop Cranmer.

The illegitimacy of Elizabeth was thus in a manner re-enacted; and if, instead of waiting till the following year, the queen had then pressed to have her cut off from the succession, there is little doubt that the two Houses would have readily consented. Elizabeth herself was little known, and only rose in popular favor as Mary's scale went down; and, if she was set aside, the next heir would have been Mary of Scotland, a princess whose succession to the throne of England would, for many political and other reasons, have been extremely convenient. The country was weary of spiritual anarchy, and could not afford these constant revolutions of ritual, and the peaceful union of the two crowns of England and Scotland was equally desired by all thinking persons on both sides of the Tweed.

Such appear to have been the feelings of the English Parliament in October, 1553. But in periods of revolution the air is electric, and the wind shifts sharply and suddenly. In November all was changed. They had expressed a polite desire that their queen would marry. She took them at their word, and allowed it to transpire that she proposed to give her hand to the most powerful prince in Europe, the heir of the emperor. In an instant, the entire English heart began to palpitate; England was already, in imagination, become a second Netherlands, a province of Spain; the old liberties were seen vanishing one by one, Spanish noblemen dividing the great offices of State, Spanish bishops over the dioceses, Spanish priests in the pulpits, behind the Spanish prince the Pope, and behind the Pope, revolution, anarchy, civil war, and the devil.

Dr. Maitland, in his anxiety to prove every statement which has ever been made by any Protestant writer to be a lie, denies that the Spanish marriage was unpopular, and sets aside, without scruple, the entire testimony of contemporary history, on the single ground that the rebellions which it provoked were all unsuccessful. We will not quarrel with Dr. Maitland for the word "unpopular;" it is enough that Mary's wisest advisers, including two Roman cardinals, assured her that it would not only lose her the affection of her subjects, but ruin the cause which she had most at heart; and that the Parliament, at the first hint of the matter, petitioned against it without a dissentient voice.

Mary, however, had ceased to listen to advice which went against her own opinionativeness. The Parliament were sent about their business on the instant, for their impertinent interference; and on the evening of the day on which the resolution was passed in the House, she called the Emperor's ambassador into her closet, and before the image of the Virgin, swore her troth, somewhat theatrically, to Philip of Spain. She had never seen him. He was only twenty-six years old, while she was thirty-eight, and she had been betrothed to his father before the latter had married his mother. It is said that she fell in love through a portrait, which, if it was lovely, must have been unlike the original. It is more likely that she saw in him a prince like herself, devoted to the Catholic faith, who would go hand-in-hand with her in her crusade against the Protestants; the difference of years would hardly be so perceptible to her as it was to him, who had vainly implored the Emperor to spare him so unwelcome a connection; and, poor lonely creature, after her joyless existence, it was likely enough that she might long for a companion who might love her and be loved by her. But, whatever it was, it was a miserable dream, from which a bitter awakening was in store for her. Neither the disapprobation of her people, nor the entreaties of her ministers, nor the indifference of the bridegroom, which was evident to every one, could turn her from her purpose, and she went through with it to the natural consequences, which the emperor and herself were, perhaps, the only two persons in Europe unable to foresee.

Whatever Dr. Maitland may suppose, rebellion with the long-enduring English is not the immediate consequence of disapproval,—it is the last and most desperate remedy, to which they can only be compelled when all else has failed; but, in the partial revolts

which broke out in the winter of 1553-4, in Kent, in Devonshire, and Suffolk, there were warnings enough, if the queen could have understood them, of the changing feelings with which she was now regarded. Though the two last were insignificant, the first, under Wyatt, was dangerous; and though London, on the whole, remained obedient, there were threatening symptoms visible which it would have been prudent to have treated with less disdain. But the Catholic princes had yet to learn the lesson which it required a century to teach them, that human beings could not any more be governed by the corollaries of Roman theology; and she went on her way, believing, like a religious woman, that it was God's way, and that He would carry her through.

The secret history of the five months which followed, has been recently laid open to us by the industry of the late Mr. Tytler, who has published, from originals at Brussels, the despatches of Renaud, the Spanish ambassador then in England negotiating the marriage. The execution of Wyatt was just, and even necessary. Fox has classed him amongst the Protestant martyrs (as, indeed, he classed a noted highwayman who was put to death for serious murders and robberies, but who expiated his offences, and earned an apotheosis by cursing the Pope under the gallows,) but we cannot think that he has any business among them. His crime was treason, not heresy: he rebelled and failed, and had no right to complain of the consequences. But Mary disgraced her previous clemency by another execution, which was neither necessary nor just, and was no more than a useless piece of cruelty. Lady Jane Grey was not implicated in Wyatt's rebellion; she was not to have profited by it if it had succeeded, and other motives are supposed to have influenced the queen beyond what appeared upon the surface. It is said that she never forgave a speech which Lady Jane had made a year or two before, when on a visit to her at New Hall. One of the ladies in waiting was showing her over the house, and took her, among other places, into the chapel. In passing the altar, the lady curtsied. Lady Jane inquired what she meant by that. Her God was present there, the lady answered, and she curtsied to Him. Lady Jane, with half a smile, said she believed the baker had made him.

Such a piece of profanity, doubtless, lost nothing on the way through the lady in question, to Mary; and, on the mind of so thoroughly devout and real a believer, may

well have made an impression which could never be effaced. It would of course be foolish to suppose that this, or any other *single* feeling, determined her upon acting as she did, but the sense that she was punishing an obstinate heretic, as well as her rival for the throne, may have softened the reluctance which we will hope that she experienced. This warrant was signed the day after the battle in the streets, in the midst of that excitement of feeling which follows the escape from serious danger. And, familiarized as Mary had been from her childhood with the shedding of blood, accustomed to see the friend and counsellor, even the queen of one day going the next, as a matter of course, to the scaffold, and having herself, for many a year, lived in steady expectation of the same end to her own life, she could not be expected to look upon it as the dreadful thing which it appears to us. If her conduct still remains unaccountable to us, we must leave what is obscure to our charity, and think the best which we can. From her treatment of Lady Jane Grey, we turn to her treatment of another rival, whose position towards her was infinitely more questionable and painful.

The person in whose behalf Carew and Wyatt had professed to rise was the Princess Elizabeth. At the time of the outbreak she was ill at Ashridge. Letters written by Wyatt to her had been intercepted, in which he warned her to keep away from London. It appears to have been forgotten, both by those who were most anxious to destroy her, and by those who, in later times, most wish that she had been destroyed, that the fact of these letters having been intercepted is a proof that, at least, she never received *them*. Wyatt, on the scaffold, entirely exculpated her: she herself declared, on her honor, that no word from him had ever reached her. The only other evidence against her was a letter in cypher, supposed to have been written by her to the French king, which was found among the despatches of the French ambassador. But this, too, broke down when it was examined; and at the end of three months, after the most active efforts of hatred, the law officers of the Crown were obliged to declare that there was no matter on which to proceed against her whatever. It will, therefore, surprise persons who are unacquainted with the way in which history is written, to hear that modern historians speak of her concern in the rebellion as a certain and indisputable fact, and do not hesitate to say, that she owed her life solely to the clemency of her sister.

So many lies have been told about this business (Lingard is among the worst of the offenders,) that it is worth while to follow the detail of it with some minuteness. We make no pretence to the character of the "unprejudiced historian"—a pretence hardly compatible with much self-knowledge; indeed, we are far from satisfied that, for beings like men, to be without prejudice is a virtue at all. But we undertake that we will not willingly and consciously tell any fresh lies, there being already so vast a superabundance of them.

That any love could have existed either at that or any other moment between the daughters of Anne Boleyn and Catherine of Arragon, it is not necessary to believe. There had been too many jars and jealousies in their early lives, arising out of their father's caprice, to have permitted them at any time to regard each other as sisters; and their several duties to their mothers compelled them to regard each other as illegitimate. Mary had, indeed, as we have seen in the past autumn, declared her own legitimacy by a formal act, and although we may excuse and even admire her doing so as an act of natural piety, it was a violation of her father's will, who had undoubtedly desired to place both his daughters on the same footing; while to Elizabeth it must have appeared a serious injury. But it is equally certain that no resentment ever provoked her to forget her duty as a subject, and only the most spotless integrity could have saved her from the efforts which were now made to destroy her.

One of the parties concerned in these efforts we are at no loss to identify, for the Spanish ambassador makes no secret of his own share in them. His letters in this critical year are almost a diary for the months of March, April, and May, and he exposes, without hesitation, his own aims and motives, and those of every one about him, as far as he was able to enter into them. His own most single-minded wish appears to have been, since his master's son was to commit himself to a residence among the English savages, to make his coming as little dangerous as possible. He freely expresses his terrors at the ferocity of their nature, and describes them as uncertain tempered wild beasts, alternately fawning and rabid, whose claws must be pared, and whose teeth must be drawn before they can be safe company for persons whose lives are valuable. Elizabeth was to him the rallying point of disaffection, and as long as she was alive

there could be no safety for his precious Philip.

We said that she was at Ashridge at the time of the rebellion. A few days before the outbreak, Mary had written to desire her to come up to Whitehall, but she replied that she was ill, and was unable to leave her house. Lingard believes that it was pretence, that she was guilty, and conscious, and shrunk from showing herself. As he has no evidence to offer, except what he considers internal probability, as all the evidence which there is lies the other way, and as other people have other notions of internal probability, we need not trouble ourselves any further with this opinion of Dr. Lingard. At the end of a fortnight, a second dispatch came down of a more peremptory kind. The queen's own litter was sent to fetch her, with a company of the royal guard, and the escort was accompanied by the court physicians, who were allowed discretionary power, and were to take care that she was not injured by the journey. She was brought up by slow stages, four or five miles a day; the diary of each day remains to us exact, and it is evident that her own account of herself was literally true, and that she was seriously ill. Renaud's description of her entry into London is not a little striking.

"The Lady Elizabeth arrived here yesterday the twenty-third of February, clad completely in white, surrounded by a great assemblage of the servants of the queen, besides her own attendants. She caused her litter to be uncovered, that she might show herself to the people. Her countenance was pale, her look proud, lofty, and superbly disdainful—an expression which she assumed to disguise the mortification which she felt. The queen refused to see her, and caused her to be accommodated in a quarter of her palace, from which neither she nor her servants could go out without passing through the guard. Of her suite only two gentlemen, six ladies, and four servants are permitted to wait on her."

From the palace she was in a few days sent to the Tower, and with her the foolish profligate Lord Courtenay, who it appears Wyatt had intended should marry her, and in whose own head some notion of the kind had nursed itself. No sooner were they securely encaged, than Renaud assured the emperor that he never ceased to admonish her majesty of the necessity of a "prompt punishment;" the preliminary of a trial being, in the Spanish view of such matters, a very unnecessary formality. The safety of a Prince of Spain was at issue, whose little finger was of greater value than the lives of a thousand English princesses. The council met day

after day, and soon Gardiner followed Renaud in the same strain. He saw in Elizabeth a heretic, who, if Mary's frail body failed, would be a more dangerous enemy to the Church than her brother had been, and we cannot wonder at Gardiner any more than at Renaud. Most glad we should be, if we could believe that in the queen there was any reluctance to listen to them; but it is certain, that Elizabeth had no friend except her own innocence, and those unfortunate laws of England, which necessitated an arraignment and a conviction as the antecedents of the scaffold.

Mary did not hate her: we could almost wish she had. The most vindictive personal malignity would be a feeling more intelligible and more respectable than that which was now influencing her. We acknowledge, as we said before, that written accounts of spoken words, however correct, are necessarily an inadequate account of them, and often an absolutely false one. The intonation is everything, and the intonation evaporates in the passage from the lip to the pen. But after the most cautious employment of such means of judging as we possess, we really conclude that Mary at the time was capable of no feeling whatsoever, except an impotent eagerness for the arrival of her husband, and a readiness to sacrifice everything which lay in its way. At a meeting of the council, in the first week of April, Renaud declared—

"That it was of the utmost importance that the trials and execution of Courtenay and the Lady Elizabeth should be concluded before the arrival of his highness.

"The queen answered, that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she took for the security of his highness at his coming.

"Gardiner then remarked, that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquillized, and that if every one went on soundly to work as he did in providing the necessary remedies, things would go on better."

The difficulty, Renaud acknowledges, was not from any unwillingness in any quarter to proceed to extremities, "but that they had not been as yet able to fall on matters sufficiently penal according to the law of England. Nevertheless," he adds, "her majesty tells me that every day they are finding new proofs against her."

These little sentences, if they are given correctly, appear to us to admit of only one interpretation. It is but fair to say, however, that a very chivalrous defence has been made for Mary, by Miss Strickland; and

thoroughly creditable as it is to this lady, that she has been the first Protestant historian who has dared to speak a word for her, we should be disposed, if the defence were entirely single-minded, to leave it unchallenged. There is no danger of an over lenient judgment of Mary Tudor in the minds of the English, and Miss Strickland's conception of her is, at any rate, infinitely more like the truth than the popular one. In this particular case, however, she is unable to confine herself to the subject before her; and in vindicating one sister takes the opportunity of a side-blow at the other.

There is a foolish story to be found in Foxe, Heywood, and other Protestant writers, which has been copied from one to the other without comment or inquiry, to the effect that when Elizabeth was in the Tower,

"A warrant came down for her execution, Gardiner being the inventor of that instrument. Master Bridges, the lieutenant, no sooner received it, but mistrusting false play, he presently made haste to the queen, who was no sooner informed but she denied the least knowledge of it. She called Gardiner, and others whom she suspected, before her, blamed them for their inhuman usage of her sister, and took measures for her better security."

It is scarcely credible that a person of Miss Strickland's experience should have transferred to her pages such an extravagant piece of folly. No warrant could have been issued for Elizabeth's execution before she had been tried; and if any warrant was issued, it must have been signed by Mary. The Lord Chancellor of England is not likely to have set an example of such preposterous illegality; and if he really did venture on it, it is more disgraceful to Mary than anything which we know of her, that she passed it over with a reprimand for inhumanity. But nothing of all this occurs to Miss Strickland; and it is an opportunity for her too good to be passed over to make a point on a favorite subject. As Gardiner was to Elizabeth, so was Burleigh to the Queen of Scots. Though the latter was tried by a high commission and formally condemned; though the Houses of Lords and Commons petitioned that sentence might be executed, and the warrant had been duly signed before Burleigh despatched it; yet she can see no difference of circumstance in the two cases; Burleigh only succeeded where Gardiner attempted; and Mary is an angel of mercy and Elizabeth an inhuman murderess. It remained to be seen what she would make of Renaud's despatches; from her frequent allusions to them, there was no doubt that

she had studied them carefully, and we were really anxious to learn whether any other meaning than that which we had gathered ourselves, could with any plausibility be forced upon them. Giving her the benefit of every doubt, the manner in which she proceeds is little to her credit.

"He" (the Spanish ambassador), she writes, "observes, angrily, that it was evident the queen wished to save Courtenay, and of course Elizabeth, since she does not allow that her guilt was as manifest as his."*

This passage she includes between inverted commas, as a direct quotation from Renaud; and if any such passage were to be found in his letters, it would of course be conclusive: we felt certain, however, that they contained nothing of the kind, and her reference being wrong, we could only conjecture, on going again carefully through with them, that what she intended to quote was this:

"Quant au dit Courtenay, je la vois inclinée et persuadée pour luy donner liberté.

"Quant au dit Elizabeth les gens de loiz ne trouvent matière pour la condamner."

The queen's desire to save is pointedly limited to Courtenay, while the difficulty with Elizabeth is ascribed not to any feeling of hers, but to the impracticable honesty of the *gens de loiz*; and this is the perpetual burden of Renaud's lamentation; but it is a very different thing indeed from what Miss Strickland represents him as saying.

We suppose that she intended to quote only the first paragraph; that she paraphrased the second according to her own interpretation; and that the remaining errors are due to the carelessness of the printer and to her own want of attention in revising the press. But that she should have forced such an interpretation from such words at all, is a grave evidence of her untrustworthiness when her prejudices bear upon her judgment.

And now to leave this somewhat tedious story, and to follow Mary along the rapid process by which she disembarassed herself of her brief popularity. The executions for the Wyatt rebellion had neither conciliated the Londoners, nor frightened them. Parliament was to meet in April to settle the preliminaries of the marriage; and as the time drew on, the English wild beast began to show its displeasure by antics which not a little terrified Renaud. One morning the city urchins turned out three hundred on a side to play at English and

Spanish, the prince of Spain himself figuring in all the splendor of rags and tinsel; after a brief fight, in which Spain was contemptuously routed, the said prince was clutched up by friends and foes, and vicariously suspended from a branch; and so eager were his executioners, that the mock death was very near a real one. The queen lost her temper, and declared that she would have her parliament meet at York or at Oxford, where the people were good Christians and not a nest of heretics; but this was only an impotent threat; and, considering the way in which the Londoners had behaved a few months previously, it was neither wise nor graceful. At any rate, matters did not mend; a few mornings later, when the sun rose upon the cross at Cheapside, a cat was found swinging from it, appalled like a priest with a shaven crown, her fore-feet tied over her head with a paper like a wafer-cake between them; and when Easter came there was "a great scandal" at St. Paul's, which was considered the best practical joke of the time.

"The custom was to lay the sacrament into the sepulchre the even-song of Good Friday, and to take it out at break of day on Easter morning. At the time of taking it out, the quire sung, *Surxit, non est hic*. But then the priest, looking for the host, found it was not there indeed, for one had stolen it out, which put them all into no small disorder; but another was presently brought in its stead. Upon this a ballad followed, that their God was stolen and lost, but a new one was made in his room."

It would have been well if this had been the worst; but attached to both religions there was a refuse of population, in which, both under Mary and Elizabeth, foul scandals against the character of the princesses readily generated themselves, and these were printed and scattered about the streets. It is to the credit of the Protestant historians that the most foolish of them have not polluted their pages with these abominations, while no cesspool has been too foul for priests, bishops, cardinals, and even great ladies, to dive into, for materials with which to defile Elizabeth. But although the stories against Mary were left to rot where they were thrown, yet they were offensive enough when first they were uttered, and wounded her cruelly.

At last, however, Parliament was sitting; and for these and all other disorders a remedy would be devised. If the towns were heretical, the country was orthodox, and the loyal knights of the shires would outnumber

* "Life of Queen Mary." By Agnes Strickland.

and overawe the insolent burgesses. It may be asked with what good hope the queen, who had been obliged to dismiss her first Parliament with such precipitation, could look without alarm to the assembling of a second. The secret comes out in the despatches of Renaud. The hope of her life, in case she ever had the power, had been to make reparation for her father's injustice, and restore the property of the Church. The distribution of it had been in direct violation of the principle on which the confiscation had been justified. But Crammer and Latimer had protested in vain; and the latter, unable to rescue a single acre for education or for charity, was obliged to content himself with anathematizing in his strong way the hypocritical lords and squires, who only pretended to be "gospellers" for the chance of the scramble. The gospel part of the affair was now laid aside; but the convenience of the broad lands remained unaffected. Almost all the peers, and a large body of the commons, had shared more or less in the plunder; and as the queen's wish was no secret, and many right-minded persons in the country were disposed to sympathize in feeling the enormity of the wrong, however they might differ as to the manner in which it should be remedied, there was no little anxiety among them. They were determined not to part with the lands, cost what it might to defend them; but they were not desirous that things should be pushed to extremities, and were open to reason if the queen would come to terms. And so it was arranged that they were to make no more difficulty about the marriage, and she was formally to relinquish her design upon their property. So far, all went easy. It was a downright bargain; so much was paid on one side, and so much was given for it on the other, and both parties affected to be mutually satisfied. But the queen attempted to close her eyes to its nature; to flatter herself that they had been persuaded not to a single act, but to approbation of a policy, and proceeded to make fresh demands upon them. The Catholic faith was re-established, but the country still swarmed with heretics, and she desired fresh powers to repress them. It was still in schism, if not in heresy; and she desired a reconciliation with Rome. Considering that at least the upper house was composed of the same men who had gone along with Henry's anti-papalism, and who, under Edward, had forbidden the very exercise of the mass under any pretext whatsoever; the

demand which she was pressing upon their consciences was extravagant, and without further "consideration" she was made to feel that it was impossible that they could concede. The reconciliation with Rome was for the present again postponed; but the chancellor, in the beginning of the session, brought forward a bill for the restoration of the penalties against the Lollards; and now it appeared that a second transaction was necessary. The difficulty had been foreseen as a possible one; and Renaud was empowered to meet it with promises of Spanish gold; but the peers were so well aware of the baseness of their doings, that without the money down they would not give way. Renaud's letters of agony are not a little amusing. First the peers sent the bill to the commons, refusing to pass it while the penalties were made death. Oh! the pensions—the pensions! where were they? Then they threw it out altogether; and still no money. At last there was* an understanding that it should be passed in the following session, with another understanding that the Prince was to bring the money when he came over. After this disgraceful revelation, we can understand Queen Elizabeth's motives in creating a new aristocracy.

Among other misfortunes which befell England through the gold of Spain, too clearly is due to it that dark and dreadful persecution which has made Mary's name execrable through all generations. The Parliament was now dismissed, the proceedings in it having scandalized the country, and "a great revolt," in Renaud's opinion, "being imminent," which it would be better "should be over before the arrival of his Highness." When this arrival was to take place was now the important question. The articles were drawn, and Mary was impatient; but Renaud was anxious about the revolt, and wished first to see the steam let off in an explosion. He regarded political effervescences as periodical necessities of the English, and recommended autumn as the safest to make a first acquaintance with them, "*pour ce que ordinairement les humeurs des Anglois bouillissent plus en l'esté qu'en autre temps.*" The danger might, however, be less than he feared. The queen assured him that there was not the slightest occasion for alarm, and that "*gaignant et s'asseurant des principaux par pensions et*

* This must have been what really took place. Renaud says the bill was actually carried; but this is a mistake. It was not passed till the following December.

liberalitez l'on n'aura occasion de craindre le peuple." At last, although he could not close his eyes to the determinedly cold attitude of the country, and though no preparations were made anywhere to celebrate the arrival except at the Court, he made up his mind that it might be ventured in July (midsummer though it was), and reported to that effect to the emperor. So in July it was to be; and, like the tragedy writers, who scatter sunshine over the scenes which precede the catastrophe, as if they would linger in the light to the latest moment before they plunge into the darkness, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of loitering over the tragi-comedy of the meeting of the bridegroom and the bride.

On came the summer, like no summer in all the world except in England—raining, thundering, and blowing. The English fleet went down to the coast of Spain to join the Spanish, and form a squadron of escort with them. But the Spaniards would have been better pleased to have been left to themselves, for complaints were forwarded to the Court that Lord Clinton, the admiral, did nothing but laugh at their ships, and "call them mussel-shells;" and as the prince was long in coming, and the sailors grew weary and wanted amusement, they did so "cruelly push and torment" the crews of the said mussel-shells when they were on shore for water together, that it became necessary to fix separate hours for their landing, to keep them apart. And this was not the worst; for when the prince came at last, and a stiff south-wester had blown them into the channel, where the English considered themselves sovereign, the Spanish admiral, though the heir of half the world was in his ship, was made to strike his top-sails, and do homage to English supremacy. What poor Philip thought of this there is no saying; probably all minor evils were drowned in the one terrible evil which was before him, and probably too he knew nothing about the matter; for to add to his miseries he was wretchedly, pitifully sick. The voyage, however, if a detestable, was at least a brief one, and after no more than seven days of suffering, he was set on shore at Southampton, on Saturday, the 20th of July—a memorable day in the history of this country, for the prospects of the queen may now be said to have been finally closed up, and the love, interest, sympathy, affection of her subjects gone from her for ever: thenceforward there was no more inclination for Catholicism; and thenceforward, in the terror of being absorbed into

the dominions of a foreign country, England sought only to intensify and defend her nationality, and isolate herself within her own white walls from all foreign princes, priests, and potentates. It was not the husband of her sovereign that she could recognize in Philip of Spain, but the deadly enemy of herself, her laws, and her children.

Fortunately for us mortals, however, necessary as any future may be, and inevitable as by our own actions we may have made it, it is kindly kept from us wrapt up in clouds, and we are not made wretched about it by anticipation. No visions of wrecked armadas or plundered caraquas haunted Philip's dreams, as he rested his wearied body at the Southampton mayoralty. And if Mary's sleep was troubled when she heard that he had landed, it was certainly from no thought of impending disasters. On the Monday evening, they were to meet at Winchester; and the long summer's day would only be long enough for the slow magnificence of the procession, in which the bridegroom was to march thither from Southampton. He had brought with him a glorious retinue, decked out in all the splendors in which they had been wont to glitter up and down under the blue sky of Castile. The choicest chivalry of Europe were there in choicest holiday costume, with gold, and pearls, and silks, and velvets, and plumes of gorgeous birds of Paradise, from the forests of the new world. Southampton had never seen such a troop of cavaliers as on that July morning wound along her streets; and well might Southampton stand and gaze, and wonder at them, for never before or since were so many men worth marking seen together there. Alva was among them, and Count Egmont, and, greater than either, William Prince of Orange, and Count Horn, four men whose equals were not perhaps alive in Europe, or in the world. Poor England, and still more the English climate, which showed such weak perception of the honor done to it! The sun, at least, did not care to look at them, however the people did. Swithin lying there in his shrine at Winchester would not sacrifice one hour of his moist rites. Down fell the rain, as if the whole torrent of the forty days were streaming into one; down it fell, hopeless, cheerless, incorrigible. The gay feathers dangled in the bonnets; the drenched horses drooped their heads, trailing their gaudy caparisons as they waded through the chalk slush of the roads; but no horse might quicken its pace, and no outward composure be disturbed: on they paced, slow, solemn, and most miserable. We can fancy

how the Hampshire peasants stood grinning under the dripping eaves of the cottage porches, and bare-legged urchins darted out with disrespectful capers, as the last horse went by. We can fancy the oaths which were muttered between Philip's yellow lips at all England, weather, marriage, queen, and the whole accursed connection. And the rain was not the worst. To propitiate the gods of his new subjects, he had drained in their honor, before starting, a huge tankard of "the wine of the country"—Hampshire ale—the flavor and properties of which alike displeased his inexperienced stomach; and within and without he was drenched in wretchedness.

Two hours had brought them two miles from Southampton, when suddenly a messenger dashed up from Winchester full gallop in a shower of rain and mud, and delivered, breathless, a mysterious message, that the prince was to come no further, and was instantly to return. What was to be done? What was the meaning of it? Renaud's warnings, what he had said of English inconstancy, the mysterious *boulissement* of their evil humors periodically recurrent at the dog-days, all rushed into his mind; the cavalcade was halted, and Alva, Egmont, and he, drew up at the edge of the road to consult. Tradition has not preserved what passed between them; but what strange thoughts the associations of those three names call up in us when we think of them on that wet day, standing talking at the ditch side, on the Southampton road. After such a ride together, and such a scene, it is hard to understand why they were not sworn friends for ever. But we must cut short our sentimentalism, as an English nobleman, who was present, cut short their agitation. "Sire," he said, laughing, "the queen only begs you will not think of coming to her in such dreadful weather." If Philip ever blushed, he blushed then. He gathered himself together, dismissing the hope which perhaps, for a moment, had shot across him, of a reprieve from the purgatory into which he was to be precipitated. The foot march recommenced; and after eight more mortal hours of slush and shower-bath, the dragged cavaliers waded into the town of Winchester, and found dry clothes and supper waiting for them at the Deanery. Where let us leave him to digest his watery welcome as best he could.

In another day or two, the precipitation was completed. How long a time elapsed before the queen's eyes opened to the light

in which she was regarded by him we cannot tell. There was much to blind her; and perhaps, during the few succeeding months, she was as nearly happy as with her unhappy nature she could be. At the close of August, they made their entry together into London; where, though they were received with a show of pageantry, there were threatening indications visible also, which showed that the temper of the citizens had not become more submissive. At one end of London Bridge stood a large painted figure of King Henry, holding a book as if to present to her as she passed, on which was written, "Verbum Dei." Without taste, and without tact, she halted till a painter had been summoned, and had dashed out the words.

The objects, however, most notable on this occasion were the twenty cart-loads of bullock which followed in the train, and in which, as behind the triumphal car of the prince and queen, the honor of the English nobles was drawn along in shameful captivity. The price of blood was come, and Parliament was now to meet once more, when they were to fulfil their promise. Means of another sort, though equally sure, had been taken to secure a pliant House of Commons, and now the queen was to inaugurate her final victory, and place the last stone on the reconstructed edifice of Catholicism. Her first parliament had given her the mass, but protested against Pope and husband. Her second had granted the husband, but there ceased their compliance. The third was to do submission, in the name of the country, to a Roman legate. England was to be received again as a returned prodigal, in the bosom of her mother, and, as a token of her repentance, was to offer up her misleaders with fire and faggot at the altars of the offended gods.

Unanimity would be certain; for no dissentient voice was to be permitted. The Church had been diligently weeded; the heretical bishops were in prison or in exile; three thousand clergy had been turned adrift to find some other employment or to starve. Convocation was already, therefore, secured, and the elections to the House of Commons could be controlled. A letter of Mary's is preserved to us, obviously a circular to the lieutenants of the counties, directing them how to proceed. It is addressed to the Earl of Sussex, and runs as follows:—

"Mary the Queen.

"Right-trusty and well-beloved Cousin, we greet you well: And whereas for divers causes, tending principally to the advancement of God's

glory and the government of this realm, we have thought convenient to call our High Court of Parliament for the twelfth of next month, as by our writ of summons sent unto you you may at better length perceive; like as for your own part we doubt not but ye will be ready to assist us with your best advice and counsel for the furtherance of our good purpose in such matters as are to be treated of in our said Parliament, so, to the end the same may be more gravely debated and circumspectly handled to the honor of Almighty God and general commodity of our loving subjects, we have thought convenient specially to require and pray you to admonish on our behalf such our good and loving subjects as by order of our writs have the election of knights, citizens, or burgesses, within our realm, to choose of their inhabitants such as, being eligible by order of our laws, may be of the wise, grave, and Catholic sort; such as indeed mean the true honor of God with the prosperity of the commonwealth, the advancement whereof we and our dear husband the King do chiefly profess and intend, without alteration of any man's possession, as, amongst other false rumors, the hinderers of our good purpose and favorers of heresy do report.

"Given under our signet at our palace of Westminster, the 6th of October, this second year of our reign."

The specific form of admonition which Sussex was to administer to the good and loving subjects may be left to conjecture. It is enough that it answered its purpose; persons who attempt a game of this kind usually taking precautions which shall secure them against immediate failure. All was at last ready, therefore. The commons were nominees, the peers were bribed, the convo-

cation weeded; and, with a hand of packed cards, the game would not be difficult. Considering what the work was, it had been dexterously done. The island of heretics was prostrate, and nothing remained but that Cardinal Pole, the legate, should now make his appearance and complete the farce. It was the culmination of Mary's star,

"and from that full meridian of her glory, She hasted to her setting."

On the 28th of November, the Parliament and the cardinal came face to face; on the 29th, the motion for the reunion with Rome was carried with acclamation; on the 30th was the great scene with legislature, king, queen, and legate, at the close of which, after mutual weepings, prayings, and admonishings, the latter rose in his place, and declared that "all those present, and the whole nation and the dominions thereof, he absolved from heresy, schism, and all judgments, censures, and penalties for that cause incurred, and restored them to the communion of the holy church, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Amen, amen, amen, rang out round the hall, the members rose from their knees, and they and the court and the legate adjourned to the chapel and sang *Te Deums*; with what emotions we feel no temptation to pause and to consider. Next followed a similar scene with the convocation, and the Sunday after Gardiner did penance at Paul's Cross, and preached a sermon of self-abomination for his schism. The Parliament made haste with the work which remained. On the 18th of December, the persecuting bill passed, and, with the new year, the heretic burning was to begin. It was a great victory, or it looked like one; and to add to it, in the middle of all the joy, the queen was declared to be *enceinte*. Up went *Te Deums* again from every cathedral in Europe. Bells rung and bonfires blazed. There was no doubt any more; Heaven had spoken; Heaven had blessed the queen for her glorious work, and doubly blessed the Church through her. The news was sent flying to the emperor. "I never doubted of the matter," he said; "I never doubted but that God, who had wrought so many miracles, would make the same perfect by assisting nature to His good and most desired work." It was only natural that Catholics should think so. It was natural, too, perhaps, when it all turned out a dream, that they should not have seen, in the failure of

* If this letter was the only evidence remaining to us, it would not be sufficient to prove that the means employed by the court were decidedly unconstitutional, as the constitution was then understood. It is important, however, as a comment on the universal complaints of the Protestants, that the elections were unfairly controlled, and the following language of *Michèle*, the Venetian ambassador at the court of Mary, inapplicable as we know that was to her first two parliaments, describes the impression which he gathered from the proceedings of her third. He is mistaken in deducing a practice from a single instance, but his evidence is no less valuable as to what he himself witnessed:—

"The kings use in more than one way to keep out, (of parliament), or bring in, whomever they please; choosing for the latter purpose such only on whose good disposition towards them they can firmly rely. They are at this time become so formidable and powerful that they may do even as they please; nor can anybody, whether in parliament or out of it, impudently, or indeed without utter ruin to himself, venture to stand up in opposition, or even to make the least show of resistance to their pleasure generally. In short, servants they enter Parliament, and serve are their proceedings therein."

their hopes, the same evidence of the disfavor of God as they supposed themselves to see of his favor, while they thought it a reality. The weight of the evidence was the same, into whichever scale it was cast. But so it is with the sons of men. The most trifling coincidence, the idlest straw driven before the wind, will be claimed as a providence when it flatters their prejudices; the most startling catastrophe will be explained away, ascribed to luck, to fortune, or the malice of the devil, sooner than they will acknowledge it to be a judgment on their sins.

That Mary's pregnancy was a pitiable delusion, politically we cannot but rejoice. With her ultra-montane extravagance she had sacrificed forever the hope of reconciling the English to any form of Catholicism, however moderate; and the events of the next three years would have inevitably precipitated a revolution, if her breaking health had not enabled them to expect an early remedy in natural causes. There is no doubt how the struggle would have ended, but while it lasted it would have been inconceivably dreadful; and instead of the long glorious peace of Elizabeth, when the population doubled their numbers, and trebled their wealth, the best blood of England would have flowed away on new fields of Towton or of Barnet, and the Protestants might only have found themselves conquerors, to bleed to death on the scene of their victory. But for the poor queen herself, it was a disappointment which may well command our commiseration. From her childhood she had been the plaything of a fortune which had bound her heart in ice; and her woman's feelings, as she brooded over her own and her mother's wrongs, had curdled into bitterness. With a more powerful nature, injuries such as hers would have brought about some tragical catastrophe; but such a result was prevented by the poverty of her disposition, and she was transformed instead into a wretched being who could neither love nor be loved.

If her husband had treated her even with ordinary kindness—inexperienced as she, who had never known kindness at all, must have been in distinguishing between the degrees of it—it might have satisfied her self-flattery; and if those other hopes had not deceived her, and if in becoming a mother fresh springs of affection had been allowed to open for her, it is not impossible that the hard frost-bound soil might have thawed, and the latent humanity shot up again.

It might have been so; and those dark blots which will now lie upon her name forever, might either never have been, or have been washed away by repentance. There is no saying. History is not of what might have been, but of what was; which, indeed, perhaps is all which could have been. But Queen Mary, cruelly as she was wronged in her own young days, is not one of those persons whom it is possible to hate, and we pity her, even for her crimes.

To return to the Parliament. Although Pole had received a commission from the Pope to confirm the existing tenures of the spoliated Church lands, there was, nevertheless, a hope, that by persuasion, if not by violence, the holders of them might be induced to disgorge. The Mortmain Act was suspended for twenty years, to give the priests the opportunity of working upon them on their death-beds, and perhaps of terrifying them by a refusal of the viaticum. The queen set an example by giving back what remained to the Crown; and Pole, in the very speech in which he consented to the Acts of Parliament which established things as they were, yet reminded those whom he allowed to retain what they had got of the punishment which God sent upon Belshazzar for his sacrilegious usage of the vessels of the temple. Here and there a few straggling monks began to nestle among the ruins of the abbey, like the remnants of a wasp's nest about the blackened hole which has been their home; and natural repentance, and natural uneasiness, when the dying point was near, would soon, it was hoped, lead many a man to sacrifice for his children what he could not resolve to sacrifice for himself.

The gangrene of heresy was now to be cauterized. The queen had got her bill, and might now burn when she pleased. We can believe that the legislature, in granting her the power, had little notion of the manner in which she would use it. The Statute of the Six Articles, except on a few occasions, had been a dead letter in the hands of her father; and they may easily have been unable to conceive that a woman, who had been merciful to traitors, would be harder upon heretics than so ostentatious a champion of orthodoxy as Henry the Eighth. But they had underrated the power of Catholicism over a heart in which no natural feeling operated to soften or to counteract it.

We have no intention of pursuing the horrible history of the years which followed; but many attempts have been made to remove the responsibility from the queen; and

it is necessary to say, that the closer we examine, the more certain we feel that it is wholly and exclusively hers. It has appeared so horrible a thing that a woman should have done it all, that the blame has been desperately hurled upon Philip, Gardiner, Bonner, Pole, any one whose name is prominent. And yet, the Sunday after the first execution, Philip's confessor preached openly in severe condemnation of it; Gardiner and Bonner recoiled from their loathsome duty, and we have letters extant of Mary's own, in which she rebuked them for their slowness, and goaded them into proceeding. And Pole was so notoriously opposed to the persecution, that complaints were entered against him at Rome, his legative office was suspended, and only his death prevented his being called to account as a favorer of heresy. It was the queen, and the queen only; and the explanation of her conduct, if we will only reflect, is not so exceedingly difficult.

A Catholic, if he is really sincere, cannot but approve of persecution. If he believes, as he professes to believe, that teachers of what he calls heresy are indeed leading away the souls of all miserable men who listen to them, into the eternal fires of hell, no crime can equal theirs in atrocity, as the consequences of none approach it in horror. Catholics who pretend to deplore the spirit of persecution, can by no possibility be sincere in denying salvation to all who are beyond the pale of their church; and when they prate of toleration, they make their profession an imposture and a lie. We naturally shrink from pressing one another with the logical consequences of our creed, whether political or religious, and it seems a hard thing to charge upon the faith of so large a section of educated, well-disposed people, so dreadful a necessity. But the question is too serious to be trifled with; and whether we like it or not, we must look it in the face. Let us consider what damnation means in the creed of a Catholic; consider what the *crime* must be which involves a penalty so appalling. And if a simple heretical belief is sufficient to involve it, what can we say of those who teach heresy? It is only because the gates of hell lie beyond the grave, and he does not with his bodily eyes see the poor souls hurled through them, that the Catholic of weak faith talks of toleration. If he have the power to crush a heretic teacher, and spare him, he must stand self-condemned—condemned of a crime as infinitely greater than that of him who lets loose a murderer from his prison, as the tor-

ture of unending years exceeds the moment's pain of a single death.

And thus Catholicism, wherever it is dominant, and wherever it is sincerely professed, would always carry out persecution to its extreme and cruel issue, were it not that in the generality, if not the whole, of mankind there is an element of humanity which no creed can extinguish, making them *men* as well as orthodox believers, and compelling them to refuse the conclusion, even while they continue to accept the premises. Gardiner would have punished the *leaders* of Protestantism, as he would have punished the leaders of a rebellion; but four or five, instead of as many hundreds, would have closed the lists, if he had had the keeping of them. Bonner, a good-natured, choleric man, would have whipped a few for the example, and let the rest go free. But in Queen Mary, early ill usage had trampled out the natural woman, and delivered her up to Catholicism, to be moulded by it exclusively and completely. With a resolute wish to do the will of God, without one bad passion, careless of herself, and only caring for what she believed to be her duty, she had no idea of what duty meant, except what she gathered from her creed; and all her loves, and all her hatreds, submitted to the literal control of the propositions of it, uncounteracted and uninfluenced by a single human emotion. The character is a fearful but an intelligible one; and we shall not easily exhaust the instructiveness of it. We may look through history in vain to find a second specimen: one such was enough, and that one was raised up on high on the English throne, for all mankind to gaze upon as an example of what Catholicism was able to do with a nature wholly given over to it, in which no other influence, either of head or heart, assisted or interfered with its operations.

The most painful feature in the English persecution is the rank of the victims. Five bishops, and a very few leading clergymen alone appear, of men whose names were known to the world. There was neither peer among them, nor knight, nor gentleman—only poor mechanics, weavers, tailors, carpenters, common day-laborers, and poor blind boys. We are unwilling to think that the queen only struck where she dared, and would not risk a collision which might put an end to her proceedings; we know, as a fact, that it was among the poor that Protestantism had the strongest hold, and that the preachers of it were as unlettered as the first apostles: and yet as we turn over the

catalogue of sufferers, the painful impression will cling to us that cowardice was added to inhumanity.

The rest of Mary's life is soon told; she was shot down from the show of her prosperity as swiftly as she was raised to it; her life on earth was one long mistake, and but for the brief delusive interval, which only served to make her cup more bitter, it was one long misery. The symptoms which she had mistaken for pregnancy were the approaches of a hideous disease. Her husband, for whom she had sacrificed the hearts of her people, detested her, and, brute as he was, took no pains to conceal his aversion. He insulted her by infamous solicitations of the ladies of her court; when they turned with disdain from him, he consoled himself with vulgar debauchery; and making no secret of the motives which had induced him to accept her hand, when the policy burst like an air-bubble, he hastened to leave a country which was always execrable to him, and a wife whose presence was a reproach.

Thus bitterly Mary's heart was again flung back upon itself; and, with seared feelings and breaking health, she threw herself with undivided heart upon her religion to fulfil the mission on which she believed that she had been sent by God. The most severe edict which was issued for the persecution went out after her husband had left her, proving, if proof were wanted, that she, and not he, was the author of it. Heretics, like the Hydra's heads, seemed to multiply by their destruction, and every victim offered, kindled fresh and fresh enthusiasm for martyrdom. Dragged in troops before the bishops, the labor of the latter was to thrust upon them opportunities of escape; and, fairly read, the history of the Marian trials is that of wretched judges compelled to administer a law which they abhorred, and whose one effort was to escape the duties which it forced upon them. The queen's determination, however, only grew with failure. She saw the hatred of her people, but it did not move her. She felt her life was ebbing from her: it was the more reason she should make haste. Her sister's accession, which now she could not hinder, would be the signal for the downfall of all for which she had labored, if she could not first destroy the poison. In the portraits which remain of her, we can read the history of it all; that high projecting forehead, falling in and narrowing above the eyes—weak, and yet inflexible; foolish,

yet with the conceit of wisdom. As she sank and sank, the more fiercely she drove on the persecution: fresh and fresh powers were given to the ecclesiastics and fresh and fresh injunctions; what had begun in conviction of duty, had settled into a monomania. But the endurance of the people, like the queen's life, was drawing to its limits; and it was a race between them which would first give in. Near as the close of the latter evidently was, Cecil had to fear some dreadful outbreak would anticipate it. Her death was openly prayed for in the churches, and it was idle to declare it treason. The exiled clergy in Germany poured pamphlets across the Channel, in which it was declared lawful, and even meritorious, to make away with her *ferro veneno quocunque modo*, and though she justly made the possession of such papers punishable with death, yet, when the nation shared the treason, the impossibility of executing it made the threat contemptible.

Thus wretchedly, the last sovereign in England who reigned on to her natural end a Catholic, sank towards the grave. She ascended the throne when the people whom she was called to govern were inclining to return to their old bondage, and her reign, though but of little more than five years' duration, was long enough to make such a return impossible for ever. Fearful as it was, we cannot regret it, for those poor men whom she destroyed secured in their death a perpetual freedom to England; and if to die nobly in a noble cause be really for a mortal man the happiest service of life; if, in the midst of the profitless existence of so many millions of millions, those few are to be accounted blessed who have not lived in vain, the five hundred poor working men who sank to ashes at the stake by the order of Mary Tudor, are not among those whose fate we most deplore, or who would themselves ask us to deplore it. Surely happier far was the meanest of them all, than that poor forlorn princess who was piteously divorced from life by years of agony; who, although she passed away a queen amidst the splendor of a palace, yet knew too well in dying that no man or woman left on earth would waste one regret, or shed one tear upon her memory; and who, in the miserable consciousness of the vanity of her existence, prayed that she might be buried in the habit of a poor *religieuse*, in which alone it would have been well for her if she had lived.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO WINDSOR.

SPITE of all the great lions of London, and wearied with the incessant bustle of the Strand, where omnibus followed omnibus through the whole day and night, how delicious was it to take a flight by railway from London into the country, and there to spend a few days with friends whose indescribable kindness made it pleasant to feel one's self obliged to them.

It had rained and been stormy the whole day, but towards sunset the west horizon grew bright, and cast splendid beams upon the heavy masses of cloud in the east. The wet trees and fields shone in the radiance of the sunset, which became still warmer, still more brilliant, giving promise to the earth of a bright to-morrow.

And several bright and beautiful days succeeded; beautiful and quiet days spent in conversation, wandering in verdant groves listening to the songs of birds; in cheerful drives; agreeable, calm, social life! Would that it were the lot of many to enjoy rural life such as I enjoyed at —, in the house of Mr. and Mrs. —.

With my hostess and friend I visited the wealthy houses of some of their rural neighbors, furnished with all the conveniences of life, with exquisite articles of luxury, flowers, paintings, statuary; I visited also the little farmhouses and cottages in the village, and in the fields, where the people labor for their daily bread, and know little of any other luxury than that and rest.

The houses of the rich were richer in noble works of art than is common in the wealthy houses of Sweden; the condition of the poor seemed to me nearer to that of our peasantry in Sweden, but the dwellings were lighter, more roomy, and, above all, much neater. This was in the county of Surrey.

One day we were present at a so-called ploughing match between the counties of Surrey and Middlesex. The day was beautiful, and the scene new and fresh, although not many people were present, that is to say, a few hundred peasants, and about twenty equipages. The country people, and most

of the middle class, ranged themselves like a moving framework to the field in which the ploughing was to take place. The carriages were drawn up on a green mound which commanded it. There also was erected a white tent, before which stood a colossal head of Indian corn and bows of ribbon, which were intended, as I imagine, to accompany the distribution of the prizes. The people seemed well disposed and to be enjoying themselves, many smoking their pipes. I saw no strong liquor on the field, nor indeed any refreshment whatever.

All eyes were directed to the ploughmen, who, about twenty in number, ploughed and ploughed industriously and in silence under the eyes of the spectators. Each light plough seemed to be provided with a little wheel by which it was guided. I walked around the field, on the arm of one of the rival gentlemen; but, according to my judgment, it seemed difficult to decide between Surrey and Middlesex. The general opinion, however, appeared to be in favor of a Middlesex man, in the service of my polite conductor, who was said to plough the most accurate furrows. And I learned, in the evening, that the prize had been adjudged to him.

In about an hour the people collected together on the mound where the tent stood. A sort of travelling carriage, full of persons, drove up and made a halt there. One of the gentlemen in the carriage stood up and addressed the people, and announced that prizes would now be given as rewards for faithful servitude in that neighborhood. The speaker lamented, at the same time, that persons of affluence there showed a decreasing interest in this institution, and that, with every year, the subscriptions became less, from which cause they were compelled to offer smaller rewards, and to leave many good servants, well deserving of reward, altogether without any. The speaker admonished the wealthy to warmer zeal in the cause, and more liberality in their contributions.

After this, several men and women of the working class were called forth, and these,

in appearance and dress, were not unlike our Swedish peasantry around Stockholm. They advanced, each in his place, to receive the prizes, which consisted of money, from half-a-crown to a sovereign. I could have wished the man—a sort of rural police or orderly—who called out the servants, and who showed them to their seats after they had received their rewards, in some other place, with such dry and uncourteous manner did he perform his office, making a contrast equally striking with the real gentlefolks as with the peasantry.

The whole scene gave me the impression that this distribution of prizes, mere money rewards of from five to twenty shillings, for twenty or thirty years' faithful service, does not belong to the present age, and certainly says as little for its conception of virtue, and virtue's reward, as of the necessity for society to stimulate it in this manner.

We were invited to a breakfast after the ploughing match, but, as it was then late, we preferred driving home, pausing by the way to observe some beautiful views in that richly cultivated country. How like a large beautiful garden!

There grew upon the height where we stood, and I had seen the same in many fields of England, bushes not unlike our Swedish juniper, but which bore remarkably beautiful yellow flowers, of the pea-blossom form. Mrs.—told me that Linnæus, when he first came to England, and saw a field covered with these bushes, then in full bloom, threw himself on his knees, and kissed the earth which produced flowers so beautiful.*

One day, one of my beautiful days at—, we drove—my amiable hostess and myself—to Windsor, where Queen Victoria was then residing with her family. The castle and its neighborhood are among the most noble and most magnificent in England, and deserve to be visited for their own sake. Nevertheless, it is possible that the chance which was thus afforded me of seeing England's Queen was the attractive power in my case. I had been assured that I might easily be presented, but there was not attractive power enough to draw me to the Queen on those terms, as then various requirements of the toilet would have had to be taken into consideration. Yet surely, for such a woman, and for such a Queen, I might very willingly take a deal of trouble, and put on my best clothes—

merely for the pleasure of looking into her eyes and touching her hand.

Lightly rolled our easy little carriage on our way to Windsor. The day was mild, but cloudy; we had both umbrellas and parasols with us, that we might be prepared either for rain or sunshine. We drove along a garden-like, cultivated country, here and there scattered over with peasants' cottages and pretty country residences. After an agreeable drive of two hours, we reached the park of Windsor, which appeared to me extensive and rich in noble trees, whilst it lacked the romantic beauty and picturesque character of the royal parks of Sweden, as Djurgården, Haga, and Rosenborg.

From the commencement of the magnificent avenue, commanded by the equestrian statue of George III. on a rock, the Castle of Windsor presents itself in magnificent perspective, with its battlemented walls and tower, and its fluttering banner, reposing firmly and quietly on its height, with a background of ethereal space.

The Normans first erected the castle. William the Conqueror, charmed by the glorious prospect from this height, fortified the castle here by his own strong hand. And all the English monarchs who have resided there have left some memorial of their love for that proud and beautiful abode. The noble, magnanimous Edward III., born at Windsor, built nearly the whole of the castle. The tyrannical, sensual Henry VIII., the husband and murderer of many wives, built the gate which still bears his name. Bloody Queen Mary celebrated here her honeymoon with the husband so worthy of her, Philip II. Queen Elizabeth built the most magnificent of the terraces. Charles I. lived here, first as king, and afterwards as prisoner. Charles II. left here traces of his love for pomp and luxury of all kinds. William III. and Queen Anne beautified the park, by planting avenues of elm and beech. George III., who lived almost entirely at Windsor, restored the antique beauty of the castle. Windsor was his favorite residence. There he abode in his youthful days, and during his whole life, abounding in storms and vicissitudes; here he was confined when the eyeballs of mind and body became darkened; here he might be seen wandering about in dressing-gown and long white beard, the blind eyes rolling restlessly, now and then striking on the piano a few notes, a few accords of his favorite Handel, but deaf to the sound of the bell which tolled for the burial of his grand-daughter, the heir of his crown, the

* It is perhaps needless to mention that the flower referred to is the yellow gorse.—TRANS.

beloved of his people,—deaf to the rolling wheels of the funeral procession which conducted her to the grave, which seemed as if it would not open for him.

Next came George the Fourth, lavishing gold and finery upon Windsor, to make it a suitable home for pleasure and dissipation more heathenish than Christian, and shrinking from the public eye, and thus he was compelled to purchase, at a great cost, a lofty tower, which a curious subject had built close beside the park, for the opportunity of seeing what went forward there, especially in the neighborhood of the charming Virginia Water, where the monarch was accustomed to row about, in a little boat ornamented with Mahommedan symbols.

George the Fourth left at Windsor many portraits and statues of himself, but not a single noble memory.

But that did William the Fourth, the sailor king, as he is called, and the good Queen Adelaide. They made Windsor a favorite place of resort for the people, whose eyes they did not shun, but whom they loved to see around them, as parents do their children.

Under Queen Victoria and Prince Albert is Windsor less than ever a home of pomp and festivity? No! but more and more is it the home of human virtues, both public and private. People do not talk of the pleasures of the royal pair, but they speak of their excellent schools for poor children, and their excellent institutions for old servants. People do not build inquisitive towers in the enchanting neighborhood of Virginia Water, that they may spy out the secret pleasures of royalty, but they drive thither to see the beautiful farms which Prince Albert has designed, where happy human beings live and children play.

We drove through avenues three English miles long on each side the park, composed of beautiful trees, elms and beeches. The view of the castle the whole way, with its round tower and fluttering banner, is really magnificent. We drove through the little town of Windsor, and then up to the castle. We first visited the chapel, a beautiful antique building, which powerfully moves the excited mind to devotion, and then, whilst waiting for admission into the castle, walked to and fro upon the Terrace—Queen Elizabeth's work and place of exercise; in truth, a promenade fit for a proud queenly spirit. The view from this point is so extensive and free, that one seems to behold half the globe at one's feet. Through the vast expanse of meadow, the royal Thames meanders, gleam-

ing forth like silver, while the spires of Eton College raise themselves commandingly above a multitude of lesser towers, country churches, villages, and towns, till at length, in the blue distance, the horizon encloses the rich and immense landscape in a half circle. How Queen Elizabeth must have felt as she gazed on this picture!

Elizabeth Tudor!—I love her not, for she was not a noble woman, however grand she might be as a sovereign; but I love her picture in history, love it for the contrasts which it presents. The proud Queen on the terrace at Windsor, with half the world at her feet; and then later, during the last days of her life, heart-broken by the treachery of Essex and his death on the scaffold, sitting silent, with eyes riveted on one spot, the finger pressed upon the closed lips, refusing medicine, wishing for death, deaf to all words, excepting those of prayer. How unlike are the pictures! I think that I love her best in the last, because she died with a yet warm heart.

This Elizabeth stands, nevertheless, with a rare glory in history, alone in more than one way. Happiness and misery, love and hate, victories and the scaffold; the utmost splendor of noon-day; the deepest darkness of night; and amid all these a will, an intellect, which knew how to govern, to govern itself as well as others—an extraordinary human life!

Beside this stands Queen Victoria, as a sun-bright idyl.

We went into the apartments of the castle; I shall not say much of their magnificence, or of their paintings. I was more struck with what I saw in Warwick Castle; besides, as the Queen was now residing at Windsor, the most beautiful rooms and the best pictures were not shown. Of the latter, none made a deeper impression on my memory than the excellent portraits of Pope Pius VII., and of Cardinal Gonsalvi, perhaps in some degree from the remarkable contrast, in form and character, which these presented with those of the English statesmen, on the opposite side of the gallery. The most refined and the highest degree of intellectual character is expressed in these beautiful Italian forms, speaks in their penetrating eyes, seems to exist in the very touch of the tips of their fingers; one might say that the noblest Italian wine flowed in their veins.

Will Queen Victoria drive out to-day? we inquired from some of the castle attendants. No one could say positively; the Queen had gone out on horseback several times last

week, perhaps also to-day she might ride out in the afternoon.

We had already been two hours at Windsor, it was now past three in the afternoon, and as we wished to reach home before dusk, and as we saw no signs of a royal cavalcade, we determined to wait no longer, but to set out on our homeward way. We went down to the carriage which had drawn up below, outside the iron gates, the nearest approach to the castle. Here we found about a hundred persons assembled, mostly of the lower class, although well dressed, who appeared to be waiting for something that was to come from the castle, towards which they looked up.

We had just taken our seats in the carriage, when we heard it said, "The Queen is coming."

So it was! Queen Victoria with Prince Albert, and their attendants, came riding down from the castle, and on toward the iron gates, which opened for them. We drew up our carriage in order to see the Queen as perfectly as possible; and that was not difficult, for she came on slowly, and looked quietly around her. She was dressed in a black, closely-fitting riding habit, a black riding hat, without veil or ornament, and rode upon a brown horse. To the left of the Queen rode Prince Albert, on her right an elderly gentleman, who looked like a German. After the Queen, upon a pony, rode her eldest son, the young Prince of Wales, no one on either side; after him came a stately lady and two gentlemen, with three servants following. All were dressed in black, all rode upon brown horses; the whole cavalcade looked as simple and unpretending as possible. I had my eyes riveted upon the Queen. She seemed to me, between the two tall gentlemen, almost like a little girl. I remembered the imposing figure and glance of our Northern Queen. I could not judge of the much-praised and beautiful form of the head on account of the riding hat, which also concealed the upper part of the forehead. However, the small figure appeared to me remarkably well proportioned and elegant, and she sat her horse, which seemed to carry her as if in sport, gracefully and well.

She looked at us, and saluted us with a short nod of the head. There was more of kindness, however, in Prince Albert's glance and bow. Then came the little Prince with his hat lifted from his head, and the light locks raised by the wind, a delicate looking boy, but with eyes and an expression from which an angel seemed to glance, so grave

and gentle did he look, that lovely nine-years' old boy! The sight of him affected me greatly, and I could not help saying in Swedish, "God bless thee, thou beautiful child!"

Some over-loyal little boys waved their hats so zealously, that the Queen said to them, "Put on your hats! you frighten the horses!" And, turning at the same moment towards where we were, I saw an expression on her pouting under lip of which I would willingly have seen more, because there was in it suppressed merry laughter.

But they rode on, the cavalcade turned to the left into a by-road of the woods, and vanished among the green trees. I said farewell to the hope of ever seeing more of Queen Victoria; yet, nevertheless, I did see more of her, thanks be to fate and to my old Swedish umbrella, which for the last time in foreign parts did me now good service. Mrs. ———'s coachman, one of Queen Victoria's loyal subjects, who had, during our drive to Windsor, been especially desirous of avoiding a certain heavy and sandy road, now found reason for not avoiding it, probably because he had seen the Queen take the same road; and hence it was that, to our surprise, we found ourselves, after half an hour's ploughing of the sand, close upon Queen Victoria's train. After we had driven slowly for a few minutes, the Queen turned round and motioned with her hand for our coachman to drive past them. He obeyed, and just as we came past the Queen, he dashed forward in order to clear the way for Her Majesty. We had not gone fifty yards, when, in consequence of the rapid movement of the carriage, one of the doors flew open, and all the umbrellas and parasols flew up to cast themselves on the ground at the feet of Queen Victoria. I caught at them, but too late to save my Swedish umbrella, which resolutely seemed to fling itself out of the carriage upon the road. My Swedish umbrella! my faithful companion during a three years' travel—my travelling companion in America and the West Indies—no! I could not leave it here to be trampled upon by the feet of Queen Victoria's horse. I must pick it up even if from beneath that very horse's feet.

"We must stop! I must get out!" said I to my irresolute friend, "I must have my umbrella again!"

Mrs. ——— called to her coachman to stop, and I alighted from the carriage. At the same moment up galloped the Queen and Prince Albert, laughing and nodding kindly to me, who could not help laughing myself. Then they rode past us, one of the gentle-

men indicating to us that the umbrella had been picked up and restored to the hands of the coachman. I was glad to have recovered my faithful travelling companion, and almost equally glad that by means of its self-sacrificing interposition, I had received an impression of Queen Victoria which could scarcely have been improved.

There are countenances, which we may see for whole days, and yet not understand them until one has seen a tear in the eye. Other countenances there are, which are unexplained enigmas, until a smile, or a good hearty fit of laughter lights them up. And thus was it, when Victoria, laughing and nodding to me, flew past me light and airy as a fairy Queen. I at once understood the magic power of her person; for, like sunlight breaking through the cloud, like a flower bursting from its bud, was the laughter in the Queen's countenance. There was in it a high degree of natural life, freshness, vivacity, good humor, and a good deal of peculiar character. After this, I can easily comprehend what a noble lady, who often sees the Queen, said on one occasion, in reply to my remark, "What a little Queen you have!" "Yes, she is a little Queen, but on a large scale! She seems to me always like a human being such as God made her, while the greater number of human beings seem to be such as God did not make them!"

A human being such as God made her, natural, true in everything! What a beautiful idea. And the "greater number of hu-

man beings such as God did *not* make them"—how true!

Alas! educators, establishments for education, books, the world—they take care that we shall not be that which God created us, and that it shall sometimes require half a life, nay, that we shall not succeed sometimes through the whole of life, in discovering what the Creator really intended us to be.

It is easy to see what a power of fascination a Queen, perfectly natural in manner, and who possesses so much that is naturally noble and good in character, may exercise over the human mind in this artificial world.

On our return from Windsor we passed Runnymede, so remarkable in English history, which lies on a little island in the Thames, where Magna Charta was signed by King John. The sweet idyllic landscape, now illumined by the rays of the setting sun, scarcely recalled the gloomy times, and the bitter contests between the people and the kingly power, which led to the concluding of the contract between the two, and which thus made the place remarkable.

When at home, once more in that kind, beautiful home, at ———, I wrote that which it and its possessors made me feel:—

"From a good home it is not far to heaven!"

And if I carry with me, to my beloved home in Sweden, no other knowledge than that of the many good and beautiful homes on earth, it is no small gain from my long wanderings.

THE BUSINESS HABITS OF THE QUEEN.—A few days ago her Majesty had ordered a piano-forte for one of the royal children to be sent from a London maker's to Windsor, and it not arriving as speedily as she expected, she summoned the Controller of the Household to "know the reason why." "Please your Majesty, it *has* arrived," said Cecil Foster, who dreads the arithmetical irritability of the British lion, "but there is 15s. 9d. carriage to pay, and it has not been unpacked yet." "Then pack it back again!" exclaimed Vic. Reg. Fid. Def. Britanniarum Dei Gratia; adding, "Were I a private customer, they would have been glad to send

it free, and they shall not impose on a queen." Back accordingly went the instrument, which has never left off playing the Stomach-Ache Overture ever since, at least in the imagination of the manufacturers. Since her return from the north, also, she has found out that Castle coal cellars are by no means so well off in the matter of economic caloric as the bills for that item led her to suppose; and the discovery exploded in a flare-up that made the place considerably too hot for those who had undertaken to provide a comfortable fireside by the domestic hearth of "regal Windsor's stately keep."
—Correspondent of a Liverpool paper.

From the Athenæum.

APSLEY HOUSE.

THE Duke of Wellington—with great good taste and a thoughtful consideration for the wishes of many who feel an interest in Art, and a laudable curiosity about the habits at home of his illustrious father—is about to open Apsley House to the public. Apsley House was built about 1785-6, by Henry Bathurst Baron Apsley, Earl Bathurst, and Lord High Chancellor, the son of Pope's friend:—

"Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?"

It was for some time the residence of the Duke's elder brother, the late Marquis Wellesley,—and was purchased by the great Duke in the year 1820. The house, originally of red brick—as Mr. Cunningham tells us in his Handbook,—was faced with Bathstone in 1828,—when the Piccadilly portico and the gallery to the west or Hyde Park side were added by the Messrs. Wyatt. Much of the house is, however, of Bathurst's building,—and exhibits throughout tokens of want of skill and taste in the original builder, and the more modern tokens of alterations that have not very skilfully supplied or concealed the original defects. The portico is a portico to let,—fit only for London sparrows. The site, however, is the finest in London:—commanding the great west-end entrance into London, and the gates of the best known Parks. A foreigner called it, happily enough, No. 1, London:—and when the Duke was alive and in Apsley House, many have been heard to regard him not only as Constable of the Tower, but as Constable of London, with his castle actually seated at its double gates. The house, indeed, stood at one time a kind of siege; and the iron blinds—bullet proof, it is said—were put up by the Duke during the ferment of the Reform Bill, when his windows were broken by a London mob. What the great man saw,—and what he lived to see! How far less universal would the feeling have been about him in 1832, had he died then instead of in 1852!

The house is left very much as we remember to have seen it in the Duke's lifetime. We recollect, however, a very large and impressive collection of marble busts on the Waiting-Room table, grouped together without much order, but striking and tasteful notwithstanding—very few of which are now to be seen. There were two of "the Duke"—one by Nollekins,—two of "Castlereagh,"—two of "Pitt,"—and busts of "George the Third," the "Duke of York," the "Emperor Alexander," and "Sir Walter Scott,"—the Scott by Chantrey. Now, the busts are fewer in number, and differently arranged. On one side of the door leading from this room to the principal staircase is Steele's bust of "the Duke,"—and on the other Chantrey's "Castlereagh." In a corner is Nollekin's characteristic bust of "Pitt,"—and in a place of honor is a reduced copy of Rauch's noble statue of "Blücher." Above are views of Lisbon and other places in Portugal and in Spain,—too high to be seen to advantage.

From the hall the visitor passes to the principal staircase:—a circular one,—lighted from above, and through yellow glass. Here, bathed in saffron color, stands Canova's colossal statue in marble of "Napoleon" holding a bronze figure of Victory in his right hand. This—to our thinking Canova's greatest work, for it is manly and antique-looking, not meretricious and modern—was presented to the Duke by the Allied Sovereigns. It was executed, however, if we mistake not, for Napoleon himself. The staircase opens on the "Piccadilly Drawing Room":—a small, well-proportioned room, containing a few fine and interesting pictures, ancient and modern. Among the former is a fine Caravaggio—"The Card Players":—half-lengths,—fine in expression, and marvellous in point of color, and light and shade. Beneath it—but not too well seen, on account of the barrier—is a small good Brouwer—"A Smoking Party." Over the fire-place, is a small full-length—perhaps by Vandermeulen—of the great "Duke of Marlborough on Horseback."

From the "Piccadilly Drawing-room," the visitor passes to the "Drawing-room:"—a large apartment deriving its chief light from Piccadilly. Here the eye is at first arrested chiefly by four large copies by Bonnemaïson after Raphael. The ladies are detained here by two Sèvres vases presented to the Duke by Louis XVIII.,—country gentlemen by "The Melton Hunt," by Mr. Grant, the Royal Academician,—and historical students by a small full-length of Napoleon studying the map of Europe.

From the "Drawing Room" the visitor enters "The Picture Gallery:"—the principal apartment in the house. Here are seen the King of Sweden's present of two fine Vases of Swedish Porphyry—standing modestly at the side,—while in the centre are two noble Candelabras of Russian Porphyry, a present from the Emperor Nicholas. The walls are hung with yellow,—the ceiling is richly ornamented and gilt,—and the furniture throughout is yellow. In this room is the "Jew's-eye" of the collection,—the little Correggio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives,"—the most celebrated specimen of the master in this country. It is on panel; and a copy, thought to be the original till the Duke's picture appeared, is now in the National Gallery. This exquisite work of Art—in which the light, as in the *Notte*, proceeds from the Saviour—was captured in Spain, in the carriage of Joseph Bonaparte,—restored by the captor to Ferdinand the Seventh,—but, with others under like circumstances, again presented to the Duke by that sovereign. Next in excellence after the single Correggio are, the examples of Velasquez—chiefly portraits, but how fine!—something between Vandyck and Rembrandt. The pictures at Apsley House are either chance acquisitions abroad, commissions to artists, or portraits of Napoleon, of his own officers, his own family and friends. In this room, at the north end, is a marble bust of Pauline Bonaparte, by Canova—a present to the Duke from the artist, as appears by the inscription on its back.

From the Gallery, the visitor now enters the back of the building, with its windows looking northwards, past the statue of Achilles, and up Park Lane. Here are two rooms—"the Small Drawing Room" and the "Striped Drawing Room"—both filled with

portraits of all sizes. Here are, Wilkie's full-length of William the Fourth,—Gambardella's hard-painted portrait of the present "Duchess of Wellington,"—and the large picture by Sir William Allan of the "Battle of Waterloo," with Napoleon in the foreground, bought from the painter by the Duke himself—with this remark, that it was "good, very good—not too much smoke."

From "the Striped Drawing Room" the visitor descends by a back-staircase into the rooms immediately below the Picture Gallery. Here is "The China Room:"—not rich in Delft, or China, or Chelsea, or Dresden ware,—but boasting a most elegant and exquisite blue and gold service that many a lady will linger over with eyes of admiration. Here, too, is Stothard's "Wellington Shield," in gold, presented to the Duke, in 1822, by the Merchants and Bankers of London,—and here is the Silver Plateau presented by the Regent of Portugal. A few good busts in bronze crown the cases containing these elegant and costly gifts.

From this little *El Dorado* of handsome things the visitor passes first to "the Secretary's Room,"—then to "the Duke's Private Room,"—and, lastly, to "the Duke's Bed Room!"—all three on the ground-floor.

"The Secretary's Room" wears the appearance of a room belonging to a man of business and a methodical man who is Secretary to a great man. The Duke's own room is just what one expected the Duke's room to be like:—lined with book-cases—filled with red-covered Despatch Boxes—having a red morocco reading-chair, a second chair, a desk to stand and write at, a glass screen to keep the cold away and not conceal the books and papers behind it, tables covered with papers, and a few portraits.

A narrow passage to the east leads to the "Duke's Bed Room:"—a small, shapeless, ill-lighted room, with a rather common mahogany young person's bedstead, surmounted by a tent-like curtain of green silk. Neither feather bed nor eider-down pillow gave repose to the victor of Waterloo and the writer of the Dispatches. This illustrious and rich man was almost as humble in his wants in this way as Charles XII. of Sweden. The Iron Duke,

What though his eightieth year was by, was content with a mattress and a bolster.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The *Literary Gazette* sums up in the following comprehensive manner, the literary products of the past year:

By far the richest department has been that of history and biography. Of historical works the following are among the most important: Grote's Greece, volumes ix. and x., Bancroft's American Revolution, Niebuhr's Ancient History, Dr. Gutzlaff's and Davis's China, Life of Gustavus Vasa, Urquhart's Francesco Sforza, Pocock's India in Greece, Sharpe's Egypt, England and France under the House of Lancaster, Miss Strickland's Queens of Scotland, Pauli's Life of King Alfred, Miss Pardoe's Marie de Medicis, Lamartine's History of the Restoration, Stirling's Cloister Life of Charles V., Lady Lewis's Lord Clarendon and his Contemporaries, Farini's Roman State from 1815 to 1830, translated by Mr. Gladstone, and the continuation of Alison's History of Europe. Of works of biography, some of which abound in historical materials, we may mention Mrs. Romer's Memoirs of the Duchess d'Angoulême, Hardy's Memoirs of Lord Langdale, The Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham, The Life and Letters of Niebuhr, Lord Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey, Elme's Life and Times of Sir Christopher Wren, Hanna's Life of Chalmers, Count Cesare Balbo's Life and Times of Dante. Of biographies more literary in their themes, or less bearing on public events, we may name Aird's Life of D. M. Moir (Delta), The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, Guizot's Cornéille and Shakspeare, Morley's Palissy the Potter, Chambers's Life of Burns, Memoirs of Robert and James Haldane, Freeman's Life of Kirby, and the first volume of Lord John Russell's Life and Correspondence of Moore. Nor must we omit Miss Mitford's Literary Recollections, and Mr. Jerdan's Autobiography. Of books of voyages and travels a large number have appeared during the year, some of them relating to countries not over-visited by tourists, as Fortune's China and the Tea Districts, Capt. Keppel's Indian Archipelago, Hue's Travels in Tartary and Tibet, Coke's Ride over the Rocky Mountains, Oliphant's Nepal, Captain Peel's Ride through the Nubian Desert, and Thomson's Himalaya and Tibet. Of travels in countries more frequently described there is much that is new or interesting in Sullivan's Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America, Andrew Hamilton's Denmark, St. John's Isis, an Egyptian Pilgrimage, Lear's Journal of a Tour in Calabria, Bartlett's Syria and Sicily, Sir F. B. Head's Fortnight in Ireland, and Our Antipodes, by Captain Mundy. Several works connected with the arctic exploring expeditions have also appeared, of which the chief are Osborne's Stray Leaves, and Dr. Sutherland's Journal.

We may name, as among the chief poetical works of the year, Lord Maidstone's Abd-el-Kader, The Poems of the Hon. Julian Fane, Afghanistan, Helen of Innspruck, Lochlin Dhu, and Titus, or the Fall of Jerusalem. The poetical Remains of Sidney

Walker, and the collected edition of the Works of Edmund Reade, deserve honorable mention; and Tennyson's Ode on the Death of Wellington merits for its author the distinction of being the laureate of the year, as well as the official wearer of the bays. Of prose works of fiction the usual crowd has appeared, Thackeray's Esmond being the first in merit, with Eliot Warburton's Darien, Deacon's Annette, Miss Sinclair's Beatrice, Mrs. Trollope's Uncle Walter, and other ordinary novels, as Agatha Beaufort, Basil, The Melvilles, &c.

Among classical works Dr. Latham's Germania, and the Dictionaries of Dr. William Smith, deserve special notice. Of works connected with theological literature, the most important are the Chevalier Bunsen's Hippolytus and his Age, and Rogers's Eclipse of Faith.

The publication of new as well as valuable works in the cheap monthly series of volumes, such as the Traveller's Library, Readings for the Rail, and the like, is more generally extending, and in this form many good and useful books have been of late issued.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, and its accompanying literature, has been a remarkable feature of the year; while the gold discoveries in Australia, and the death of the Duke of Wellington, have called forth a large number of publications. Among the miscellaneous literature of the year there have been some important works, as Roget's Thesaurus of the English Language, Campbell's Modern India.

The year has been marked by the death of several men eminent in literature, art, or science, among whom will occur the names of Thomas Moore, Eliot Warburton, Fynes Clinton, Professor Macgillivray, Professor Thomson of Glasgow, Wm. Thompson of Belfast, Gideon Mantell, J. G. Children, and Professor Empeon; and the death of Ada the only daughter of Lord Byron, and of the two Miss Berrys, the friends of Horace Walpole, suggested many literary and historical recollections.

Of the recent issues of the London press the following are the principal:

Lord John Russell's Life and Correspondence of Moore, first two volumes, attract general attention, as well as provoke some criticism. The work takes a foremost place in literature. It is elegantly re-produced in this country by the Messrs. APPLETON, New York.

Continuation of Alison's History of Europe, vol. i., has appeared, and is reprinted by the HARPERS in numbers.

Capt. Keppel's long announced Narrative of the Voyage of the *Mesander*, with the journals of Sir James Brooke, the celebrated Rajah of Sarawak, has appeared elegantly illustrated, a most valuable book on the India Archipelago.

Ranke's History of the Civil Wars and Monarchy in France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, 2 vols.

A Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy, illustrating their present political, social and religious condition, by Edmund Spencer, Esq., whose

work on Turkey, Circassia, &c., was so well received.

Lives of the Brothers William and Alexander Humboldt. Translated from the German of Klencke & Schleier. A work of interest, though evidently defective, and not well written.

Pictures from Sicily, by W. H. Bartlett, the celebrated artist-traveller.

A Sixth Edition of Dr. Hook's well-known Church Dictionary.

A translation of Prosper Merimee's *Demetrius, the Impostor, or Romantic Episodes in Russian History*.

A supplementary volume of the *Life and Letters of Niebuhr*. The volume consists of four parts—the Chevalier Bunsen's account of his master's political views; a series of extracts from Niebuhr's letters from Holland in 1808-9, addressed to his father, Dora Hensler, and others; a collection of political fragments; and miscellaneous selections, chiefly historical and antiquarian, from the body of his minor writings. The first part is entirely new, and in some respects it is the most interesting portion of the volume.

Sepulchral Antiquities of Livonia, by Bähr. The occurrence of a spring-flood of unusual height in the River Dwina, which passes near the village of Ascherade, in Livonia, in the year 1837, by washing away the incumbent soil, disclosed the sepulchres of some of the ancient inhabitants of Livonia—the implements, arms, and ornaments which they contained belonged to a race essentially different from the three great families which have furnished the chief population of Europe—the Celt, the Teuton, and the Slave. The work of Bähr contains the first detailed account of this discovery which has appeared. The burial place which contained these graves had an area of 1000 paces by 400, divided into squares by double rows of stones, about the size of common paving stones. The skeletons were contained neither in stone nor wooden coffins, but laid on the naked earth, about a foot and a half or two feet below the stones. Among the contents of these graves, the helmets or headpieces are most remarkable for their form. They are composed of strips of bronze, fastened on a cap, and ranged in six rows, growing gradually smaller towards the top, and surmounted by a couple of bells. Torcs are frequent, of the form familiar to us in the ancient sepulchres of northern and western Europe; others have cylinders of twisted wire strung upon them, or small metallic plates, jingling against each other. Beads of colored glass, clay, and amber, are common in the graves, even those of males. Some of the glass beads indicate great skill in their fabrication, and therefore were probably imported from countries in a higher state of civilization than Livonia ever enjoyed.

A narrative of a visit to Lew Chew and the Lewchevans, in October, 1860, by George Smith, D.D., Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, presents the most recent information on the condition of the country, about which much interest was first raised by the journal of the voyage of Captain Basil Hall. Dr. Smith devotes a large part of his narrative to a statement of the laudable efforts made, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, to introduce Christian knowledge and civilization into these islands.

History and Mystery of the Three; or, the Triple System from the ancient Egyptians to the Britons, including the birth of the new sun, or year, by J. Bates.

Statistics and Facts in reference to the Lord's Day, by J. T. Bailee.

A new and uniform edition of the *Congregational Lectures*.

The Works of Bishop Cosin, now first collected, 4 vols.

The second volume of *Dickens's Child's History of England*.

Tuscalana, or Notes and Reflections, written during vacation, by A. Edgar, Esq., barrister.

The Silent Revolution, or the future effects of Steam and Electricity on the condition of mankind, by M. A. Garney.

A Methodization of the Hebrew Verbs, by Rev. T. D. Gregg.

Guizot's History of Representative Government, translated.

A new edition of Prof. Hind's profound work on *Comets*.

An *Astronomical Vocabulary*, also by Prof. J. R. Hind.

Political and Military Events in British India from 1756 to 1849, by W. Hough, Esq.

Manco, the Peruvian Chief, or an Englishman's Adventures in the Country of the Incas, by W. H. G. Kingston, 2 vols.

Burmah and the Burmese, by H. R. H. Mackenzie.

Müller's Christian Doctrine of Sin, translated by Wm. Pulsford.

Reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian, 3 vols.

Study of the English Prose Writers, from the Fourteenth Century to Queen Anne, by A. Spiers.

Mrs. Marsh's new tale, *Castle Avon*; Mr. Collins's tale of Basil; Miss Sinclair's *Beatrice*, are among the principal new works of fiction.

The announcements for the coming year are equally attractive with the foregoing. Mr. Bentley announces the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, on which the late Lord Holland was understood to be so long engaged. The work, however, is now to be edited by Lord John Russell. A history of the Administration of the East India Company, by Mr. Kaye, author of the *History of the War in Afghanistan*; a *History of the Colonial Policy of the British Empire from 1847 to 1851*, by the present Earl Grey; the fifth and concluding volume of the *Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield*, including some new letters now first published from the original MSS., under the editorship, as before, of Lord Mahon; two volumes of *Letters of the Poet Gray*, so often announced by Mr. Bentley, are to come out at last during the present season. They will be edited by the Rev. J. Mitford, author of the *Life of Gray*.

Murray announces the *Lowe Papers*, left in a mass of confusion at the death of Sir Harris Nicholas,

presenting the *St. Helena Life of Napoleon* in its true light. The Castlereagh Papers will include matter of moment connected with the Congress of Vienna, the Battle of Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris. The same publisher announces the *Speeches of the Duke of Wellington*, also a work by Mr. George Campbell, called *Indians* as it may be, and another by Capt. Elphinstone Ereskine about the Western Pacific and Feejee Islands.

The Messrs. Longman announce a *Private Life of Daniel Webster*, by his late Private Secretary, Mr. Charles Lanman, and a new work by Signor Mariotti, *An Historical Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his Times*.

Mr. Bohn will have ready in a few days *Yule-Tide Legends*, a collection of Scandinavian Tales and Traditions, edited by R. Thorpe, Esq.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, whose names now take the place of Mr. Colburn's, as his successors, are about to publish *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third*, to be compiled from original family documents by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century is the title of a Course of Lectures by the Earl of Belfast. The delivery of popular lectures by men of distinguished position in social or political life is a new and notable feature of the present time. The Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Ebrington, are among the titled lecturers who have thus contributed to the instruction and entertainment of the people. In Ireland the example has been followed by the Earl of Belfast, who delivered, during the month of March in the present year, a course of lectures on the poets of the nineteenth century, for the benefit of the Library Fund of the Working Classes Association.

AMERICAN WORKS.

Dr. Hamilton's erudite work, originally published by Mr. Dodd, of New York, under the title of "*The Friend of Moses*," has been republished in Edinburgh. The *Athenæum* says of it: "Dr. Hamilton for the most part defends the literal and commonly received interpretation of the Mosaic narrative, and this he does with a full knowledge of all the most recent objections, whether derived from science, from critical research, or from alleged ancient oriental archives. The researches and arguments of the most recent writers of all classes and countries, both believers and skeptics,—as Bunsen, Lepsius, Strauss, Agassiz, Frichard, are ably examined in this volume. Whatever amount of assent may be given to particular statements and positions of the author, every reader will acknowledge the ability and fairness of his arguments, the extent of his research, and the clear and comprehensive view given of all the subjects under controversy."

Poe's Works, with a notice of his life and genius, by James Hanna, Esq., with twenty illustrations, have been republished. The illustrations are styled by the *Literary Gazette* as "gracefully fantastic."

Dr. Samuel Davidson's learned and elaborate treatise on Biblical criticism, the most complete and erudite work on the Higher Criticism of the Scriptures in the English language, has been reprinted in two elegant volumes, by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston.

The work and the manner do great credit to this enterprising house.

Miss McIntosh's beautiful and touching tale, *The Lofly and the Lowly*, has been reprinted by Mr. Bentley, under the title of *Good in All and None All Good*. It was here published by Appleton & Co.

Guizot's admirable Critiques upon Corneille and Shakspeare have been reprinted in two neat volumes by Harper & Brothers.

The third volume of Lamartine's *History of the Restoration in France*, has also been issued by the Harpers.

The fourth and concluding volume of Chambers's *Life and Writings of Burns*, has been issued by the Harpers.

Mr. Redfield has published during the month, Dr. O'Meara's well known and most valuable work, *Napoleon in Exile*, in 2 vols. 12mo. Dr. O'Meara was Napoleon's surgeon, residing with him during most of the period of his incarceration. The memoranda of conversations with the great exile are full of interest, and give a better view of his character and mind than perhaps could be gained in any other way.

Mr. R. has also conferred a great favor upon the literary world by gathering from the volumes of Hansard's Debates, the speeches of Macaulay in the House of Commons, which he has published in two neat volumes. Macaulay's speeches have much of the extraordinary brilliancy, clearness and power of his written productions. As they were fully prepared beforehand, some of the maturest thoughts of this greatest of living rhetoricians are here to be found. Those who have read his essays will need no inducement to desire to peruse his speeches.

Blanchard & Lea, of Philadelphia, have issued a second edition of Sir John Herschell's celebrated *Outlines of Astronomy*, a work of unsurpassed erudition and comprehensiveness.

ITEMS.

"The *British Quarterly Review* is thus spoken of by the *Examiner*: "One of the best periodicals that ever has been devoted to the intellectual service of any one part of the religious public is this *British Quarterly Review*, the organ of dissenters from the discipline rather than from the general doctrines of the English church. It is distinguished by a wholesome liberality of thought, a large spirit of charity in the discussion of theological topics, and a pure spirit of religion spread insensibly and unobtrusively over the whole matter of its pages. It is immeasurably removed from the form of the old Methodist Magazines upon which Sydney Smith poured out the vials of his wit. It is as good and high-minded as they were bad and low-minded. Stronger praise we cannot easily express."

The gentleman who is to replace Mr. Empson in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, is Mr. George Cornewall Lewis,—long the Whig financial secretary at the Treasury; and on three occasions the unsuccessful candidate for election into the present Parliament. The *Athenæum* says Mr. Lewis is favorably known as an author,—is distinguished for his knowledge of political economy,—and though not himself a contributor to the higher classes of literature, is said to appreciate literature in all its branches with a hearty and discriminating relish.

In his hands, therefore, the *Edinburgh* may probably again become more a representation of general literature than it was under Mr. Empson's management.

The speeches in Parliament of the late Duke of Wellington are, we are informed, about to be collected and published uniformly with the far-famed Wellington Despatches. The collection was commenced by the late Colonel Gurwood, continued by the Colonel's widow, and actually corrected in many places by the Duke himself.

Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's home, is to be opened to the public. It contains some fine works of Art—a first-rate Correggio—good examples of Velasquez, and throughout seems to represent the peculiar likings of the hero. Napoleon is very prominent, and always honorably so.

Mr. James Francis Stephens, F.L.S., late President of the Entomological Society, died on the 22nd of December, at his house in Kennington, after eight or ten days' illness, of inflammation of the lungs.

German papers announce that Herr Humboldt has completed a fourth volume of his *Cosmos*; and the manuscript being in the printer's hand, it is expected that it will shortly make its appearance.

Alexander Dumas has commenced publishing in the *feuilleton* form, in one of the Paris daily newspapers, a new work, called *Isaac Laquedern*. In a sort of introduction he tells the public that it is to occupy eighteen volumes, and that it is to be the result of twenty years' reading and reflection, and of innumerable journeyings—in fact, the grand work of his life,—that on which he will base his claim to fame. In this introduction Alexander makes known that from the commencement of his literary career up to the present time he has produced not fewer than seven hundred volumes and fifty plays.

The copyright of the complete works of Victor Hugo, together with the stock and engravings on hand, have just been sold in Paris for 82,000 francs, 3,280*l.*, by the company which purchased them several years ago. The new proprietors intend to publish the works in parts, at four *sous* each. This form of publication has already been adopted with immense success for the works of George Sand, Balzac, Sue, and other popular writers; also for translations of Scott, Byron, Cooper, and Dickens.

The Official German Newspaper Catalogue for 1853 contains the titles of 892 newspapers and periodicals of an unpolitical character, while the political papers advertised for the year number 1878. 646 papers and periodicals have become extinct since 1850.

The Archbishop of Cologne has ordered a museum of religious antiquities, and especially of art, to be formed from the possessions of different churches in his diocese.

The Garden of Plants at Paris has just been enriched with a fine chimpanzee, aged four years. He is very docile, seems pleased at being visited, and

manifests a desire, not difficult to be gratified, to play with children.

Dr. Julian Schmidt, whose distinguished *critique* on the works of Dickens we noticed some time ago, is publishing a History of Modern German Literature.

It was stated some time ago that the French Government had prohibited any of the Paris newspapers from publishing any work of Eugene Sue in its *feuilletons*. The prohibition has now been withdrawn, and the *Siecle* has commenced a new work by him, called 'Gilbert et Gilbert.' The popular author, however, is still kept in exile.

Sir Robert Peel has presented a portrait of John Knox to the library of Geneva, and it has been received by the disciples of Calvin with marked pleasure. It is copied from the portrait of the reformer at Holyrood.

The French translation of Mr. Macaulay's History of England has been published within the last few days at Paris, and has been, as was expected, eagerly read.

Lord Frankfort is in the House of Correction. He wears the prison apparel, and appears to feel his degradation most keenly. He will be exempted from the task of the tread-mill and oakum-picking.

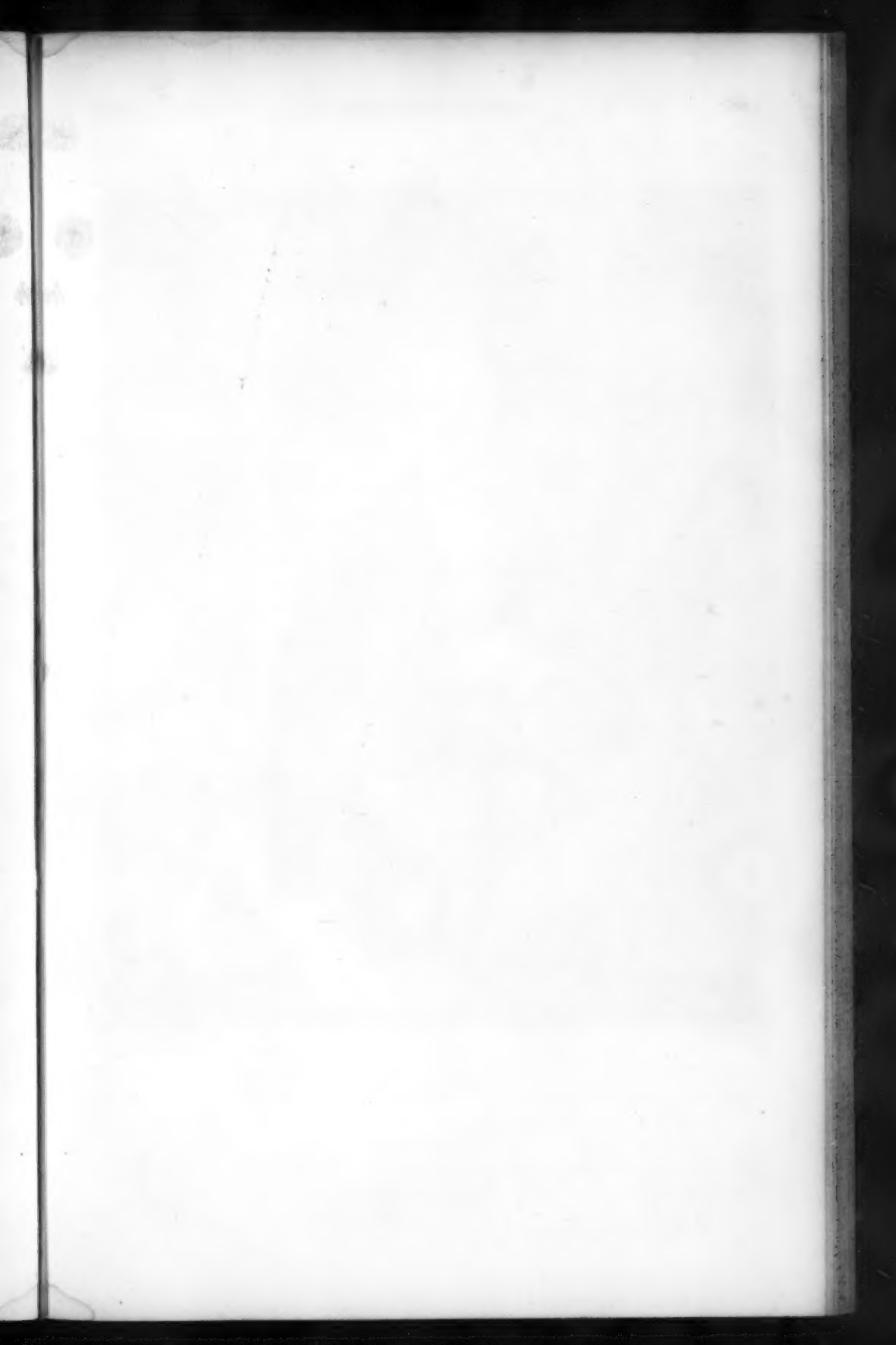
A witness of the two late ceremonies in France and England says, that the proclamation of the empire was far less magnificent than the Duke's funeral and a great deal more melancholy.

M. Michaud is engaged in publishing a new edition of his uncle's celebrated *Biographie Universelle*, which will contain the first series and supplement of that valuable work, with additions and corrections. It will be published in 52 vols. 8vo.; the tenth volume (*Daab—Dhya*) is published. The subscription price is 12*fr.* 50*c.* (\$2.50) per volume.

The son of Niebuhr, the historian, has published in Berlin a constitution for the Netherlands, drawn up by his father in 1844, at the request of King William I.

M. Thiers has gone to London to obtain from Lord Mahon, the executor of the Duke of Wellington, the permission to read the Duke's papers relating to the wars of Spain and Portugal.

PETER THE GREAT AND HIS MOTHER.—The engraving accompanying the present number graphically depicts a scene in the life of Peter the Great, when his life was saved by the daring and presence of mind of his mother. Pursued by the nobles and their followers, who had killed his father, the Czar, and all his brothers, the Empress kept the assassins at bay, by intimidations and importunities, until the arrival of a royal force which had started for their rescue. The event made a great impression upon the mind of the future Czar, and ministered to, if it did not create, that veneration for his mother which distinguished him in after life.





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